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October 3, 1962

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Alistair MacLean, famous author of our new exciting serial "The Golden Rendezvous," beginning on page 26, always insists he is "no literary chap."

YET two previous books he wrote—"H.M.S. Ulysses" and "The Guns of Navarone"—were also best-sellers.

The truth is Alistair MacLean started writing simply to earn some extra money—and no one was more surprised than he when "H.M.S. Ulysses" turned into a runaway "hit."

The publishers couldn't keep up with the demand, even though the book was by a then completely unknown Scots schoolteacher.

Now MacLean has three homes (one in Switzerland), a luxury limousine, and, it is reputed, a quarter of a million pounds in his bank account.

Not bad for a young man who, after the war (he served in the Royal Navy), was studying to be a schoolteacher and washing dishes in a country hospital to earn money during holidays.

★ ★ ★

AN unusual exhibition for homemakers will open at Anthony Horderns, in Sydney, on October 8.

Presented in conjunction with The Australian Women's Weekly *Home* Plans Service, the exhibition is designed to show you how to furnish on a budget.

In our October 10 issue, we will publish plans of a well-designed, three-bedroom family home. Anthony Horderns will then set up the floor plan of this house in the store, and will furnish it, room by room, showing the most economical way to achieve the best results.

"There will be no walls in our house," said Mr. Colin Pyne, assistant to the Group Controller of Furniture for Anthony Horderns, "but we are setting the floor plan out, covering the floors, and furnishing each room with floor coverings, furniture, and all accessories. Curtains will be draped, to give an idea how the room will look when it's completely finished."

Surrounding the furnished "home" will be other rooms, fully furnished, showing how furniture should be placed *in rooms*. The accent in this section will be on bedrooms.

Our cover

● Superb evening ensemble in luxurious, deep red brocade comes from the Paris fashion house of Nina Ricci. This house was the first to show the high, muffled collar for autumn. Picture by Alec Murray.

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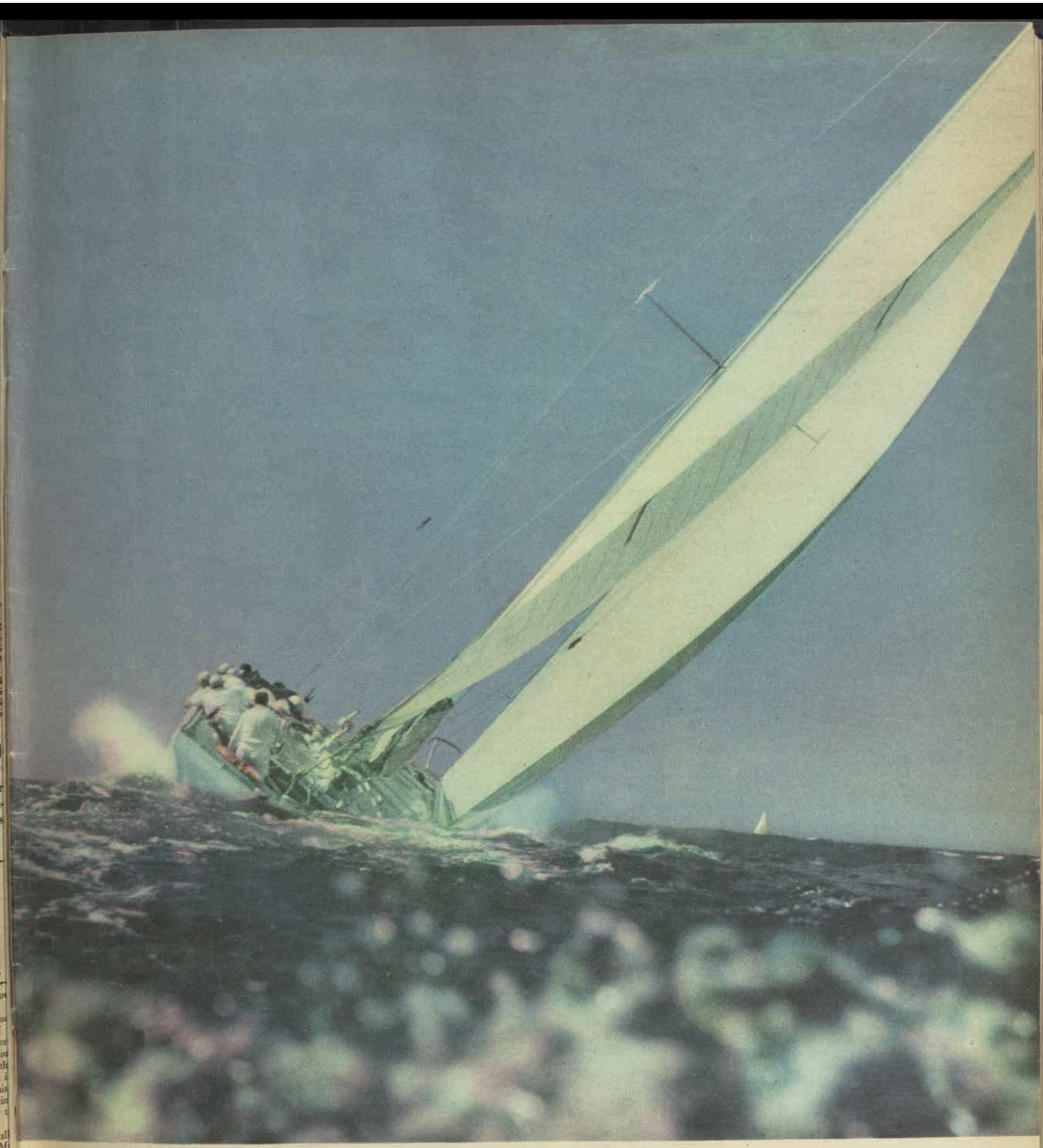

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE CUP

● Spray flying and wake frothing as she plugs close-hauled into the wind, Australia's Gretel and her crew put up a magnificent fight for the America's Cup, which an American yacht carried across the Atlantic from Britain 111 years ago. Australians have followed the changing fortunes of the 1962 series of races with intense excitement. "Gretel To Win" was just about everybody's slogan.

THE AMERICA'S CUP—overleaf and pages 10 and 11.

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Next week

• Christmas cakes and puddings

It's not too early to begin your Christmas cooking—your cakes and puddings will improve with keeping.

There's a four-page feature with 25 Christmas recipes to choose from, including both traditional and new-style fare.

There are also step-by-step directions for decorating four cakes, to give your table a special festive look.

The sizes of tins and measurements for cutting are included.

How to make fondant icing, royal icing; how to make a cake shaped like a star; a candle cake; an American-style light fruit cake; a one-egg fruit cake; an "overnight" pudding; an eggless noel pudding; these are only some of the recipes given.

• Hints from famous beauties

Special attributes have made women like Jackie Kennedy, Tania Verstak, Shirley MacLaine world celebrities. And you can help your own personality by studying theirs.

In all, eight world-famous women, including the three named above, are pictured in color, and their outstanding qualities analysed.

• Make the most of your roses

Your china cupboard may hold undreamed treasures which will give a new look to cut roses.

An old, disused silver teapot or a "white elephant" bowl, a wedding present long hidden away and no longer wanted for its original purpose, may be the very thing for a new rose arrangement.

There are also charming hints for using modern containers and special arrangements for tiny rose varieties.

Illustrated with beautiful color pictures of rose arrangements.

• Special buying offer

Four smart dresses that can be bought either ready made or cut out ready to sew.

There's a frill-trimmed summer dress, a front-buttoned sheath, a sleeveless one-piece, and a pretty dual-duty style with a detachable white pique front.

• TV pin-up

A superb color picture of Robert Taylor, Mark Goddard, and Tige Andrews, stars of "The Detectives."

A toast from Mr. President

To "all of them"

• U.S. President and Mrs. Kennedy were guests of honor at the dinner given at Newport by Sir Howard Beale, Australian Ambassador to the U.S., the night before the start of the races for the America's Cup (color pictures, pages 10 and 11).

Many people heard the President's after-dinner speech on the Channel 9 telecast of the occasion and were moved by its charm and sentiment. We reproduce the speech below.

"I KNOW that all of us are taking great pleasure in being here, first of all because, whether we are Australian or American, we are all joined by a common interest, a common devotion and love for the sea.

"And I am particularly glad to be here because this Cup is being challenged by our friends from Australia.

"This extraordinary group of men and women, numbering some ten million, have demonstrated on many occasions, in many fields, in many countries, that they are the most extraordinary athletic group in the world today.

"This extraordinary demonstration of physical vigor and skill has come not by the dictates of the State—because the Australians are among the freest citizens in the world—but because of their choice. And therefore, Ambassador, you are most welcome here.

"This Cup has been challenged in the past by our friends from Great Britain, and we are glad to see Australia assuming the responsibilities of Empire in coming here, and are particularly glad to welcome you in the year 1962.

"This is a trophy which the United States has held for over a century — unlike the Davis Cup! And we do have an old American motto of 'One Cup at a time'...

"I really don't know why it is that all of us are so committed to the sea, except I think it is because, in addition to the fact that the sea changes and the light changes and ships change, it is because we all came from the sea.

"It is an interesting biological fact that all of us have in our veins the exact same percentage of salt in our blood that exists in the ocean. Therefore we have salt in our blood, in our sweat, in our tears.

"We are tied to the ocean, and when we go back to the sea, whether it is to sail or to watch it, we are going back from whence we came.

"And therefore it is quite natural that the United States and Australia, separated by an ocean, but, particularly to those of us who regard the ocean as a friend, bound by an ocean, should be meeting today in Newport to begin this great sea competition.

"This is an old relationship between the United States and Australia, and particularly between Rhode Island and Australia.

"In the 1790s and after, American ships, mostly from Rhode Island, began to call regularly at New South Wales. Their cargoes, I regret to say, consisted mainly of gin and rum, and the effect was to set back athletic development, until the recent great temperance movement in Australia.

"In 1801, Governor Philip Gidley King of Australia complained to London:

" 'Such has been the certainty in America of any quantity of spirits being purchased here, that a ship cleared out of Rhode Island for this port with a very large investment of spirits, which I positively forbade being landed, in consequence of which she left this port with upward of 13,000 gallons of spirits brought to Australia for sale.'

President John Kennedy.

"King told the American Minister, Rufus King, to warn the Rhode Island merchants not to try to market their rum in Australia.

"I need hardly say that the Rhode Island merchants continued to do their compassionate best to quench this thirst.

"However, Australia became committed to physical fitness. And it has been disastrous for the rest of us!

"We have the highest regard for Australia. We regard them as very satisfactory friends in peace and the best of friends in war.

"I know that there have been many Americans in my generation who have the greatest possible reason to be grateful to the Australians, who wrote a most distinguished record all the way from the desert of North Africa, and most particularly in the islands of the South Pacific, where their particular courage and gallantry met the strongest response in all of us in this country.

"But I don't merely look to the past. I look to the present.

"The United States and Australia are most intimately bound together today—and I think that I speak as one who has had some experience in friendship and some experience in those who are not our friends.

"We value very much the fact that on the other side of the Pacific the Australians have a very keen crucial area, and the United States is most intimately associated with them.

"So beyond this race, beyond the results, rests this happy relationship between two great people.

"I want to toast tonight the crew, the sailors, and those who made it possible for Gretel to come here; those who have, for a hundred years, defended this Cup; the New York Yacht Club; to all of them.

"As the Ambassador said so well, they race against each other, but they also race with each other, against the wind and the seas.

"To the crew of Gretel and the crew of the Weatherly . . ."

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THE AMERICA'S CUP STRUGGLE — *continued*

ABOVE: During a tuning-up run for the America's Cup, crew members work one of Gretel's "coffee-grinder" winches controlling the set of the sails in a thrash to windward. AT RIGHT: "Hiking out" to keep the boat at the best sailing angle. Bob Thornton, of Sydney, is nearest camera; in white hat, Brian Northam, also of Sydney.

SKIPPER Jock Sturrock gives a grin after Gretel's thrilling victory in the second race.

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new

This delightful Harmony shade is Chestnut Brown

Your hair glows with richer, warmer colour

— JUST SHAMPOO IT IN WITH

Harmony

new HAIR COLOUR

It's fun to highlight the colour of your hair. That's why you'll love Harmony as much as English women did. For Harmony will bring a new livelier richness to the colour of your hair. New deeper, more exciting colour — gleaming with new subtle, flattering highlights! More than a colour-lift, Harmony is a complete hair beauty treatment.

An exciting new product from the House of Pears. Available at chemists and department stores. 5/-.

Here's how *you're certain of richer warmer colour with*

Harmony

Harmony is a new semi-permanent hair colour. Harmony is so safe; it's not a harsh, permanent dye, and it can't rub off like a temporary rinse. You're sure of wonderfully natural-looking results because Harmony reaches gently into the very 'pores' of your hair as you shampoo. The searching foam of creamy, liquid Harmony enlivens, enriches your own natural hair colour.

So quick — so easy to use

You don't have to wash your hair first, simply snip the corner of the sachet, and shampoo creamy, liquid Harmony into your hair — no dripping, no mess, no fuss. Just two lathers and your hair is shining with a new lively richness of colour.

The colour lasts — shampoo after shampoo

Because Harmony gently penetrates the 'pores' of each hair, the enriching Harmony colour cannot rub off — or wash off in rain or shower. Its exciting, subtle effect lasts through from 5-8 shampoos (depending on the time you leave Harmony on your hair during application).

Away with those first grey hairs!

Shampoo Harmony through your hair and those far-too-early grey hairs are cunningly disguised. Now, with Harmony every single grey hair blends and tones in — your hair returns to youthful prettiness.

Harmony

Conditions your hair, too!

Harmony contains its own exclusive conditioner, so your hair stays perfectly healthy — gleaming and glamorous, so easy to style and manage.

How to choose your

Harmony

HAIR COLOUR

"See the special Harmony Display Unit at your chemist or Department Store. It shows you the complete range of Harmony shades suitable for *your* hair," says ANNE TRAVERS, Harmony Hair Expert. "And the simple instructions on the pack tell you all you have to know about using Harmony." For FREE advice on any aspect of hair colouring or styling, write to Miss Anne Travers, Box 1590, G.P.O., Sydney.

One complete Harmony treatment lasts through 5 to 8 shampoos. **Price 5/.**

Amber Gold: Restores sheen and enriches colour to give natural red-gold highlights.

Gold Brown: Gleaming, warm red-gold tones.

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Silver Blue: Rich silver shade with subtle blue toning.

For grey hair . . . now it's easy to banish drab, lifeless greyness with the subtle Silver Blue Harmony shade. Here's true flattering smartness.

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HOW TO MAKE MONEY IN REAL ESTATE

Willing to sacrifice your living standards?... In a couple of years you could be on Easy Street

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● When your fortunes are down to bedrock there's nowhere for them to go but up.

NONE knows this better than a migrant who arrives in Australia with little save a burning wish to have a home and a monumental will to work to get it.

It is this "what have I got to lose" philosophy which makes the new migrant a bigger business gambler than ever the Australian is.

The migrant won't think twice about taking on an old terrace house in one of the less salubrious city suburbs at repayments which can take two-thirds of his wages and at an interest rate which would make the Australian worker wince.

Thousands of young Australians travelling abroad each year cheerfully deny themselves many of the basic home comforts to see the world as cheaply as possible. They are willing to lower their living standards without a whimper to pack as much as they can into their "Grand Tour."

Don't be snobby about the suburb

Once back in their own home towns, they put adventure behind them and pick up the threads of their old life—and insist on their old standards of living.

I interviewed one Sydney real-estate agent, himself a migrant, who now has branch offices in most States and half of whose clients are migrants — from almost every Continental country, Britain, and even Egypt.

His staff represents 21 nationalities, and, between them, speak a dozen languages. His advertisements in foreign-language newspapers draw a stream of migrants—some just off the ships, some who have been in Australia two or three years and are embarking on a second experiment in house-buying.

"Some newcomers arrive, rather shy and scared, with three or four hundred pounds in their pockets," the agent said. "Others have quite large sums and pay cash.

"The cash buyers want houses in the inner suburbs, near their work and the city, ranging from £3000 to £5000, while the best-sellers on Sydney's North Shore are in the £6000 range."

Those with small deposits, about £300, are prepared to move into tiny terrace houses in the Western and the cheaper parts of Sydney's Eastern Suburbs.

"Not Paddington," the agent pointed out, "because Paddington's position, midway between Bondi and the city, makes values about 50 per cent. higher.

"Almost all of them come back to me within two or three years asking me to sell their places so they can buy others at higher prices in 'better' suburbs.

"By then they have big enough deposits—from £800 to £2000—to pay a much lower interest rate.

"One Italian migrant came in with £300 and borrowed £3000 for a home. Recently he came back again, this time with a £3000 deposit to borrow £14,000 for the home he wanted."

How's it done?

Partly by taking chances, partly by sacrifice — the sacrifice of lowering one's standards for a while.

For instance, I was offered a new home unit in an area which made it at least £1000 cheaper than it would have been in a more select suburb.

I wrinkled my nose at the proposition because I considered the area too industrial.

This in spite of its being pointed out that at the end of a couple of years I could sell — almost certainly at a profit — and have enough deposit to buy the unit I would really like.

Typical of the willingness to take chances is the case of one of the agent's salesmen, who came out from Poland 13 years ago without a penny in his pocket and unable to speak English.

"I found a job with the railways as a laborer," he told me, "at £7/10/- a week. I then moved on to the Snowy Mountains Scheme to earn more money.

"By the time my wife and I had worked and built our savings to £36 I was offered a milk round. I went into partnership with another man who had £600 savings, promising to pay him my share of the deposit out of the profits.

"I worked as a laborer by day, a milkman by early morning. When we sold out three years later my wife and I had £4400 in profit from the sale of the round and what we'd saved by both working.

"We came back to Sydney, and with £4000 deposit I bought a three-storey house divided into six flatettes. I lived in one with my wife, and we let the others.

"Now, nine years later, we have our own brick-and-tile house, as well as the six flatettes. The two properties are worth almost £20,000, and I get £37 a week in rent from the flats.

"A man is a fool to pay rent"

"Anyone could have done the same, but the average Australian is too afraid to risk what he has. In my case I had nothing to lose, and the gamble paid off.

"The secret is the American system of O.P.M. — Other People's Money."

The salesman added, smiling:

"Even if you have to pay high rates for borrowing, it's better than using your own —especially if you don't have any!"

The agent had views on high interest rates:

"Anyone with £300 capital is a fool to pay rent," he said. "For that he can get a £3000 property. He'll be paying interest at 8 per cent. flat, equivalent to 15 per cent. reducible.

"That's a high rate of interest, and the home he's living in won't be very salubrious, but he does at least **start** to own his home.

"He is still no worse off than the man who insists on waiting till he has a deposit of, say, £1500 so as to get lower interest rates.

"It may take him a year or more to save the extra money, and during that time he is probably paying £8 to £10 a week rent, which is just money thrown away.

"Certainly the man who bought on low deposit isn't paying more in interest than the other pays in rent."

The agent finds that Northern Europeans — British and Scandinavians, for instance — are more choosy about the homes they want than those from the Latin countries.

"Northern Europeans expect," he said, "to move into a house of the same standard they had at home and to work up from there. They don't usually realise that the money they have available won't buy as good a house here as it would in their homeland.

"For instance, a German couple with £8000 capital wanted a £5000 property that would bring them an income, by letting, of about £20 a week, as well as giving them a home.

"They were shocked when I said a proposition like that would be hard to find.

"In contrast, an Italian came to Australia with no money seven years ago. He worked as assistant cook in a hospital for about £15 a week. Out of this he sent money back to Italy to pay the fares of his wife and daughter. In two years they arrived and by then he had a few hundred pounds for a deposit on a home.

"I found him one in Kings Cross. A couple of years later he sold it for £4500.

"After he had paid off the mortgage he had £1500. On this deposit he went into a £7000 house at Mascot.

"To pay it off he took out three mortgages and did two jobs. He's paid off two of the mortgages and is well on the way to paying off the third.

"Some migrants pay as much as £12 a week out of an £18 - a - week wage. They live in one room and let the others. Adding rents to wage-money, they have often paid off the mortgages in two years, and can then move into the better homes they want."

The agent said that in addition to seeking homes, many migrants — and Australians — were returning to real estate as investment. Many were buying second properties and letting them as a means of making their spare capital grow.

Apart from rents they collected, he said, the value of their land and property was continually rising, while stocks and shares fluctuate.

He claimed property ensured a steadier return for the money.

"In my seven years here I haven't heard of any land or property depreciating in value," he said.

The Polish salesman gave me some sidelights on prospective home-buyers:

"With Southern Europeans, house-buying is very much a family affair. The whole family, from the youngest child upwards, has to like the house.

To page 15

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All the idyllic charm of West Australian Wildflowers in

Hanro

"WILDFLOWER"

a beautiful new lingerie in superbly soft

BRI-NYLON*

Snakebush (Hemiandra). A member of the Mint family, used as the embroidery on the gown above.

Darwinia (Meeboldii). One of the Myrtle family. Grows to six feet.

Delicate lace and embroidery designed from the beautiful wildflowers of West Australia, enhances the prettiest, most daintily feminine lingerie yet created. You'll love **everything** in this HANRO "Wildflower" range, from the negligee and nightgown set illustrated here to the dainty briefs — all in easy care, wash-'n-wear BRI-NYLON. A lovely **full colour booklet** on West Australian Wildflowers is packaged with each garment.

HANRO lingerie . . . the quality is a proud tradition.

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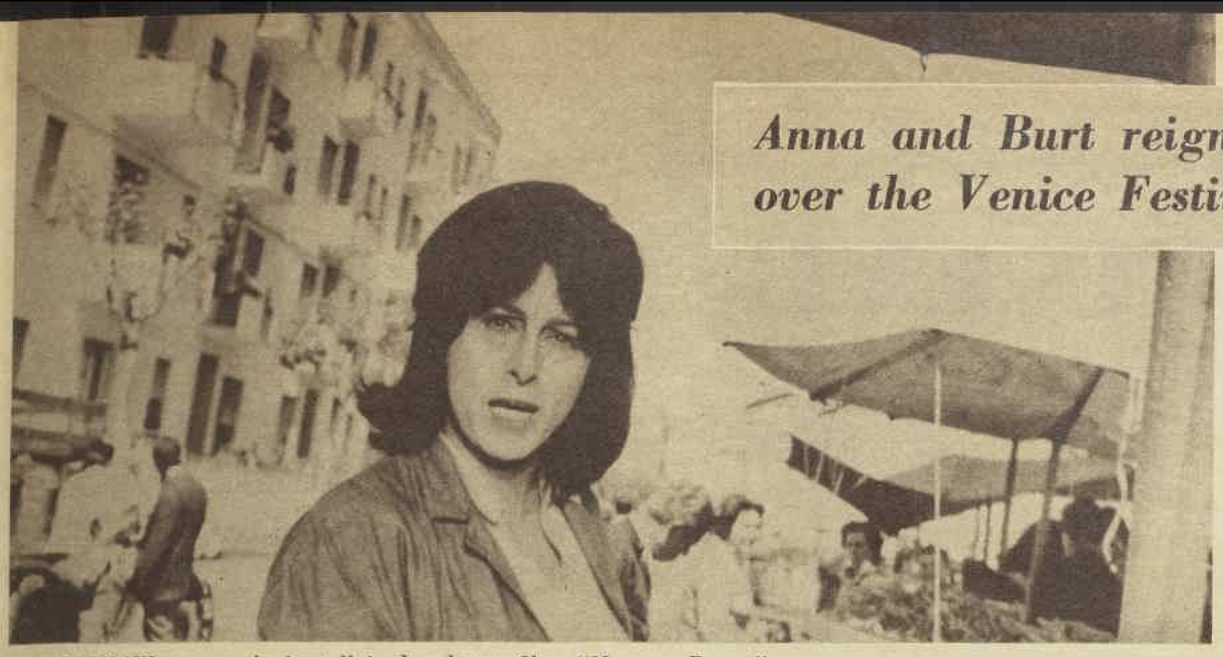
Anna and Burt reigned over the Venice Festival



MAGNANI runs a fruit stall in her latest film, "Mamma Roma," shown at the Venice Film Festival. She's a vital 50.

LANCASTER in his role as a convict in "Bird Man of Alcatraz." He, too, visited the Film Festival.

Starlets' stunt was a failure

By BETTY BEST, in Venice

● The Venice Film Festival's thirtieth anniversary began with a strike. It was symbolic of the fortnight ahead.

LEFT: Heidi Hansen, from Sweden, leads the revolt against the Festival's neglect of starlets, but the only photographer interested is an Indian reporter outside the Palazzo del Cinema, on the Venice Lido.

EUROPE'S oldest and original film festival has always been famous for launching newcomers. Film fans no longer think of the Grand Canal as the setting of some of the world's finest architecture. For years it has been an aquatic magnet for starlets of all nations.

Falling into the canal was often a good publicity short-cut to a producer's office.

Even after the actual dunking went out of fashion, young hopefuls made for Venice with little more than a bikini and a waterproof hair-dressing in their suitcases — sure of capturing a group of at least ten photographers each on the golden beach of the Venice Lido.

But this year dozens were disappointed.

They arrived as usual — wide-eyed, long-haired, and made up to kill. They all looked remarkably like someone else: Brigitte Bardot, Sophia Loren, Jayne Mansfield. One of them, no older than 25, was actually taken for Greta Garbo.

But, no matter how slick the grooming, expensive the dressing, or accurate the mimicry, they were all treated the same way: with complete ignore.

The girls were furious. With a unity never before exhibited, they banded together to march against the Palazzo del Cinema.

Nearly 50 strong, they carried banners and placards emblazoned with a very strange device: "Venice Film Festival Is Unfair To Starlets!"

In the old days there would have been a riot. Even five years ago at least some of them would have got long-term contracts out of the stunt.

This year they might just as well have saved their shoe-leather.

Film fans have taken half a century to come of age, but now that they have they are making it very clear that they are not interested in childish games.

For the first week of the Festival all the "bravas" were saved for the incomparable 50-year-old Anna Magnani.

Star of Pier Paolo Pasolini's latest film, "Mamma Roma," she arrived with the minimum of fuss and bother. For her official luncheon with the world Press she strolled in wearing very little make-up and a hairdo that indicated health rather than the attentions of a coiffeur.

Interrupted TV

The day was warm and La Magnani obviously intended to be comfortable. So she wore a simple two-piece cotton suit in black-and-white check.

Her only concession to stardom was a green chiffon scarf which during the luncheon she draped unceremoniously about her head or throat as the mood took her.

It was later learned that she was ill and had fought her malady in order to appear. Her superb bearing and relaxed manner gave no indication of it.

She caused a stir, though, in an interview for French television. The interviewer faced the cameras and asked her questions out of the corner of his mouth.

She suddenly rounded on him. "But you make me always show my profile to the cameras, which you know is not good."

Pandemonium reigned and the cameramen shut off their machines.

Then the famous Magnani laugh rang through the restaurant. "Can't I make a little joke? Please continue."

The boys on the job were delighted and the surrounding audience ecstatic. From there on she could do no wrong.

Later, when she made a broadcast in English for the B.B.C., she apologised for her English, although it was excellent. Quite a contrast to the visiting young stars who did not attempt a language other than their own, although many of them had received a far more comprehensive schooling than Magnani.

Those once ever-printable names, Linda Christian and Edmund Purdom, honeymooned at the famous Hotel Excelsior, but no one bothered them for an interview or an autograph.

A dramatic chase across the lagoon with speed-launches to collect an outstanding 50,000 lire (about £A34) owed to the Lido brought them a moment of publicity.

Yet the arrival of their countryman Burt Lancaster for the world Festival premiere of his latest film, "Bird Man of Alcatraz," was given all the accolades it deserved. Obviously Venice was prepared to greet an actor rather than just a name.

Mr. Lancaster flew in from Sicily, where he is filming "The Leopard."

He had less than 24 hours away from work, yet at his Press conference he maintained a balanced, friendly co-operation and intelligence which made him the unchallenged king of the Festival.

After that conference, despite the presence of 200 journalists and a score of officials rushing him to his next appointment, Mr. Lancaster found time to pause and thank me for my questions.

What a contrast to young Sue Lyon, the "Lolita." Her film was managed by the same distributing company, so she had the same officials running her schedule.

A vast cocktail party in the marble and crystal splendor of the Hotel Excelsior waited for more than an hour and a half. The guests were never given an apology. When 17-year-old Miss Lyon eventually appeared she was guarded by dozens of publicity men, whose main task seemed to be to cut her off from all human contact.

After she had been photographed for ten minutes the reporters moved in with their questions. Immediately the young star complained of illness and demanded to be escorted from the reception.

She never returned, although she had looked a picture of health and is at least a generation younger than any of the people she had kept waiting.

So is the English Sarah Miles, who told me that after two days of Venice (many hours of which she had spent lying by her private cabin on the Lido beach) she was "exhausted."

"Of course, I regard this whole thing as a bit of a giggle," she said. "It would be ridiculous to take it seriously." Not a very tactful remark when hundreds of people around you are working at top pressure—many of them on your behalf.

Snub for Lollo

The one-time all-Italian favorite Gina Lollobrigida has been playing a cavalier game with the Italian Press ever since she went to Canada to live. On her arrival in Venice she made it clear that she had come just for the publicity, and encouraged a young fan who climbed two floors to her hotel balcony.

Prepared to let bygones be bygones, a television interviewer gave her a big spot on his nationwide programme. That day the news of the disastrous earthquakes in southern Italy had reached Venice.

La Lollo appeared before the cameras wearing a small fortune in jewels around her celebrated neck. The interviewer gave her an opportunity to reinstate herself in the public's heart for ever by suggesting, "Gina, would you like to start a fund for the relief of the earthquake victims with your necklace?"

Lollo was livid. Known to be one of the richest stars Italy has produced, she could hardly refuse, yet she had no intention of making a gift of her personal jewellery. Obviously out of countenance, she snapped back, "I will give a million lire. You can start your fund with that."

Her gift amounted to £700—a sum which many viewers considered a joke from such a rich woman. But it was her manner which really did the damage.

When La Lollo left Venice there was not even a send-off.

Every year Venice includes a retrospective section in its film showings. This year it was given over to "The Birth of the Sound Film in America."

Those who were not prepared to line up to see new young stars in the flesh stood from 9.30 every morning in a packed cinema to watch three hours of Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, Greta Garbo, Jeanette MacDonald, Ruby Keeler, Charles Bickford, Eddie Cantor, and Zazu Pitts.

The greatest triumph of the entire Festival was not even competing. Yet it had staid oldsters in raptures and young intellectuals humming "Isn't It Romantic?" as they crossed St. Mark's Square.

It was a fairytale about a princess and a tailor, made in 1932 and starring Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier. It was called "Love Me Tonight."

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BRILLIANCE of the RACE-EVE BANQUET

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● *Picture on the opposite page shows the brilliant scene under the chandeliers of the opulent banqueting hall of "The Breakers," the old Vanderbilt mansion at Newport, when President Kennedy and 300 other guests attended a dinner given by the Australian Ambassador, Sir Howard Beale. Picture above shows the President and Mrs. Kennedy being greeted on their arrival by the Ambassador and Lady Beale. At the dinner 29 tables were decorated with blooms of waratah, wattle, bottlebrush, orchid, and other flowers flown by Qantas from Australia. Five members of President Kennedy's Cabinet and two Australian Cabinet Ministers were present. Sitting at the main table, in addition to the Kennedys and their host and hostess, were Mr. H. Irving Pratt, Commodore of the New York Yacht Club; Lady Barwick, wife of the Australian Minister for External Affairs; the U.S. Secretary of Defence, Mr. Robert McNamara; Mrs. Holt, wife of the Australian Federal Treasurer; Secretary of the U.S. Treasury, Mr. Douglas Dillon; Lady Ormsby-Gore, wife of the British Ambassador; Senor de Berckemeyer, the Peruvian Ambassador; Senhor Pereira, Portuguese Ambassador; Senora de Berckemeyer; Sir David Ormsby-Gore; Mrs. Dillon; Mr. Harold Holt; Mrs. McNamara; Sir Garfield Barwick; Mrs. Irving Pratt; and Sir Frank Packer, Chairman of the Australian America's Cup Challenge Association. There were 76 Australian guests at the banquet, and the menu was entirely Australian.*

America's Cup color pictures in this issue by Robert Feldman

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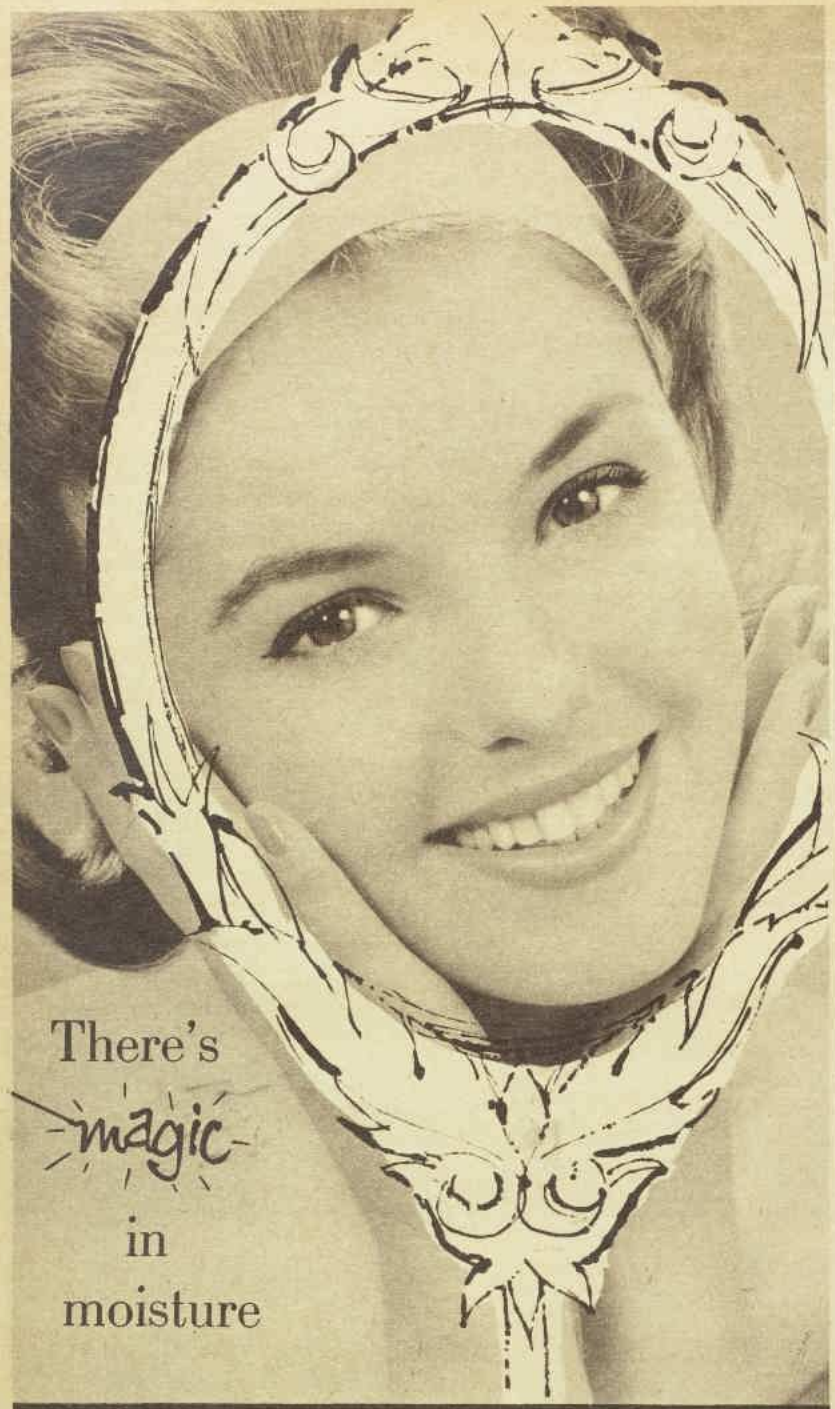

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Mary Coles' SOCIAL

SUCH a pretty springtime theme has been chosen by Colin Marshall Smith's bride-elect, Prunella Prevost, for her marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, at 4.30 p.m. on September 28.

It's to be an all-white wedding — with her attendants, her sister Regina Prevost, Mrs. Harry Badgery, of Willow Tree, and youthful Betty Ann Bunting, setting off their cotton shantung gowns with circlets of fresh, yellow-centred daisies in their hair.

A scene-stealer at the ceremony will be the bride's niece Sarah Kinross, aged five, in a white Swiss batiste frock embroidered with tiny buttercup flowers.

Afterwards, Prunella's stepfather and her mother, Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, will entertain friends in a blue-lined, white-and-gold decorated marquee in the garden of their home in Rupertswood Avenue, Bellevue Hill.

Guests will include Mrs. William Leeson, from Melbourne, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bunting and Mrs. Lea Ashton, who are coming from New Guinea.

Prue has sentimental reasons for choosing St. Mark's for her marriage — she was christened there, and the lichgate at the church was designed by her architect father, the late Mr. Reginald Prevost.

Colin is the son of Mrs. Norman Smith, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mr. Smith.

Besides having a white wedding, Prue's household trousseau is mainly white, including beautiful sheets she brought home from abroad last year and white satin-edged blankets.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Mrs. Donald Trounson leaves with her mother, Mrs. Walter Dow, for a six months' home visit to England in the Iberia in November, she'll be farewelled by her husband, who will also be there to greet her when she steps off the ship at Plymouth. He's flying over three weeks after the Iberia sails from Sydney.

ON a two months' visit to Sydney before taking up his new appointment as Australian Ambassador to Russia, Mr. Stewart Jamieson and his wife and their daughters Serena and Sylvia are making a flat in Wolseley Road, Point Piper, their headquarters. Living until recently in Rio de Janeiro, where Mr. Jamieson was Australian Ambassador to Brazil—and spending a term in Ghana before that—they haven't given a thought to winter clothes for ages. So shopping for "deep freeze" wardrobes is a must for them before they fly to Moscow late in October.

★ ★ ★

A PLUM pudding and rich fruitcakes are "handle-with-care" items in the London-bound luggage of Mr. and Mrs. Ted de Burgh Norman, who are sailing in the Castel Felice this week for England to have Christmas with their son and daughter-in-law, John and Verity Norman, at North Ferriby, in East Yorkshire. The Christmas fare was whipped up by Verity's mother, Mrs. Clarence Everingham, to stock John and Verity's yuletide pantry.

★ ★ ★

THE tiny blue-eyed, marcasite kangaroo lapel brooch worn by Lady Oliver was a gift from her brother-in-law and his wife, Major and Mrs. M. P. Oliver, who bought it while holidaying in Sardinia!

★ ★ ★

RETURNING home in the Orsova this week after six months abroad are Mr. and Mrs. John Neville, with their daughter, Robin, and her fiance, Michael Arnott, who flew to the United States a few weeks ago to join the trio in San Francisco. Michael and Robin announced their engagement when Robin was in London in May.

★ ★ ★

THE "most fabulous" night of the pre-Christmas season for 200 friends of youthful Margaret Glasgow, Sancha Bovill, and Ann Rofe will be a dance at Margaret's home on December 13, given by their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Glasgow, Mr. and Mrs. John Bovill, and Mr. and Mrs. Alec Rofe. Dancing will be in a pink-lined marquee in the lovely garden, which will be lit with flares. Margaret's father is secretary of the Australian Jockey Club, and their charming old home is right opposite Randwick Racecourse.

IN MELBOURNE. Mr. David Yencken and his bride, formerly Miss Jenny Watson, of "Perricoota," Moama, cutting cake at reception at the Hotel Australia after their wedding at St. John's Church, Toorak. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Watson, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Yencken, of Mansfield, Victoria.

BELOW: Mr. and Mrs. James Rossiter leaving the Presbyterian Church, Toorak, Melbourne, with bridesmaids (from left) Miss Elizabeth Boothby, Miss Margaret McKenzie, and Miss Elizabeth Rossiter. The bride was formerly Miss Barbara Varley, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Varley, of "Wilga," Tocumwal, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Rossiter, of "Waldaira," Berrigan.

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ROUNDABOUT

SMILING TRIO. Mrs. John Bovill (at left) and Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Gaskell arriving at "Tresco," Elizabeth Bay, for delightful dance given by Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Galfrey Catacre in honor of officers of the visiting Royal Naval Squadron.

ABOARD H.M.S. TIGER. From left: Lieutenant Andrew Pearson, R.N., Miss Renata Bruninghausen, Lieutenant Lewis Chelton, R.N., Miss Pauline Morrisey, and Surgeon-Lieutenant David Wright, R.N., were a cheery group at cocktail party aboard the flagship.

LEAVING St. John's Church, Darlinghurst, Mr. Warren Weedon, of "Telleraga," Moree, and his bride, formerly Miss Sally Bragg, were pictured with matrons of honor Mrs. Norman White, of Melbourne (at left), and Mrs. Nigel Campbell, of "Lincoln Park," Epping, Tasmania. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bragg, of "Rossgole," Aberdeen, and the bridegroom the son of Mrs. John Weedon, of Cremorne, and the late Mr. Weedon. A reception at the Australia Hotel followed the ceremony.

JUST WED. Mr. Angus Munro and his bride, formerly Miss Sally Martin, leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with bridesmaids (from left) Miss Primrose Lysaght, Miss Dimity Martin, and Miss Catrina Munro. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Munro, of "Gundibri," Merriwa, and the bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Martin, of "Norfolk," Cassilis.

AT RIGHT: Mr. Mervyn Horton chatting with Mrs. Bobbie Stuart-Lowe at cocktail party aboard the Mariposa before buffet dinner and preview screening of the film "Jessica" to raise funds for the Art Gallery of N.S.W.

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FATHER

"That reminds me. I intended to repair that table."

MOTHER

"It's QUITE all right if you come today instead of tomorrow . . . Yes, OF COURSE you can bring your friends, too . . . You'll be here in ten minutes? . . . SPLENDID!"

It seems to me

By Dorothy Drain

THE time is 1980. Two students are discussing one of their set books, a novel written in the mid-twentieth century.

"I find the language a bit difficult," says student A. "I know that 'poor' means underprivileged and 'old' is that rather coarse term they used instead of senior."

"Yes, it's full of quaint stuff," says student B. "Like the way they wrote 'went to the university' instead of 'educated at university level.' And take: 'Ministers conferred' instead of 'A conference was held at ministerial level.'"

"But there are some even blunter words," comments student A, riffling through his dictionary. "Oh, I see. 'Town' and 'city' mean 'population centre.'"

At that point they are joined by a bearded professor who says: "Times change, you know. I remember when I first realised —I was listening to a talk about traffic problems—that the word 'city' was about to be displaced by 'large population centre.' In those days some people still spoke of 'blocks of flats' or 'apartment houses.'"

He exits, singing rather shakily: "In a little Spanish population centre."

"What's he talking about?" asks student A.

"High-density housing," says student B.

★ ★ ★

ACCORDING to a news item from Capetown, South Africa, a retired school principal plans to build himself an eight-sided hut with walls made of bottles. So far he has 3800 bottles.

A nice change — to drink yourself into house and home.

★ ★ ★

"ARE you going to write something about the slaughter of kangaroos?" asked a colleague last week.

"A lot of people have written about it already," I said, "and I don't know that there's anything fresh to say."

"Why must it be fresh?" she asked. "Why can't you just say that it will be an everlasting disgrace if the only kangaroos left are those in zoos and on the coat-of-arms?"

All right. I do say it. Sometimes it is worth while to add a voice to the chorus.

The grazier must, of course, have some protection. Men who see pastures devoured are scornful of the city viewpoint.

But the destruction of kangaroos seems to be going far beyond necessity. They are forming the basis of a trade the country should afford to do without.

In the nineteen-twenties the koala was saved, barely in time, from extinction.

Kangaroos fall into a somewhat different category. Nobody could excuse the killing of inoffensive koalas.

But now there is real danger that the kangaroo will be wiped out. And that simply must not be allowed to happen.

IMMIGRATION Minister Downer must have been caught on the hop when he made those suggestions for terms to replace "New Australian."

Miss Tania Verstak had objected to "New Australian." As the name is applied to naturalised Australians like Tania, she knows what she is talking about.

But she has fallen into the old trap, that of thinking you can change an attitude by changing words.

When Mr. Calwell, then Minister for Immigration, advocated "New Australian" it certainly seemed better than "Balts" (once generally applied to foreigners whether they came from Baltic countries or not), "refugees," or "d.p.'s" (for displaced persons) and for a few years it served.

Mr. Downer's substitutes, "European settler" or "newcomer," are rather less attractive. "Settler" has an old-fashioned backwoods air about it. "Newcomer," a perfectly good word in general, would be unbearably affected as a name for foreign migrants.

All that New Australians can do, regardless of what they are called, is to reflect that the old Australians around them are the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of "New Chums."

Time—and time only—will take care of the problem.

★ ★ ★

OF the 30 million swarms of bees in the world, ten million live in the Soviet Union, six million in the United States, and three million in China, the director of the Soviet Scientific Agricultural Research Institute told an international conference in Moscow.

How doth the little busy bee
React to ideology?
We do not know, we cannot tell,
In any case, it tastes as well,
The honey that originates
From Russia or United States.
While flying to and from their hives
They occupy their daily lives,
And work away from flower to flower,
Not thinking that at any hour
Wild birds or famine or disease
May wipe them out, these busy bees,
Who, if provoked, will likely sting,
But otherwise upon the wing
They act like human beings do.
Disaster lurks — oh well, that's true.
But though they live upon the brink
They haven't got the time to think.

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Sickness is the doctor's worry

● Sir Theodore Fox, editor of England's famous medical journal "The Lancet", believes that it is not good for the public to think too much about illness.

SIR THEODORE FOX, editor of the English medical journal "The Lancet."

ILLNESS and its cures, or possible cures, are for the medical profession to worry about, he firmly believes.

Now visiting Australia for the first time, Sir Theodore is reluctant to agree that his journal is closely concerned with "hot news," even though "The Lancet" has published some of the most far-reaching news stories on new wonder-drugs and cures.

He wishes the daily Press would stop "watching us like a hawk every week" for medical news.

But, like any newspaperman, Sir Theodore is proud of his journal's "scoops."

"There is hardly any field of medicine in which we haven't published in the van," he said.

"We were one of the first journals to publish the story of the thalidomide danger in pregnancy.

"Round last November we had our first letters about it from an Australian doctor and a German doctor. About the same time there was a letter or two in the 'British Medical Journal.' Then the medical correspondent of the 'Guardian' took it up."

But Sir Theodore's proudest scoop was the announcement of the first use of penicillin on patients.

"It was early in the war when we published the first work of Adelaide's Sir Howard Florey and his colleagues on the use of penicillin on patients at Oxford," he said. "This was some 10 years after Sir Alexander Fleming's discovery of penicillin.

"But the newspapers didn't take it up, perhaps because they were busy with war news.

"After publication, penicillin was used in the Army,

By PAT FIELD

for wounds. And that was the beginning of the enormous use of antibiotics.

"These days we find that a new antibiotic is often a very big story—like the new type of penicillin that is more effective against hospital staphylococci.

"But we've been publishing medical-history-making developments all through our history. For instance, Lister's famous work on antiseptic surgery last century."

How does "The Lancet" guard against publishing wrong information?

Sir Theodore said: "We study every contribution very carefully, and if it's highly technical we refer it to an appropriate authority.

"We take into account the reputation of the authors and the organisations they are working for. But we're always taking chances on outsiders, because we want to be sure the unorthodox researcher has a chance to publish his work."

Sir Theodore says this "developing edge" of medicine is very interesting to the general public, "but it's not always so useful for them to know about it.

"The public should take a general interest in scientific advances, but seldom is the sensational story good for them," he said.

"Every advance has to be thoroughly tested before it is certain that it is a genuine advance, and before we can be certain of the width of its application."

Sir Theodore has been editor of "The Lancet" since 1944, and a full-time staff member since 1926, soon after he graduated.

"It was started in 1823 by a general practitioner, Thomas Wakley, an 'angry young man' of that time," Sir Theodore said.

"He campaigned against medical institutions and the privileges enjoyed by hospital doctors.

"Wakley felt that medical teaching should be public teaching, so he sent representatives to take down the hospital doctors' lectures, verbatim, and published them.

"He ran a series of articles on hospitals, on operations, and how the patients were getting on, week by week. The surgeons were not pleased when their unsuccessful cases were reported.

"He was sued for libel, sometimes successfully, but often the jury was so much in favor of his ideas that damages were small.

Reforming rag

"He became a coroner and a Member of Parliament, and was partly responsible for the Act of Parliament by which all doctors had to be registered.

"He was also partly responsible for reform of the food laws in England.

"So you see," Sir Theodore said, "'The Lancet' started off as a reforming rag. It published important medical papers, but at the same time its tone and policy were very radical.

"But in the latter part of last century and the early part of this, it became highly responsible and less violently reformist, and took on the voice of authority in medicine.

"As well as letters and articles on medical advances, we sometimes publish criticism on the care people have had from doctors and hospitals.

"For instance, a woman's view of her care when she was having a baby might show up some deficiency in care that doctors might not otherwise know about.

"We have also published a series of about 40 articles by lay people with notable disabilities, describing what has happened to them and how they have coped with life."

Sir Theodore wouldn't hazard a guess about the next big scientific advance his journal would announce.

"History shows that a great breakthrough comes when we least expect it," he said.

"But we may fairly hope for an answer to why people get coronary disease; what causes the mental disease, schizophrenia; and more effective cancer remedies."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY IN REAL ESTATE

From page 7

"But to begin with they don't ask for fancy places. They mostly want brick and tile — solid — but the state of disrepair doesn't matter to them. They also will put up with makeshift bathrooms.

"Then the whole family moves in and they get to work on the painting and repairs.

"They usually leave a house in much better condition than when they moved in.

"And if clients—and this applies to all Australians, old or new—like a house on sight, they tend to overlook even major faults and buy it. In fact, minor faults often cause more concern than major ones.

"For instance, when I took a migrant from Lebanon to see one house I pointed out that the watermark on the ceiling had been a leak, since repaired.

"A more serious fault, I pointed out, was that one of the floors had dropped.

"The client brought in three friends, one at a time —a carpenter, a painter, and a bricklayer—to examine the ceiling patch.

"Not one was interested in the displaced floor. When the client decided to buy the house I reminded him that he had still not taken advice on the floor.

"'Don't worry,' said the buyer. 'We'll fix that'."

"When we drive a client to see a property we keep an eye on their faces through the rear-vision mirror as we get near the place.

Faces drop

"If their eyes light up, you stand a good chance of making a sale. If their faces drop, it doesn't matter how nice the place is inside, their minds are almost always made up against it.

"We find that by first telling the client of a property's faults we have more chance of selling. Many people don't mind doing their own repairs and decorations, and realise that they are sometimes getting a property cheaper than if these were first done by the seller.

"And someone who knows something about building costs and repairs is easier to sell to than a person who doesn't.

"A knowledgeable handyman can see the potentialities of a place, whereas a man who knows nothing usually overestimates the cost of alterations.

"Most people have their dream house in mind, and it is almost always above what they can afford. We try to find what the dream house is and show them the nearest to it.

"It is no good trying to sell a client a house he really can't afford. In his initial enthusiasm he may put a deposit on it, but he'll almost always return within a few days to get his deposit back, after he has had time to work out the cost of repayments.

"Easy buyers who say yes to everything are not popular with salesmen. They almost always take a long time to make up their minds. We like best the buyers who know what they want and tell us.

"Although men do the talking when they go house-hunting with their wives, it is mostly the wives who decide the type of house they want. The final 'yes' or 'no' is usually with them."

Salesmen often have difficulties explaining the legalities of house purchase to new arrivals.

One told me: "A Greek migrant came in, took off his coat and sat down. We showed him a house and he put a deposit on it. He wanted to move in next day.

"When we explained he would have to wait about six weeks for legal documents and contracts to be drawn up, he demanded his deposit back and said he would go somewhere else.

"A few days later he was back with his deposit. He had discovered that there were no short-cuts through the formalities wherever he went."

Migrants who see photographs of their "dream homes" in real-estate agency windows often have to be persuaded not to make mistakes.

Said the estate agent: "An English migrant couple, just arrived, came in with £1800 deposit. They said the very house they wanted was pictured in the window.

"I could tell by their conversation and manner that although the property might suit them the suburb it was in certainly wouldn't, but they insisted.

"Three weeks later they came back. They'd spent the time touring the city, and they at last knew where, as well as how, they wanted to live.

"I was able to take them not only to a house they liked, but to an environment in which they could settle.

"I would advise any newly arrived migrants to postpone buying a house, if possible, until they have lived in a city for six months.

"It takes that long to know whether you'll settle in a particular job, whether the schools, shops, and amenities are what you want, and whether the suburb is one you can fit into.

"That goes a long way towards making the new arrival happy."

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They used my socks on TV opera

● Encore! ABN2's live presentation last week of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" was enchanting—superb—the very best in TV entertainment.

SUPERLATIVES fail me. I am, I confess, purely a bathroom musician. But "Madame Butterfly" kept me glued to the TV set like a strip of adhesive.

This is one of the reasons I applaud, applaud, applaud the production. "Madame Butterfly" was opera for everyone.

The cast was magnificent, especially considering that the sound was pre-recorded and they had to mime the entire two-hour presentation.

My compliments to Ric Hutton, who accomplished the formidable task of acting Pinkerton to Raymond McDonald's voice with convincing grace.

The music was wholly beguiling, heart-rending at times. The set was sheer delight. And the producer, Peter Page, created magical effects with his cameras.

After some of the A.B.C.'s live TV efforts, I am usually apprehensive about what might happen (like the time Miss Valda Bagnall 'conked herself accurately on the head with an iron pillar in "Pagliacci" — and carried on, regardless).

But nothing marred this performance. Sliding doors slid, the cast tripped lightly (not literally) up and down the stairs. Even Butterfly's little son Trouble's (seven-year-old Rolf Svenson) trouble with an itching nose was appealing.

● *Valda Bagnall as Madame Butterfly, with her little son (played by seven-year-old Rolf Svenson, of Sydney) in A.B.C.-TV's successful production of the Puccini opera.*

I hesitate to introduce a note of levity at this point. But my socks *did* appear in "Madame Butterfly."

A few weeks ago I watched an early rehearsal of the opera. And discovered that the A.B.C. had been looking everywhere for some of those Japanese socks (the ones like foot-mittens) for Valda Bagnall to wear as "Butterfly."

"Ah," I said, "I have some . . ."

They fitted. And Valda wore them. All the time. (I wonder why the A.B.C. doesn't have close-ups of feet?)

Socks aside, I may have given the impression that I am enthusiastic about "Madame Butterfly."

I was. I am. Again! More! Encore!

★ ★ ★

I HAD intended to switch to and fro between ABN2 and ATN7 last Wednesday. However, since I couldn't tear myself away from poor little Butterfly, this was impossible.

Last Wednesday was the beginning of a sad and sorrowful era on ATN.

It was the last time (sniff) Sydney will see "Ben Casey" for a while. And ATN haven't announced a return date for the show (I can scarcely see for tears).

Just think: no more growls in the operating theatre, no more of Vincent Edwards' glowering looks, no more of his hospital dramas . . .

It's very melancholy. In the meantime, viva "Dr. Kildare!"

That Mr. K. again

I LIKED and loathed last week's edition of "The Best of Kennedy" (TCN9, Mondays, 9.30 p.m.).

Melbourne's darling produced an entertaining sketch, introduced by Bert Newton, who intoned: "Graham Kennedy, This Is Your Life."

The bubble-eyed Mr. K. "grew up" on film, from (very) bouncing baby on . . .

As a teenager, he remarked, "There's just one thing, though . . ." looking shiftily at a clock, ". . . at midnight I turn into a teenage *digby-wolfe!*"

Mr. Kennedy then proceeded to shatter my reasonably benign mood with a quite startlingly tasteless and unfunny "skit" on Chips Rafferty's recent sojourn in an English hospital.

REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

★★ LOLITA

The film of the banned best-seller is a long, long 153 minutes relieved only by the performances of Shelley Winters and Peter Sellers. Unfortunately they're not the stars, and whenever they are off-screen "Lolita" is a dragging, dreary movie.

Everyone must know, from the book's reputation, that this is the story of a middle-aged man's love affair with a 14-year-old girl.

Sue Lyon's "Lolita" is a competent and terrifying study of that fearsome American product, the precocious teenage girl, but James Mason, as Humbert Humbert, hams from beginning to end.

Mason plays Humbert as if he were a naive English civil servant, not the European he's supposed to be.

The whole film is an embarrassing study of perverted relationships. Everyone in the film is sick and the apparent normality of their surroundings only makes it sicker. **P.B.—St. James, Sydney.**

In a word . . . NAUSEATING.

★★ SUSAN SLADE

The girls had better take along a box of tissues, and the men should probably stay at home.

Connie Stevens plays Susan Slade, the rich young girl who comes into sudden contact with love and some of the tragedies of life.

Troy Donahue plays the poor little poor boy, who makes the ending happy.

The acting is not bad, the photography of some beautiful Californian scenery is good, but men will hate the occasional lapses into sentimentality. It is a woman's film. K.W.—Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . EMOTIONAL.

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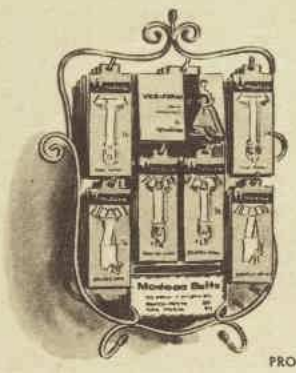

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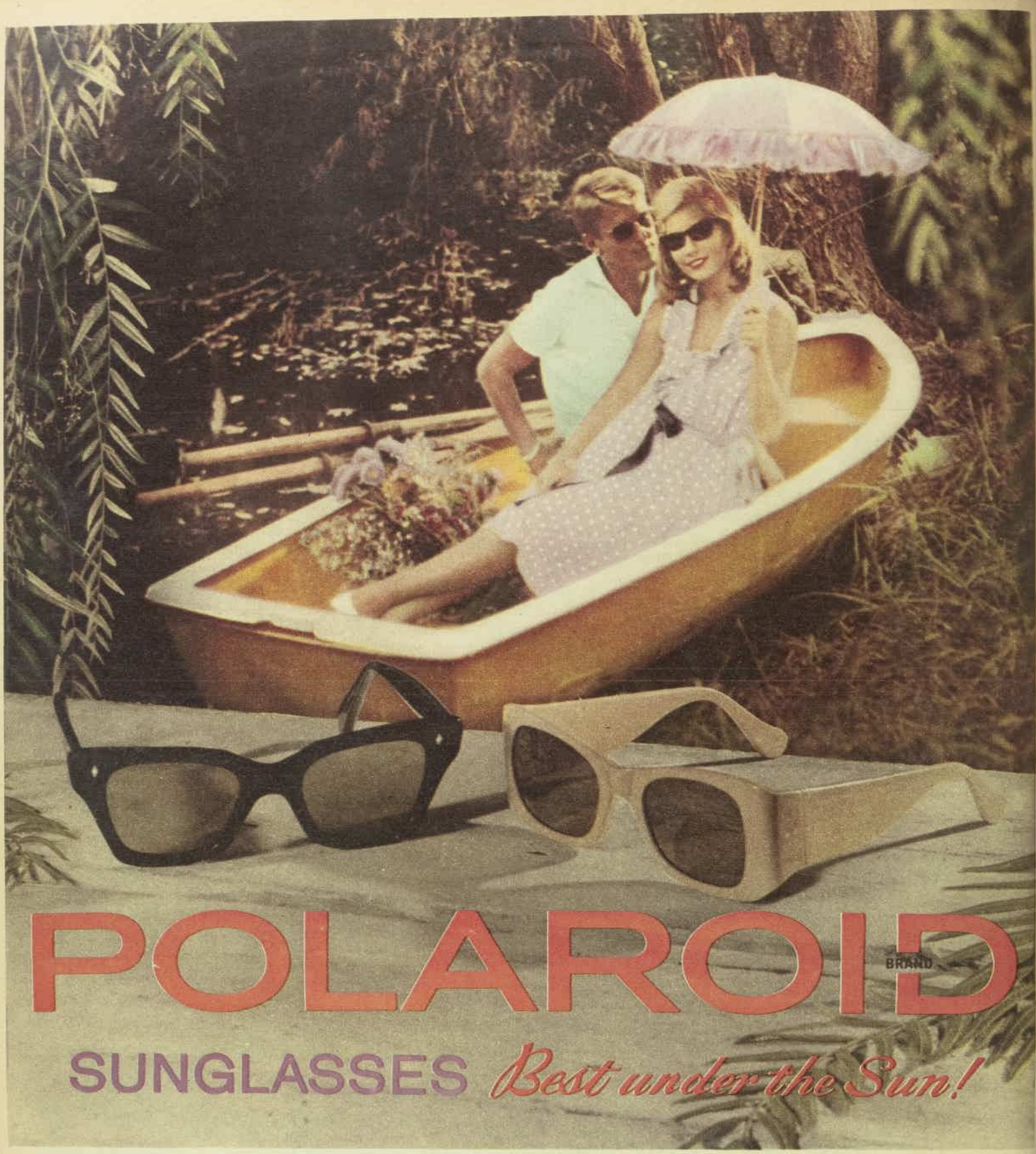

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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Romance for girls

SOME students are likely to be refused university entrance because of a low standard in English. I believe the rot sets in—at least for girls—far below matriculation standard, and the blame can be laid on those who select literature to be studied. Girls of 15 are essentially romantic, so let half the stories listed for study be well laced with romance and leave the more dramatic stories for the boys and those girls who prefer them. Enthusiastic reading would make for more English passes.

£1/1/- to "Romantic," (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

The price of elegance

DO fashionable shoes permanently disfigure women's feet? I'm a trained nurse at a large private hospital for elderly people of both sexes, and have observed that almost half of the patients have bunions, corns, misshapen toes, and even crossed toes. A chiropodist is a regular caller. The other half—mostly men—have normal feet.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Grondin, Parramatta, N.S.W.

Memento of early banks

MY father, W. J. Doak (88), is very interested in the Commonwealth Savings Bank Jubilee Year—for he possesses No. 1 Post Office Savings Bank Book, issued in N.S.W. in 1874. His own father was then active in the bank. In those days "Some Days' Notice" for withdrawals had to be given and many depositors signed with "their Mark."

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Hill, Clayfield, Qld.

Bad impression

ALTHOUGH I'm a teetotaller I work at a local hotel. When my young son filled in a form at his school giving an emergency contact in the event of an accident he wrote: "Mother, mostly at the X Hotel." What a boost for my reputation!

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. N. Hollis, Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

It was a well-planned cry

MY four-year-old sister was playing with the dog when she accidentally hurt him, and he snapped at her. She told my mother what happened and added she had better go to her bedroom to cry for a while. Once in there she decided she'd put her toys away first, which she did cheerfully. Having completed her chore, she shut the door, sat on the bed, and wept loudly.

£1/1/- to Miss H. Cox, Vermont, S.A.

The dawdlers

I'D like to ask "A Nice Night Out" (Qld.), who complains his wife is slow to get ready for an outing and even slower to start the car, with changing shoes, lighting a cigarette, etc., a few pertinent questions: Who picks up discarded clothes, cleans up the bathroom, searches for the car key, closes windows, and locks doors before they leave? Being constantly reminded how slow I am, I've given up mentioning these time-wasting tasks.

£1/1/- to "Resigned" (name supplied), Bondi, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

FIRSTLY, learn to drive yourself — then your wife could add her final touches while you drive. Secondly, give her 15 minutes' start in dressing preparations, then you'll both be ready at the same time. I find this works well.

£1/1/- to "Got Put Up" (name supplied), Swan Hill, Vic.

★ ★ ★

I SUGGEST this gentleman turns his wife's evening into one of pleasure, instead of one filled with nagging. He could have her shoes ready, hold her coat, and have a cigarette lit and waiting for her while she slips behind the wheel.

£1/1/- to "Wouldn't It Be Luverly" (name supplied), Youngtown, Tas.

★ ★ ★

I SYMPATHISE with "A.N.N.O.," for my mother is also slow. She decides to wear another dress at the last minute, and when we're on the way worries if she left the iron on. We usually have to wait while she rings a neighbor to check something for her.

£1/1/- to "Football Fans" (name supplied), Hampton, Vic.

★ ★ ★

WHY not try coaxing your wife into hurrying by betting her — say 10/- — she won't be ready on time? This could add a little fun to the outing.

£1/1/- to "Another Chance" (name supplied), Manly, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

YOU should simply get dressed, get in the car, and drive off yourself, leaving your wife behind a few times. She would soon learn to hurry.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Stephenson, Wangan, Qld.

"Darling, are you all right?"
"I think so . . . I just had a terrible nightmare. I dreamed your boss and his wife came to dinner . . ."
"Go on . . ."
"And I came in with the chicken . . ."
"Yes . . ."
"And you carved . . ."
"Yes . . ."
"And the boss's wife said "Can I have some stuffing please?"
"What happened then?"
"There wasn't any. *We forgot the stuffing!*"
"Oh brother! Now that your dream is over, I hope you have plenty of stuffing in the kitchen".
"Oh I have! I've got PAXO".
"Is that the stuffing your mother told you about?"
"That's it".
"Good, now we can relax and go to sleep. Anything your mother recommends is bound to be good. What a cook!"
"Beast!"
"Go to sleep".

PAXO is *complete* ready-mixed seasoning with good old fashioned ingredients. Breadcrumbs, onions, sage, parsley, thyme, finely shredded beef suet.
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Ross Campbell writes...

THE UNDERWORLD

"PLEASE don't go under the house," my wife said.

She was speaking to a team playing hide-and-seek. They grumbled and said there were beaut places under the house. "I don't want you covered in cobwebs and falling over things," she said.

She has had a rather low opinion of under the house since my son made a cubby there some time back. He and his friend Mervyn McMinn used to sit under the master bedroom in two old cane chairs playing snakes and ladders by the light of a hurricane lamp.

We got used to the mutterings that came up through the floor. But when they rigged up a pressure stove and wanted to cook their meals down there we called a halt.

Under the house has certain attractions, without doubt. It is quieter than up above, and cooler in summer. Also, there is more privacy.

Our house has 14 squares (not including myself), with off-street parking for four children, and it is pretty full up. Luckily we have a large space underneath, which is very handy for putting things out of the way.

Under the living-room, if you are interested, you will find—as well as two ladders and a motor mower—a table, some broken chairs, 3 dozen bottles for preserving fruit,

lengths of hose and piping, piles of magazines, and a toy merry-go-round.

The children become worried sometimes by the thought that there may be an escaped convict hiding under the house. But I have persuaded them that this is exceptional.

Architects and builders don't usually bother much about under the house. I have seen places with tons of room up above, but once you go under the floor there is barely room to crawl on hands and knees, let alone store old merry-go-rounds.

The Donklings' is like that. It has all the trimmings, wall-to-walls and venetians; but under the house even a small convict could not make himself comfortable.

I don't suggest that builders should take as much trouble under the floor as up above. But if possible they should leave a decent space for keeping junk, making cubbies, and enjoying a little quiet reflection.

Now and then I go down below and sit for a while among the broken toys and chairs. It calms the mind when life in the upper regions is too strenuous.

My only warning is that you should not let it get a hold on you as it did on my son and Mervyn McMinn. Don't stay under the house all the time.

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Support for tired, aching legs
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Soft-Grip ELASTIC YARN STOCKINGS
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THE IDEAL GIFT!
A SUBSCRIPTION TO
The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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CAPTURED! An exotic new shade by Judith Aden

GOLDEN Panther

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(push-up case)

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Be hunted...be haunting...wear Golden Panther.

Judith Aden

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WOOLWORTHS

You just cannot buy better...whatever you pay.

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A Dream of Summer

FOUR-PAGE FEATURE

● The heat haze over the long curving beach, the lazy banter, the doze in the sun, the sudden dash into the challenging surf — these frame many of the pleasantest memories of the millions of people who live in the cities and towns along Australia's vast coastline. Soon it will be summer again.

THE LONE GIRL on the hot coral sand under the palm tree was photographed at Heron Island, Queensland, by Anne Scollan, of Oatley, N.S.W., and THE CROWD was photographed at Sydney's Bondi Beach last summer by Keith Barlow (staff).

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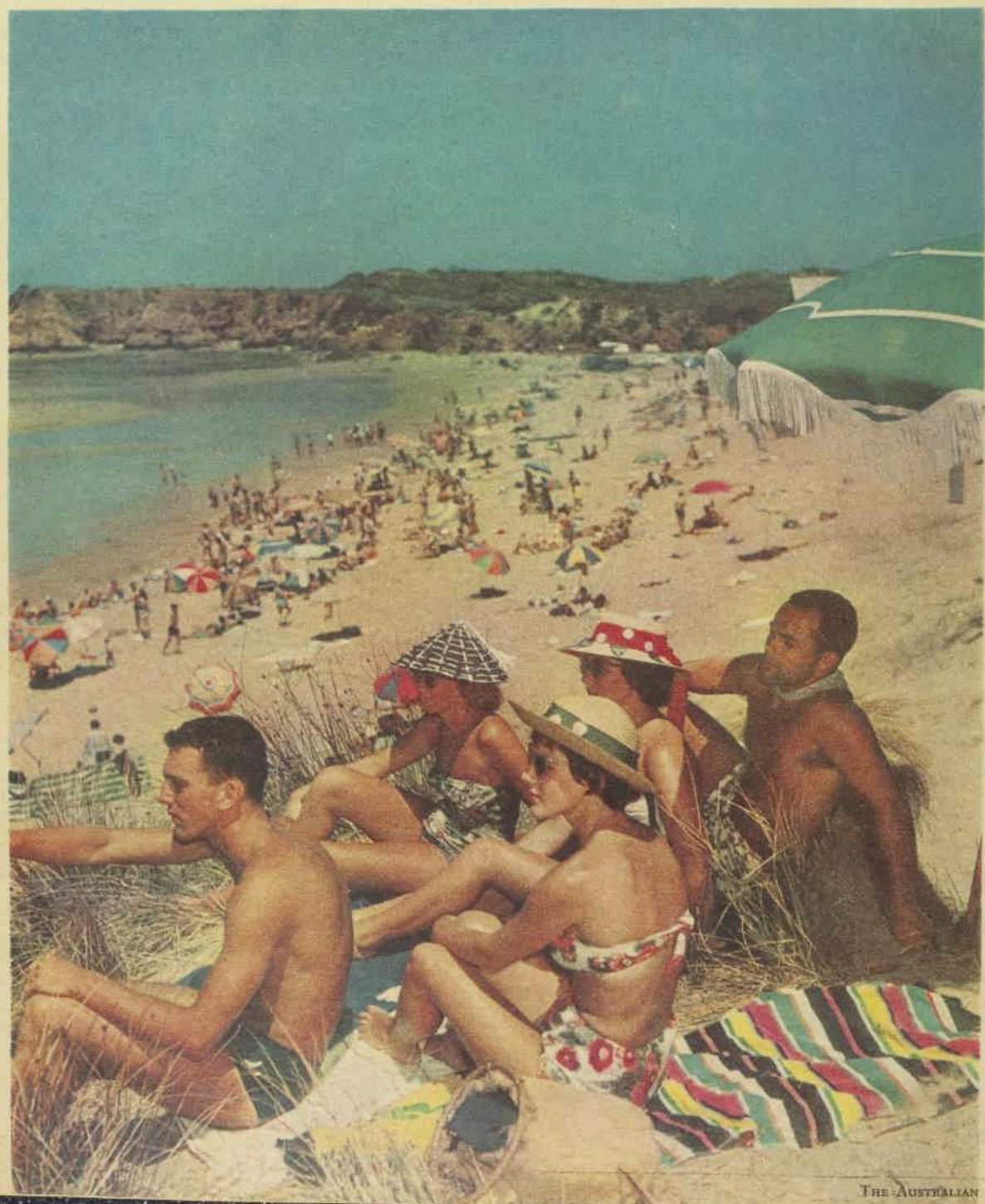
. . . WITH FEET IN THE HOT SAND

THE BUSY CHILD, six-year-old Shauna O'Grady, was photographed at Seven-Mile Beach, on the N.S.W. south coast, by Anne Scollan.

A dream of summer



SUNBATHERS, tanned and lazily relaxed, were at Torquay, on the Victorian coast. Picture from the Tourist Development Authority of Victoria.

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THE SURF-RIDERS *were pausing gregariously between rollers on one of last summer's long Sundays at Coogee, N.S.W.*
(Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.)

Continued overleaf—

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Heinz—the only canned spaghetti

that starts its goodness with specially-grown wheat

The best spaghetti needs a special kind of wheat. That's why Heinz **and only Heinz** take the trouble (and expense) to grow their own wheat in a part of Australia that's noted for it — north-west New South Wales.

What difference does this special wheat make? Plenty! In the richer, more natural colour for one thing. In the special protein quality that gives a fine, firmer texture, for another. As for flavour, one taste will tell you how much better **that** is.

All this extra goodness is yours **at no extra cost** when you open a can of Heinz spaghetti and serve it — on toast for breakfast or supper, or as a really satisfying main course the whole family will enjoy.

Heinz make their own spaghetti, too...

With this special wheat Heinz next step is to **make** their own special spaghetti. Then, they cook and can it, still in their own factory. This means that the quality is controlled all the way from crop to can. And a special quick-cooking process preserves food values and minimises heat losses of valuable vitamins...

and flavour it with specially-blended sauces

Heinz spaghetti is cooked with specially-blended sauces for deep-flavour penetration of the golden strands. And the flavour matures in the can. No matter which sauce flavour you choose — and there are no less than four delicious Heinz varieties — your family will enjoy spaghetti at its hearty, wholesome best.

The flavour you like is HEINZ

57 So much better in so many ways

Bet you didn't know these facts about Heinz spaghetti

All varieties of Heinz spaghetti, made from specially-milled wheat, contain the following basic nutrients:

PROTEIN for body building;

CARBOHYDRATE to give warmth and energy;

CALCIUM AND IRON for healthy bones, teeth and bloodstream;

VITAMIN B COMPLEX for nerves, skin and digestion.

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A dream of summer

TIRED BABY JOHN was quaintly fretful after his glorious hour in the sand at Surfers' Paradise (picture by Miss Judy Dungey, of South Corowa, N.S.W.).

THE SUNSET across West Sandy Cape, on the northern coast of Tasmania, was "a dream come true," wrote Mr. A. R. Catford, of Hobart, when he sent us this picture.

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the GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

MY shirt was no longer a shirt but just a limp and sticky rag soaked with sweat. My feet ached from the fierce heat of the steel deck plates. My forehead, under the peaked white cap, ached from the ever-increasing constriction of the leather band that made scalping only a matter of time. My eyes ached from the steely glitter of reflected sunlight from metal, water, and white-washed harbor buildings. And my throat ached, from pure thirst.

I was unhappy. The crew was unhappy. The passengers were unhappy. Captain Bullen was unhappy, and this last made me doubly unhappy, not because of any tenderness of feeling I entertained toward the captain but because when things went wrong with Captain Bullen he invariably took it out on his chief officer. I was his chief officer.

I was bending over the rail, listening to the creak of wire and wood and watching our after jumbo derrick take the strain as it lifted a particularly large crate from the quayside, when a hand touched my arm. Captain Bullen again, I thought, to talk to me about my shortcomings, and then I realised that, whatever the captain's caprices, wearing Chanel No. 5 wasn't one of them. This would be Miss Beresford.

And it was. In addition to the scent, she was wearing a white silk dress and that quizzical half-amused smile that made the other officers turn mental cartwheels but served only to irritate me. I have my weaknesses, but tall, cool, sophisticated young women with a slightly malicious sense of humor is not one of them.

"Good afternoon, Mr. First Officer," she said sweetly. She had a soft, musical voice with hardly a hint of superiority or condescension when talking to the lower orders like myself. "We've been wondering where you were. You are not usually an absentee at aperitif time."

"I know, Miss Beresford. I'm sorry." Standing company orders stated that it was part of the ship's officers' duties to entertain the passengers, and, as Captain Bullen loathed all passengers with a fierce and total loathing, he saw to it that most of the entertaining fell to me. I nodded at the big crate now hovering over the hatchway of number four hold, then at the piled-up crates on the quayside. "I'm afraid I have work to do. Four or five more hours at least. Can't even manage lunch today, far less an aperitif."

"Not Miss Beresford. Susan." It was as if she had heard only my first few words. "How often do I have to ask you?"

Until we reach New York, I said to myself, and even then it will be no use. Aloud I said, smiling: "You mustn't make things difficult for me. Regulations require that we treat all passengers with courtesy, consideration, and respect." And self-respect made me resent the young and unmarried female passengers who regarded me as a source of idle amusement for their all too many idle hours: particularly was this true with rich, young, idle females—and it was common knowledge that Julius A. Beresford required the full-time services of a whole corps of accountants just to tot up his annual profits. "Especially with respect, Miss Beresford," I finished.

"You're hopeless," she laughed. "And no lunch, you poor man. I thought you were looking pretty glum as I came along." She glanced at the winch-driver, then at the seamen manhandling the suspended crate into position on the floor of the hold. "Your men don't seem too pleased at the prospect, either."

"Oh, they'll be spelled for food all right. It must be about a hundred and ten down in that hold there. Besides, they're all still brooding over the losses they've suffered. Don't forget that it's less than seventy-two hours since they had that brush with the Customs in Jamaica."

In one fell swoop the Customs had confiscated from about forty

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The voyage had begun badly for the s.s. Campari with her strange cargo . . . beginning a thrilling adventure of the sea.

By ALISTAIR MacLEAN

Author of "H.M.S. Ulysses" and "The Guns of Navarone"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

crew members no fewer than 25,000 cigarettes and over two hundred bottles of hard liquor that would have been disposed of by them at a handy profit to Jamaicans more than willing to pay a high price for the luxury of duty-free bourbon and American cigarettes. But, then, the crew had not been told that, for the first time in its five years' service on the West Indian run, the Campari was to be searched from stem to stern with a thorough ruthlessness that swept the ship clean as a whistle. It had been a black day.

And so was this. Even as Miss Beresford was murmuring a few farewell words of sympathy I caught sight of Captain Bullen. As he came down the companionway and passed Miss Beresford he made a heroic effort to twist his features into the semblance of a smile until he had passed her. Captain Bullen was a big man, six feet two and very heavily built, with sandy hair and eyebrows, a smooth red face that no amount of sun could ever tan, and a clear blue eye that no amount of whisky could ever dim.

"Well, Mister," he said heavily, "how's it doing? Miss Beresford giving you a hand, eh?" When he was in a bad mood it was invariably "Mister"; in a neutral mood, it was "First"; and when in a good temper—which, to be fair, was most of the time—it was always "Johnny-me-boy."

"Bit slow on the dock-side." I nodded to where a group of men were struggling to attach chain slings to a crate that must have been as least eighteen feet in length by six square. "I don't think the Carracio stevedores are accustomed to such heavy lifts."

"Never seen such fumble-handed incompetence in my blasted life. First time in this stinking hell-hole"—Carracio was actually one of the cleanest and most picturesquely beautiful ports in the Caribbean—"and I hope to heaven it's the last. Can you manage it by six, Mister?" Six o'clock was an hour past the top of the tide and we had to clear the harbor entrance sand-bar by then or wait another ten hours.

"I think so, sir," and then, to take his mind off his troubles and also because I was curious, I asked: "What are in those crates? Motor-cars?"

"Motor-cars? Are you mad?" His cold blue eye swept over the white-washed jumble of the little town and the dark green of the steeply rising forested hills behind. "This lot couldn't build a rabbit-hutch for export, far less a motor-car. Machinery. So the bills of lading say. Dynamos, generators, refrigerating, air-conditioning, and refining machinery. For New York."

"Do you mean to tell me," I said carefully, "that the generalissimo, having successfully completed the confiscation of all the American sugar-refining mills, is now dismantling them and selling the machinery back to the Americans? Bare-faced theft like that?"

"Petty larceny on the part of the individual is theft," Captain Bullen said morosely. "When governments engage in grand larceny, it's economics. Oh, it'll be all perfectly legal, I've no doubt, but it still doesn't make me feel less of a contraband runner. But if we don't do it, someone else will. And the freight rate's double the normal."

"Which makes the generalissimo and his government pretty desperate for money?"

"What do you think?" Bullen growled. "No one knows how many were killed in the capital and a dozen other towns in Tuesday's hunger riots. Jamaican authorities reckon the number in hundreds. Since they turned out most foreigners and

To page 73

"My, my. Aren't we efficient?" Susan Beresford said sarcastically as Chief Officer Johnny Carter picked up the phone.

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THE KIND HEART

A short short story

By MERVYN LYNTON GAY

As Nick drew closer to the man and woman he saw they were aborigines.

HE could see them from where he was standing on the bridge. He wondered who they were and what they were doing. He was glad he had to pass them, because he would get a good look. His pale blue eyes stayed with them while he crossed the bridge. There was beaded sweat on his forehead and upper lip, but this was natural. It was summer, and stayed hot all day and sticky all night. The creek below looked cool and refreshing, and for a moment he had a wild impulse to drop the two buckets he carried and plunge in, but the feeling passed quickly and he walked on.

As he stepped off the end of the bridge he realised the two figures were aborigines, a man and a woman. Their clothes were patched and dirty, and at the feet of the woman lay a sugarbag tied at the top with a piece of string. Inside the bag were all their worldly possessions. Nick could see his cow tethered a hundred yards past them on the bank of the creek. He glanced at them as he passed and found the man's eyes on him.

"H'lo," Nick said smiling, making a thrust at friendship.

"G'day," the aboriginal answered. His face did not alter. The woman didn't even look up.

Nick patted the cow a few times, then talking softly to it he began his milking. He stopped frequently to brush the troublesome flies away. Thoughts raced through his mind as he watched milk spurt into the bucket.

He thought of the aborigines, feeling deep sympathy for them. I wonder where they came from? Where will they sleep? Poor devils, he thought. They have a hard time. He looked down at his own clothes then, realising how many patches had been carefully sewn on by his young sisters.

He saw his shoes and noticed they were splitting around the seams, but he knew it would be a long time before he got a new pair. He sighed heavily, wondering when he would be rich enough to have lots of clothes, wondering when he would have everything that made other families happy. He was looking forward to that day, but somehow it seemed many years away, so many years away, in fact, that he doubted if the time would come, and it hardly mattered at all.

He knew his father worked hard for him and his two young sisters, but since mother died everything just seemed to slip backwards.

A few tears worked their way out of Nick's eyes. He wiped them away quickly, afraid that someone would see him.

He finished milking and gave the cow a gentle slap on the rump.

Nick almost passed the aborigines as he headed for the bridge. He stopped and smiled at them. "Hi," he said.

The aboriginal nodded to Nick, and the woman still didn't look up.

"Where are you headed?" Nick asked.

"We going to Fosters' for work. Plenty tomato picking there. We come long way."

Nick felt a surge of pity for them, knowing the tomato season had ended the best part of two months ago, but somehow he couldn't bring himself to tell them. "Would you like some milk?" he asked, taking the lid off the bucket.

The dark face looked down a moment, ashamed, and then, "Please. I would appreciate it." There was a strange dignity in his voice.

Dad won't miss it, his mind said. Dad won't ever know. I wish I had some money to give them. Poor things.

Nick pushed his hands into his pockets, searching for any small thing. Anything to give them. Anything at all. Then his fingers curled and locked round a cellophane-covered packet. Dad's cigarettes. No, Nick's mind said, I can't. Not the cigarettes. His father had asked him to buy them.

That was all the money Dad had for the week and it was only Monday. Nick knew that nearly all his father's money went on the three children. He knew that his father kept only a few shillings a week to buy cigarettes.

I'm sure Dad would understand, Nick's mind raced. Perhaps if I just give them one each.

"Would you like a cigarette?"

The man reached for the extended pack. "Take two," Nick said.

The aboriginal did, his eyes glinting. He lit them immediately, handing one to his wife. She looked up at Nick for the first time and smiled. And then something inside Nick broke, something stronger than himself, stronger than his hands and willpower and desires. He couldn't have stopped doing what he was going to do even if he wanted. He thrust the cigarettes at the two dark figures. "Take them all. Please take them."

The aboriginal took them and his eyes were sad. He looked at Nick, taking in the boy's face and clothes, and he understood.

"You a good boy. God will remember."

"S'long," Nick said turning his back on them. He crossed the bridge, then turned and waved. Two figures waved back and Nick felt good.

The first pangs of conscience hit him when he was astride the bicycle and heading for home. What will Dad say. Surely he'll understand.

They had nothing. They were worse off than us. But sadly Nick knew his father wouldn't understand at all. And with his heart growing heavier he knew he would lie to his father. He would say he lost the cigarettes somewhere.

Shame and depression tightened inside him like a noose, and tears welled up in his eyes, rolling down his face mixing with perspiration and sweat, and the sun still beat down a fierce tattoo, only now Nick didn't seem to notice it and it didn't matter any more.

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Double your funtime this summertime with...

Delta leisure time SPORTSWEAR

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(left) **OVERBLOUSE:** 'Petti-point' wash-and-wear American fashion fabric. Scoop-neck style, cuffed sleeves, side slits. Wear tied or loose. Brown/Gold. Sizes 32-38 .... **39/11**

BAHAMA SHORTS: in fashionwise, eye-catching, slub surface American cotton . . . needs little or no ironing. In Bluestone, Espresso, Coconut, Tempered Brass, Burnished Clay. Sizes 22-30 ..... **39/11**

(centre) **SHIRT:** Featherweight, woven multi-check, wash-and-wear American cotton. Wear it in or out. Blue and Green. Sizes 32-38 ..... **39/11**

SLACKS: 'Briarcord' famous Dan River wrinkle-shed cotton. In Loden, Antelope, Foam, Smoke White, Leaf Green, Tawn, Pink. Sizes 24-32 ..... **49/11**

(right) **KOOLTOP:** Ideal co-ordinate for hot days, in exclusive-to-Delta, multi-striped poplin. Wear tied or loose. Pink, Cinnamon, Gold, Bronze, Pewter, Royal. Sizes 32-38 ..... **19/11**

SHORTS: Snug-fitting waist with shirred side elastic. In crease-resisting, shrink-proof sailcloth. Fourteen gay colours. Sizes 22-32 ..... **19/11**

MATCHING SETS for little girls: Check gingham top and trimmed matching sailcloth shorts. In Avocado, Salmon, Gold, Blue Jay, Lime. Sizes 2-12 ..... SET **29/11**

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* SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO	GREGORY PECK, SUSAN HAYWARD, AVA GARDNER
* DESERT RATS	JAMES MASON, RICHARD BURTON
* VIVA ZAPATA	MARLON BRANDO
* KANGAROO	PETER LAWFORD, MAUREEN O'HARA
* ON THE RIVIERA	DANNY KAYE, GENE TIERNEY
* FOLLOW THE SUN	GLENN FORD, ANNE BAXTER
* SALOME	RITA HAYWORTH, STEWART GRANGER

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Worth Reporting

PERTH'S Archery Club is the proud possessor of a modern gonfalon, or banner, the work of former Australian archery champion (Ladies' Target) Mrs. Jill Cartwright, whose husband, Don, is the club's president.

This type of banner, with its romantic-sounding Italian name, had ecclesiastical origins, but later was adopted as a battle standard—borne aloft by a gonfalonier in the days before chivalry died.

These days, a gonfalon adds a dash of pageantry at archery tournaments. It is set up on a pole behind the shooting line, indicating that members of a particular club are taking part.

Most archery clubs in England have gonfalons, and Australian clubs are gradually following suit.

When Mrs. Cartwright decided that the Perth Archery Club should have a gonfalon, she called in her husband's twin brother, Jim Cartwright, who is interested in heraldry, to design the banner.

Then she spent three months embroidering it in silk thread.

The Cartwrights presented the gonfalon to the Perth club last year and now it emerges from its most unmedieval plastic cover to inspire the members to better bull's-eyes.

Somebody who must have felt its influence is 18-year-old Lorraine Dodd, one of the club's paraplegic archers (they call themselves "paras"), who has been selected to represent W.A. at the Australian Paraplegic Games in Sydney on September 27, 28, and 29.

Lorraine will also compete in the swimming, table tennis, weightlifting, and fencing at the Sydney Games and hopes to make the Australian team for the First Commonwealth Paraplegic Games in Perth from November 10 to 17.

★ ★ ★

DOMESTIC bliss: Wife, "You said I was a picture when you married me."
Husband: "Those were the days of the silents."

★ ★ ★

SOMETIMES we just know that Paris designers haven't a clue about life as it is lived. For instance, designer Crahay at Nina Ricci is quoted as saying that he loathes the afternoons.

"A woman should take a nap then," he says, "and change straight from her morning dress to an evening gown."

We're sure that most husbands are hoping their wives won't make this a blanket rule.

And while on the subject of cluelessness, there's more than a touch of something like it in the title of producer Stanley Kramer's new film, "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World." Sounds like it will really drive the critics batty.

● ***Mrs. Don Cartwright and brother-in-law, Mr. Jim Cartwright, display the Perth Archery Club gonfalon.***

THE play's the thing — or will be in Casino, N.S.W., between October 1 and 6, when the North Coast Drama Festival is held.

Nineteen one-act plays will be presented, including "The Browning Version" and Ionesco's "The Chairs."

Pretty, dark-haired Jenny Mulherin, of Casino, producer of the Casino play, "In Camera," is also director of the festival.

★ ★ ★

To help the Guides

A CLARET-COLORED Bohemian vase which was owned by Sir Henry Ayers, of Ayers Rock fame, is part of the antique collection that Mrs. Sidney Ayers, of Adelaide, is showing at her home on September 25 and 26.

Sir Henry was several times Premier of South Australia between 1863 and 1873.

His explorer friend, William Gosse, named Ayers Rock, in Central Australia, after him.

Mrs. Ayers is showing her collection, which has several other pieces connected with the pioneering days in South Australia, to raise funds for the Girl Guides' Association Building Appeal.

Footnote: The National Trust of South Australia hopes to buy Sir Henry Ayers' first home on North Terrace—now a nurses' home—for a museum of historical curios.

● ***Ayers' vase in antiques exhibition.***

Do-it-yourself film-maker

FILM-FAN Patricia Ludford, of Sydney, doesn't just go to the movies, she makes them herself.

This 24-year-old migrant from England is director-producer-editor of a documentary, "Abstractions," which deals with the work of 11 Australian abstract painters.

Patricia hopes to screen the film at the opening of the Australian art exhibition at the Tate Gallery in London in January.

● ***Patricia Ludford, film-maker.***

Patricia decided on a film career when she was 13 and saw over the Shepparton Studios in England.

She got her first job in Ealing Studios as a secretary and worked her way through to being continuity girl for such big features as "Dunkirk" and "Inn of the Sixth Happiness."

She came to Australia "for fun and more experience in film-making."

She decided to make "Abstractions" when she got her own company, Point Film Productions, Australia.

To finance her film, Patricia encouraged Sydney businessmen to invest in the company and promised them 50 per cent. of the profits.

The only other help she has had making the film is a cameraman.

"But soon," she said, "I hope to become a cameraman, too."

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"You always ask for NORCO don't you Mummy?"

"Yes dear, always — you see I know how good it is!"

You might say that good food is a country tradition . . . things like freshly-churned butter on farm-baked bread, home cured bacon and ham. It's only natural that country folk are hard to please — they are quick to judge the quality of their own produce. That's why so many housewives buy Norco — especially Norco butter. It's just like home-made butter, you can really taste the cream. So when you come to think of it, good food isn't just a country tradition — it's Norco tradition too. They've been famous for it for over sixty years.

NORCO

BUTTER, BACON, CHEESE, LEG HAM, CANNED HAM

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Handsome is...

The past was full of memories but the future was yet to be . . . an appealing short story

By JANET HAMILTON

LIVING up to her reputation for not beating about the bush, Miss Mackay said: "I asked you to tea because I want you to put in a word for me in the right quarter. Two lumps?

"Oh, I know you're new in the district, but as my successor, and as you are already well liked—you've made quite a hit with the parents—I thought that maybe just a hint from you . . .

"Have a rock cake? That's right. They're not as hard as they look.

"It's a queer thing, but as soon as a headmistress decides to retire, the minds of the parents in this district seem to run in a rut. 'A handsome timepiece,' they say. 'The very thing, with a nice inscription on it, that she can set up on her mantelpiece for everyone to see.' Mind you, nicer people you wouldn't find anywhere. But no imagination.

"I grant you, nine out of ten times they would be right. Jane Greig over at Ford, she got one when she retired last year, and she's as proud of it as a peacock of its tail. With its shiny new face and a tick as loud as from here to the back of beyond, you just have to notice it. And a very nice inscription.

"No, I just thought I'd like something different. Only, it's rather a delicate . . . Besides, they gave me a handsome timepiece—let me see, it must be all of thirty-five years ago. 'On the occasion of her marriage' the inscription said.

"You may well look astonished, my dear, because here I am, a spinster, sixty-five, and just about to retire.

"Yes, that's it over there in the corner. It hasn't gone for many a long year. But I couldn't put it away. When I came back saying I wasn't going to be married after all, they insisted I should keep it just the same. A sort of consolation prize, maybe. So for a time it stood on the mantelpiece there, an embarrassment to all, though I think my visitors blushed more than I did, then I just quietly removed it to a dark corner. And there it has been ever since.

"Heartbroken? Well, no, I wouldn't go quite as far as that. After all, it was I who made the decision, though everyone here thought I had been sadly jilted.

"You may as well have the whole story. No, no, I don't in the least mind talking about it. Though you'll be the first to hear my version of it. But I expect everyone round here has forgotten about it long ago. Thirty-five years is a very long time, after all, although it was quite a sensation when it happened.

"I was just about your age when I came here. A little young, some thought, to have a school of my own, but I was very enthusiastic and keen. I was very happy here—just as you will be—the countryside is so lovely and this is a very cosy little house. I expect you'll want to change it round a bit, though.

"I wasn't exactly engaged to be married, but, well, there was what you call an understanding with Henry. You know how it is: same background, same friends, same interests, and, besides, I was very fond of him. Then he was given this chance of going out to Africa—a job on a relation's farm up-country—and off he went, saying, 'You'll come out to me in a year or two, won't you? I'll send for you.'

"I wonder if you could just turn on the electric fire? That's better. I think it's miserably chilly for the time of year.

"Yes, he sent for me. It wasn't as soon as he expected. I'd been settled here for some years before he wrote to say that he'd bought a piece of land and was building a house—two rooms, he said, and a verandah. When I came out, he said, we'd make a garden.

"Of course, I was longing to go. From the letters he'd sent me through the years, I'd built up a picture of the country and the life he led. Henry was never a man to spread himself on paper, but even from his scant descriptions I was eager to go and see for myself. Besides, Henry in a bush shirt and khaki shorts, Henry with a dead buck at his feet, Henry taking his

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HEADLINES ON HAIR CARE

by Anne Bryant
HAIR BEAUTY ADVISOR

Here's a recipe for a really potent spring tonic which will make you feel — and look — wonderful! The first ingredient is a real determination to discover your own best looks — the second is a sunny new makeup — the third (and most important) is a new hair colour.

If you haven't yet discovered the marvellous beauty lift that goes with a new hair colour, now is the time — but don't think I'm suggesting a startling colour change. What I have in mind is a subtle colour transformation of your own natural hair shade. Just close your eyes for a moment, and picture your hair sparkling with sherry-toned highlights . . . gleaming with spicy brown or glowing gold . . . shimmering (if your hair is grey) with the flattering sheen of pure silver! And this isn't just a daydream — when you use L'Oreal of Paris Color-Glo, the so-easy, so-effortless, so-rewarding hair colouring which brings to exciting life hair glamour which is really all your own.

And Color-Glo has so many lovely advantages — it penetrates deeply and gently into each hair, won't rub off or wash out, shows no growing-out line, lasts through more than a month of shampoos, and cherishes as it colours, leaving your hair silky-soft and manageable.

Looking wonderful — and knowing it — is the secret of a woman's self-confidence. It's the way you feel when the man in your life pays you a sincere compliment . . . it's the way you feel when you catch an unexpected glimpse of yourself in a mirror, and like what you see . . . it's the way you feel when you use Color-Glo, the only hair colouring that can make so many beautiful promises — and keep them!

There are twelve Color-Glo shades — nine for natural hair colours from blonde to brunette, and three for grey hair — all lovely, translucent shades which will transform and beautify your hair. You'll find Color-Glo at all pharmacies and selected stores, together with its partner in hair beauty, L'Oreal Soapless Shampoo.

If you'd like personal advice on the Color-Glo shade you should use, send me a 2 inch snippet of your hair. And if you have any hair beauty problems, why not write and tell me about them — I'd love to help.

Sincerely
Anne Bryant

Marigny/L'Oreal Advisory Bureau, 4th Floor, 177 Collins Street, Melbourne.

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AN ELEPHANT IN MY LIFE

An amusing short story . . .
By BETTY COLSEN

Henrietta couldn't get the picture of the circus elephant out of her mind.

COMING out of the office that Tuesday afternoon, my friend Alice Hargreaves said: "Look at the color of everything. It's luminous. I bet it means something."

"It often looks like this after a thunderstorm," I said.

"It gives me a feeling that anything could happen," said Alice, doggedly. "Something wildly exciting—the sort of thing one has been waiting for for years, without even realising it . . ."

"It might happen to you," I said, "but nothing will happen to me."

Nor, frankly, did I want it to, being satisfied with my lot. I was a beautician and cosmetic saleswoman at Carina Beauty Products Limited. Also, I was engaged to Gregory George Longmore, who was the eldest son of the inventor of Carina Beauty Products, and who, besides, was sales manager and had recently been appointed to the board of directors. I had my health and my youth, a fat salary, a nice flat which I shared with Alice, and a new car.

Later in the year Gregory George Longmore and I were planning to get married; that was, as soon as stocktaking was over, and the financial year had been satisfactorily wound up, and the staff had got their bonuses, and our house was built. Gregory had a tidy mind.

Certainly I didn't want anything to happen.

"I don't think I know anyone as lucky as you," said Alice, voicing my thoughts.

"I know," I said, trying not to sound smug.

Saying she had to go shopping, Alice turned down the next street and I went on walking in the direction of my car, through the soft green light that had made Alice so excited. I was proud of my car. It was one of those very small ones shaped like and called bubble. It was bright red and it shone, as I spent a large portion of my weekends polishing it. As I reached the corner I started looking for it, but I was still a block away and there were a lot of people in the street, so I couldn't see it.

There were so many people standing around that I wondered if there had been an accident. But there couldn't have been, because I noticed that everyone was laughing. They were killing themselves with laughter. One fat man was almost having hysterics.

Then, with some surprise, I saw there was an elephant standing in the road.

Perhaps that was what was causing the merriment, I thought, but the nearer I got to where I had left my new red bubble the more people there were and the harder they were laughing. I dug out my elbow and began to push. I had begun to realise with a feeling of uneasiness that all this hilarity was centred round my prize possession.

Suddenly a couple of mirthful onlookers stepped out of the way and I had an uninterrupted view of my car. Or, rather, what had been my car. I stood stock still and stared.

"Oh, no!" I said, because my new, darling, shining red bubble had become one small, sad, red pancake.

And at that moment a young man, who possibly was the only other human being besides me who wasn't laughing his head off, came up to me.

"I say," he said, "is this your car?"

I nodded, being bereft of words.

"I'm terribly sorry," said the young man, "but I'm afraid my elephant has sat on it."

"I don't think," I said, regaining my voice, "that there is any need to be funny."

"I can assure you," he said, running his hand through his hair in a sort of what-do-I-do-now gesture, "that I'm being anything but funny. Alphonso has sat on your car and—er—laid it low, I'm afraid."

I took a deep breath.

"Do you always let your elephant sit on people's cars?"

"It's the first time it has happened," said the young man. "It's like this, you see. Alphonso belongs to Darwill's circus. I'm Clive Darwill, by the way . . ." He broke off and held out his hand, and in a mesmerised way I took it, and informed him that my name was Henrietta Randolph. ". . . How do you do? Well, Alphonso has got a new trick. He has a bright red stool and he carries it around in his trunk, and he sits down on it."

"Don't tell me," I said acidly. "You took him shopping, and, feeling a little tired and not having his red stool with him, he sat down on the next best thing, which happens to have been my car."

"That's right," said Clive Darwill, obviously relieved at how quick I was being. "Because it's the same red, you see.

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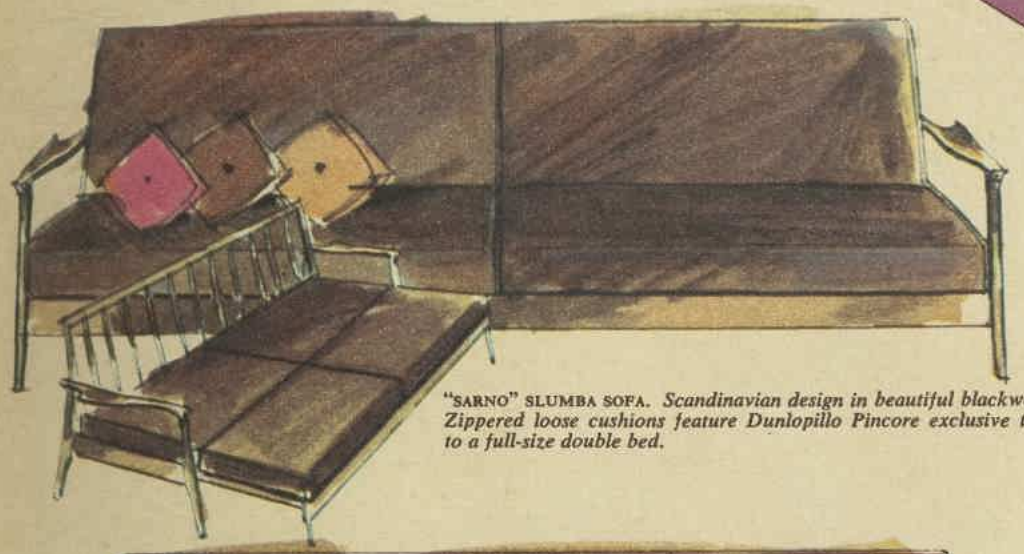
BRAND NEW IDEAS IN LIVING ROOM FURNITURE

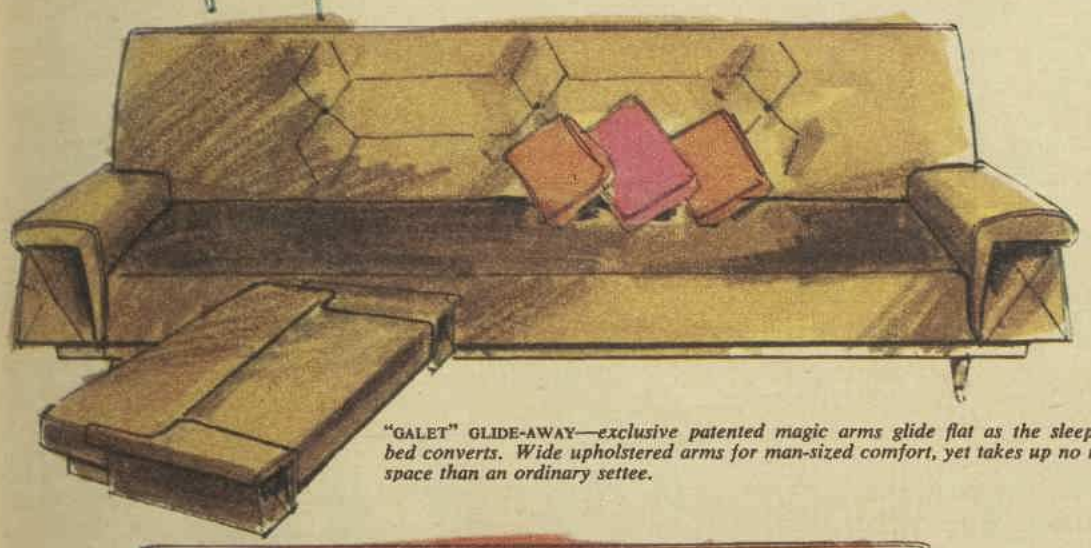
SHOWPIECES FROM THE DON New Idea COLLECTION



"SARNO" SLUMBA SOFA. *Scandinavian design in beautiful blackwood or coachwood. Zippered loose cushions feature Dunlopillo Pincore exclusive to DON. Converts to a full-size double bed.*

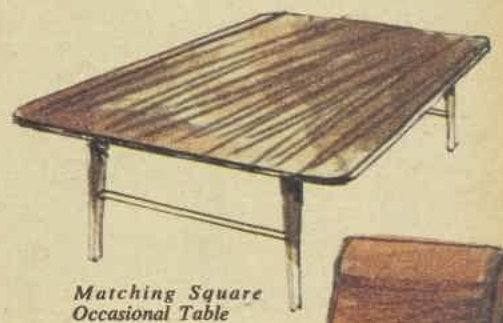
"SARNO" *matching chair.*

Matching Lamp Table.



"GALET" GLIDE-AWAY—*exclusive patented magic arms glide flat as the sleep-two bed converts. Wide upholstered arms for man-sized comfort, yet takes up no more space than an ordinary settee.*

"GALET" *matching chair.*



Matching Square Occasional Table

"NEWPORT"—*newest design in the famous NITE-N-DAY range of convertibles. Features Dunlopillo overlay for deep down comfort.*

"NEWPORT" *matching chair.*

Whoever heard of anyone buying an ordinary settee once they've seen a DON convertible? Slumba Sofas, Glide-Aways, Nite-n-Days . . . they look so elegant AND do double duty as a bed! DON brings you the very newest designs—the ease of converting matched to the sleep-deep comfort of **Dunlopillo** cushioning.
Cover fabrics in exciting colours and textures are exclusively imported. To complete your living room setting, DON introduces occasional tables, all carrying the famous guarantee of value-for-money. Hurry in to see DON's New Idea collection at your favourite furniture store.

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For complete protection...for the only complete range of insect screens and doors... Luxaflex!

Illustrated is the Luxaflex automatic style. Raises automatically with the window.

HINGED DOORS—*illustrated is style D featuring an elegant full grille pattern. All hinged doors include closer, latch fittings and hinges in price.* **NO EXTRAS.**
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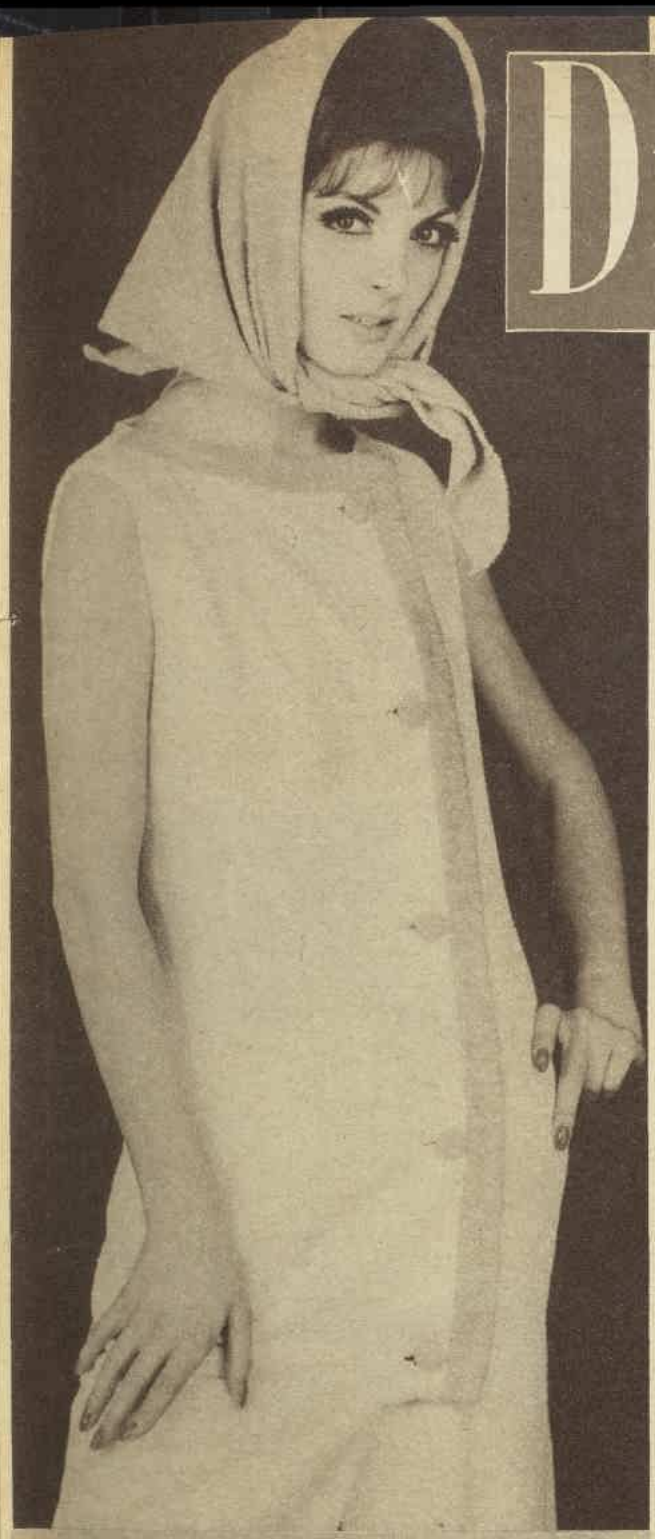
Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP



DS495.—Beach-wrap and head-cover in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

● The queries and answers on this page are the most recently asked fashion questions in my mail. The beach-cover (left) and party dress (below) are the most popular style requests. Paper patterns are available for these two designs. Details are under the illustrations.

"Could you draft me a pattern in 34in. bust for a smart garment to wear over a swimsuit? I don't want the usual beach-coat with sleeves."

Illustrated at left is the answer to your query. It's half muu-muu and half shift, and is just about the newest and smartest way to cover a swimsuit. It has a matching kerchief. Under the illustration are details of how to order the pattern.

"What is the most arresting color choice for a sheer stole to go with a pink party frock? I would also like advice about the correct shoes. I am 17, with dark hair and a clear creamy complexion."

Orange is the newest color with pink. I suggest this shade for the stole and shoes the same color as the dress.

"I have a new dance frock made in pale blue sheer, with a fullish skirt. The skirt seems to lack stiffness, and the effect is rather disappointing. Could you offer a suggestion?"

Wear the dress over a stiffened petticoat, and for extra glamor have the petticoats ruffled at the hemline with lace or with the dress fabric. When you dance, the skirt of the dress will swirl out prettily to show a peep of the underskirt ruffle.

"What kind of pants should a short-legged, dumpy woman wear?"

In my opinion a woman with the figure you describe should not wear trousers of any type. However, if it is for an occasion when a skirt is not appropriate, I advise classic man-type trousers with a fairly easy fit.

"Are pale or dark colors correct for summer?"

Both brilliant and pale colors are in fashion. The list includes white, putty, silver beige, pale apricot, bright blue, shocking-pink, brilliant orange, and bright spring-green.

"I have been given a beautiful rhinestone ornament, and, as I do not have much social night-life, wondered if I could possibly wear it on a very tailored tweed suit."

A rhinestone ornament would be rather too glittery for a tailored tweed suit, but it would look pretty and appropriate for late-afternoon wear.

"How does the low-slung skirt remain in place? I am asking this advice as I always like my clothes loose-cut."

Numbers of hipster skirts are finished with bracer tops, and I feel sure this idea will solve your problem. See illustration at right.

● Hipster skirt with bracer straps over a cotton shirt.

● One-piece dress with an all-pleated skirt and cape-collar bodice.

"I want to make an all-pleated black chiffon frock. As I want the top covered, I wondered if you could design something unusual for the bodice. I don't need a pattern."

Why not an all-pleated cape-top. A cape is very new in fashion and looks particularly soft and feminine in chiffon. See design above.

"What style of party frock would you recommend for summer, and could I have an SSW pattern for the style? Also, are bracelets still worn?"

The swirling-skirted one-piece with a fitted waist and midriff is once again flourishing in summer party clothes. See the design below made in deep orange-and-white-spotted cotton with a deep orange midriff section. The design would also look very pretty in a flower-splashed cotton. Bracelets are still being worn — the newest placement is high up on the arm.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. Beside the illustration is the pattern number and how to order. By the way, our patterns are ordered in bust size.

● Send pattern orders to Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

DS496.—One-piece party dress in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3⅞yds. 36in material and ⅜yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern price 3/9.

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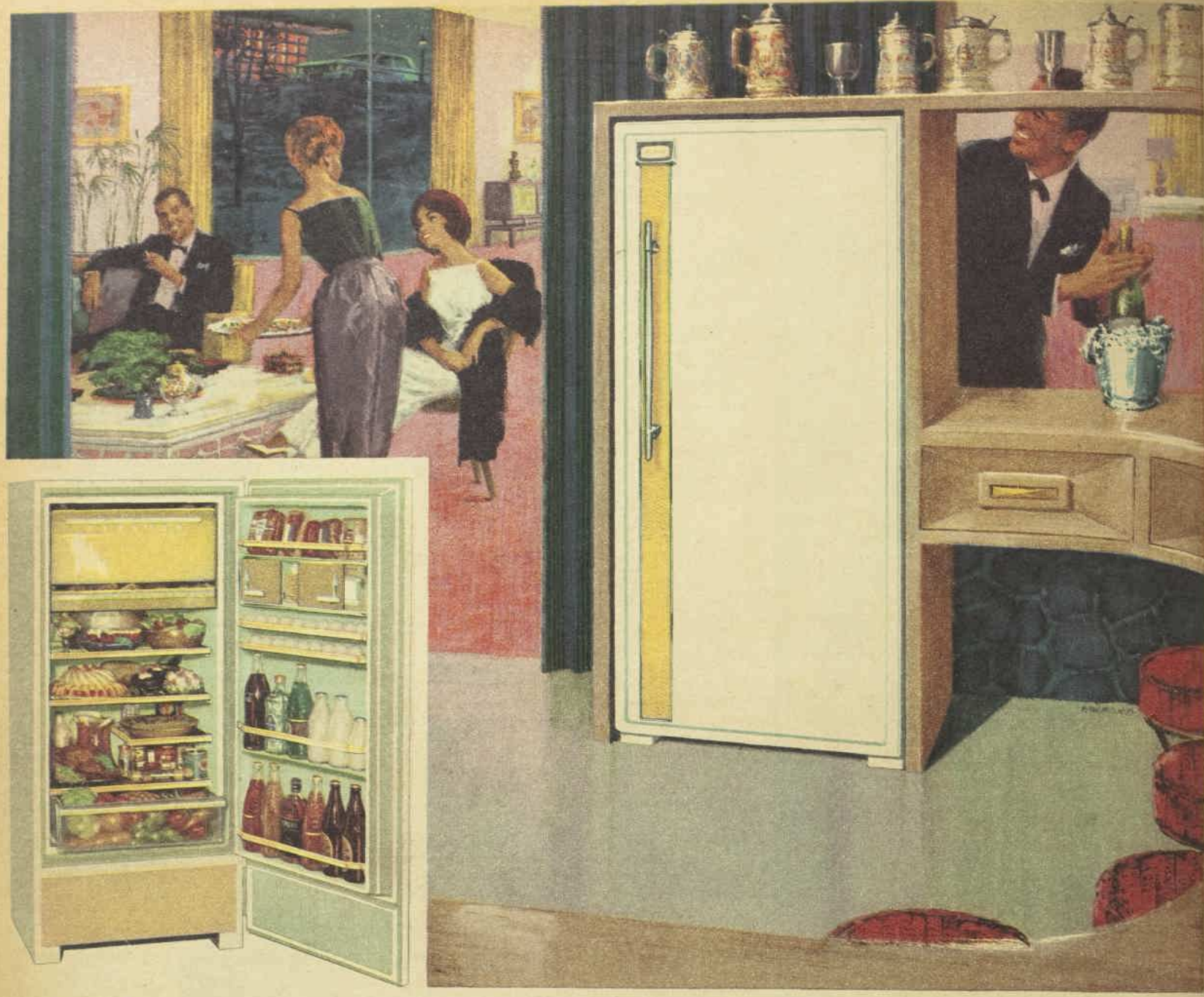

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If you think modern, you'll be really impressed with this latest in the line of famous ASTOR quality refrigerators. This big 11 cubic ft. beauty combines space with grace and is packed with the kind of quality features you've come to expect from ASTOR, the name backed by 40 years leadership in the electronic field. For the first time in Australia there's a one-piece poly-styrene door liner for super strength, better insulation. A new magnetic door gasket that does away with noisy door slamming, and a thermostatically controlled butter compartment that lets you serve butter firm or easy-to-spread, exactly as you wish. No need for messy defrosting either, because your new ASTOR refrigerator does the whole job for you, completely automatically. There's a host of other features, too, such as a king-size freezer section, sparkling anodized aluminium shelves that roll out for easier storage accessibility. And you can choose from two beautiful new interior colours, Mist Blue and Autumn Gold. See your ASTOR retailer now . . . you'll be surprised how so much luxury can come at such a common-sense price.

Brilliant new Transistor Radio doubles as a House-Phone, too! Talk into the extension speaker, hear out of the radio . . . or vice versa. You can have radio in two places at once. Use it as a baby-sitter. Plays anywhere . . . inside, outside! ASTOR 'Cry-Baby' . . . 36 gns.

ASTOR 'Concertmaster' Stereo/Radiogram . . . 129 gns.

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SIX-PAGE FEATURE

MAKE THESE TOYS FOR CHRISTMAS

● In this feature is a charming collection of dolls, miniature animals, finger puppets, and other toys that are easy to make for Christmas gifts.

ENTRANCING clown is easy to make from yellow wool, trimmed at wrists, ankles, and neck with orange felt. Directions at left.

FREDDIE THE CLOWN

Materials: 4 balls main color, 1 ball dark brown Patons Totem knitting wool; few threads of 4 contrasting shades; ¼yd. of 36in.-wide orange felt; few scraps of black and white felt; small quantity of wadding; medium crochet hook; piece of cardboard 25in. deep.

TO MAKE

Wind main color wool 129 times round cardboard. Remove from board, tie firmly at one end. This will be top of head. Cut opposite end. Tie again 3in. farther down head, pad with wadding. Tie again ½in. down for neck. Tie again 3in. down for waist. Divide rem. strands in half. Plait firmly for each leg, tie 1in. from end. Cut strands evenly.

ARMS

Cut cardboard to 20in., wind main color round 90 times. Cut ends, plait firmly, tie each end as for legs. Thread arms through side of body, catch-stitch firmly to neck, pad body with wadding.

HAIR

To make loop: * Insert hook into 1 d.c., wind wool over hook and first 2 fingers 3 times, draw 4 loops through, then draw wool through the 4 loops, rep. from * to end.

With brown wool, work 24 ch.

1st Row: Work 1 loop into each ch. (24 loops).

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into each loop.

3rd Row: 1 loop into each d.c.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row.

5th Row: Same as 3rd row. Fasten off. Unravel wool. Sew round back of head. Cut to shape. With contrasting wools, embroider spots on body and legs.

EYES

Cut 2 five-pointed stars in black felt, 2 smaller ones in white felt, sew to face.

NOSE

Using shilling as pattern, cut circle in black felt, gather with running-stitch, pad with wadding, sew to face.

MOUTH

Cut shape as illustrated from orange felt, sew to face.

COLLAR

Cut length of orange felt 13 x 2in., another length 13 x ⅝in. Using running-stitch, sew 2 strips together, overlapping narrow strip at one edge by half its width. Sew 3 white felt circles to collar. Gather collar, tie round neck.

FRILLS FOR LEGS

Cut 2 circles 6½in. in diameter, then cut out inner circle 2in. in diameter. Run a gathering thread ⅝in. in from inner circle. Gather to fit round ankles and attach.

FRILLS FOR ARMS

Cut 2 circles of orange felt 4½in. in diameter, cut out inner circle 2in. in diameter, gather and attach as for legs.

CAP

Cut ¼ circle 7in. deep, stitch into a cone shape, turn up brim, stretching outer edge with fingers, sew rem. white felt circle at centre.

TASSEL FOR CAP

Wind brown wool 24 times round 3 fingers, tie firmly, cut in half, unravel ends, tuck into top of cap and stitch.

Cut length of orange felt 7 x ¼in., tie firmly round waist.

PERCIVAL THE POODLE

● Percival the Poodle is an attractive toy — cuddly and soft. He's practical if made in black wool and very decorative made in white.

FRENCH POODLE is crocheted in white wool. Fluffy trim is worked in loop-stitch. Directions begin right.

Materials: 6 balls Patons Totem knitting wool; small piece of taffeta, ¼yd. rick-rack braid; 2 buttons for eyes; small quantity of black wool; stuffing; No. 10 crochet hook.

To make a loop: Insert hook into stitch. Twist wool round 2 fingers, draw through 2 crossed loops, wool over hook; draw through 3 loops.

Begin each round with 1 ch. This stands for first d.c.

BODY

With No. 10 crochet hook, ch. 21.

1st Row: 1 ch. into 2nd ch. from hook, * 1 d.c. into each ch., rep. from * to end (20 d.c.).

2nd Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each d.c. to last 2 d.c., 2 d.c. into next d.c., 1 d.c. on last d.c. (21 d.c. at chest).

3rd Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each d.c. to end (21 d.c.).

4th Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each d.c. to last 2 d.c., 2 d.c. into next d.c., 1 d.c. on last d.c.

Cont. in this manner, inc. once at the chest edge in every alt. row until 27 d.c. have been worked (12 rows).

Now work on these 27 d.c. without shaping for 7 rows.

Next Row: D.c. to last 2 d.c., miss 1, 1 d.c. into last d.c. (26 d.c.).

Next Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c. to end.

Cont. in this manner, dec. once at chest edge in every alt. row until 20 sts. rem. Fasten off.

FRONT LEGS
(Make 2)

Make 4 ch., join into ring with sl.-st.

1st Round: 1 ch., 8 d.c. into ring (9 d.c.).

2nd Round: 1 ch., * 2 d.c. into next d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * all round, join to ch. with sl-st.

3rd Round: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each d.c. all round (13 d.c.).

4th Round: 1 ch., * 1 d.c. into next 2 d.c., 2 d.c. into next d.c., rep from * all round (17 d.c.).

5th Round: 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each d.c. all round.

6th Round: As 5th round.

7th Round: As 5th round.

8th Round: As 5th round (17 d.c.).

9th Round: 1 ch., * 1 d.c. into next 2 d.c., miss 1 d.c., rep. from * all round (13 d.c.). Turn.

10th Round: 1 loop into each d.c. all round (13 loops).

Rep. 10th round 8 times.

19th Round: 1 d.c. into each of next 3 loops, 1 loop into each of next 7 loops. Turn.

20th Round: 1 d.c. into each of next 7 loops. Turn.

21st Round: Miss 1 d.c., work 1 loop into each of next 5 loops. Fasten off.

BACK LEGS
(Make 2)

Make 4 ch., join ends into ring with sl-st.

1st Round: 1 ch., 8 d.c. into ring (9 d.c.).

2nd Round: 1 ch., * 2 d.c. into next d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * all round, join to ch. with sl-st.

3rd Round: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each d.c. all round (13 d.c.).

Rep. 3rd round 5 times.

9th Round: 1 ch., * 1 d.c. into each of 2 d.c., 2 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * all round (17 d.c.). Turn.

Work as from 10th round of front legs.

HEAD

Beg. at nose, make 4 ch. and join with sl-st. into ring.

1st Round: 1 ch., 8 d.c. into ring.

2nd Round: 1 ch., (1 d.c. into next 2 d.c., 2 d.c into next d.c.) 3 times, 1 d.c. into next d.c. (14 d.c.).

3rd Round: 3 ch., 1 d.c. into each d.c. all round (14 d.c.).

4th Round: 1 ch., (1 d.c. into each of 3 d.c., 2 d.c. into next d.c.) 3 times (17 d.c.).

5th Round: 3 ch., 1 d.c. into each d.c. all round.

6th Round: As 5th round (17 d.c.).

7th Round: As 5th round.

8th Round: As 5th round.

9th Round: 1 ch., (1 d.c. into each of 2 d.c., 2 d.c. into next d.c.) 4 times, 1 d.c. into next 2 d.c. (21 d.c.).

10th Round: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each d.c. all round.

11th Round: 1 ch, (1 d.c. into next 3 d.c., 2 d.c. into next d.c.) all round (26 d.c.).

12th Round: As 9th round (34 d.c.).

13th Round: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each d.c. all round.

14th Round: As 9th round (45 d.c.).

Work 9 rounds in d.c. without shaping.

24th Round: 1 ch. (1 d.c. into each next 3 d.c., miss 1 d.c.) all round.

25th Round: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each d.c. all round.

Continued on page 41

More toys overleaf

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FINGER PUPPETS

FAIRY-TALE finger puppets (at left) — the Knave of Hearts, the Mad Hatter, and Tweedledee—are made from scraps of colored felt.

"OH, MY EARS AND WHISKERS!" said the White Rabbit, "there's Alice." Young children everywhere will love them.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

THE enchanting felt finger puppets above make oedtime stories a game that parents and children can play. The characters are taken from Lewis Carroll's "Alice" stories.

There's the White Rabbit, Mad Hatter, and Knave of Hearts from "Alice In Wonderland," Tweedledee from "Through the Looking-Glass," and, of course, Alice herself.

Materials (for all 5 puppets): Small amounts of white, light blue, dark blue, yellow, red, green, pink, and black felt, and a small piece of fabric for Alice's dress; cottons to match felts; tissue paper or cotton-wool for padding; small piece of cardboard; tape measure; small quantity of yellow wool for Alice's hair.

To make Alice: Cut piece pink felt 2¾in. by 4¼in. Fold in half lengthways. Stitch down long sides, leaving ends open to form finger-stall. Run thread across one end and gather. Stuff 1in. at top with paper or cotton-wool. Work running thread across felt under stuffing, draw up tightly to form face. Cut 7in. lengths of yellow wool, fold each in half, stitch folded end to forehead area. Cut strip of blue felt ¼in. wide, stitch round hair to form Alice band. Trim wool to even length. Embroider features on face.

Dress: Cut piece of velvet or other suitable material 3in. by 1¼in. Fold in half to form 1¼in. square, stitch side edges together. Make small hem round one open end, stitch hem with running-stitch. Slip over felt shape, hemmed end uppermost. Pull thread tautly to gather in round neck, fasten securely. Cut one piece material 3in. by 9in. for skirt. Sew 3in. ends together. Hem one 9in. edge. Run thread round rem. 9in. edge, ¼in. in. Turn inside out and slip on to shape, hemmed end uppermost. Pull running thread tautly to gather in at waist, fasten securely. Turn material right side out.

Arms: Cut 2 pieces material 1in. by 1¼in. and 2 small V-shaped pieces of pink felt for hands. Stitch pink felt to wrong side of material strip so it protrudes beyond edge. Roll material, right side out, and oversew, gathering slightly to form curved arm. Stitch to body.

Apron: Cut shape from white felt, stitch to top of dress. Cut small squares of red, yellow, and blue felt. Stitch 3 squares of each color together then sew round apron to form border.

Continued opposite

Wood soldiers are clothes-pegs

IT'S QUICK MARCH to the sandpit for a brilliantly painted battalion of toy soldiers made from ordinary household pegs smoothed down with fine sandpaper.

SAND TOYS

ALTHOUGH they may lose a leg in fighting, these toy soldiers are virtually indestructible. They are made from ordinary wooden clothes-pegs, sanded smooth and hand-painted.

These peg soldiers are ideal for the under-fives to play with at the beach or in their backyard sand-tray. Directions for making are below.

Materials: Dolly-pegs, fine sandpaper, assorted colors in hobby paints.

To make: Using the picture at left as a guide, sketch the face and other details on paper. Sandpaper the pegs until the surface is smooth and fine. Paint the pegs with thin white undercoat and leave to dry. The undercoat is important because it prevents the finishing colors spreading into the wood.

When the undercoat is dry paint on the finishing coat, following the previously sketched design. Do each color separately and let it dry thoroughly before going on to the next.

If doing more than one toy, paint on a "production line" basis—all the yellows first, then the reds, then the blues, and so on.

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THE WHITE RABBIT

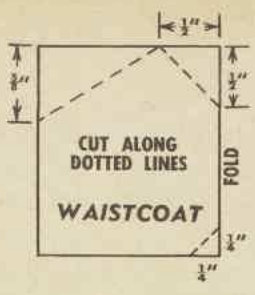
Cut piece white felt 2¾in. by 3¾in. Fold in half lengthways; stitch long sides together; leave ends open to form fingerstall. Work running thread along one end and gather. Stuff top inch and where stuffing ends work running thread and draw up tightly. Fasten securely.

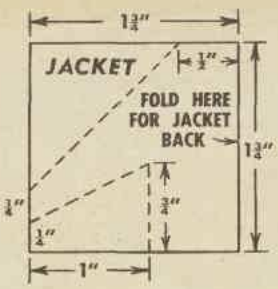
Cut two pieces white felt ¾in. by 2in. Shape each piece to form rabbit's ears by cutting off two top corners so felt is tall, triangular shape. Fold each ear in half and stitch to top of head.

Embroider features on face. Use blue thread for eyes and black for nose, mouth, and whiskers. Make yellow waistcoat out of felt piece 3in. by 1¾in. Fold in half widthways and cut as shown in diagram.

Open out and embroider buttons down centre in black cotton using satin stitch. Stitch back ends together, slip on to rabbit's body. Stitch at back of neck to make taut round neckline. Cut length red felt 3¾in. by ⅛in. Wrap and stitch round neck to form tie.

For jacket cut two fronts in light blue felt, following dotted line in diagram. Cut piece light blue felt 3¼in. by 1¾in. for back. Fold in half lengthways and cut to diagram shape.





Cut two white triangles for paws. Stitch to wrong side of coat fronts at ends of sleeves. Sew coat up round outside edges. Leave fronts open and stitch down lapels. Fit on over waistcoat and stitch into place with few stitches at back of neck.

TWEEDLEDEE

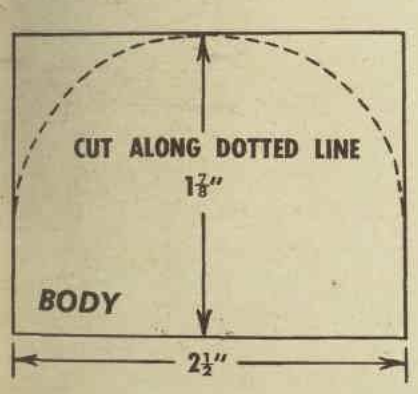
Make paper pattern by cutting piece paper 2½in. by 1⅞in. Round off the corners as shown in diagram below.

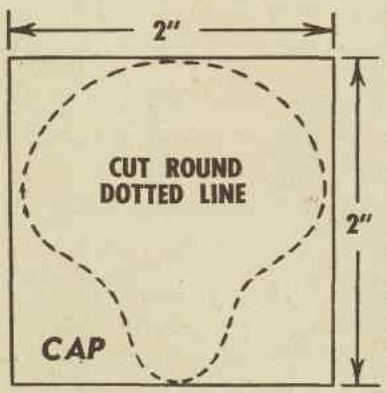
Using paper pattern cut two pieces white felt and two pieces dark blue felt. Cut two small circles red felt for buttons. Embroider face in red and blue thread on one piece white felt with curved end uppermost. Use satin and running stitches.

With straight edges overlapping slightly, sew white felt heads to blue felt bodies. Stitch red felt buttons on front join. Cut piece white felt 2½in. by 1¾in. for fingerstall. Fold in half widthways, stitch along 1¾in. edge and one 1¼in. edge. Lay open end of fingerstall to bottom-centre of one blue section. Stitch together along one side of fingerstall end. Stitch front and back shapes of Tweedledee together, taking in other side of fingerstall end as you work. Leave opening at head large enough for stuffing. Stuff. Stitch up opening.

Cut 2in. square in red felt for cap. Round corners and make a peak shape (see diagram below). Cut slim triangular shapes ¾in. deep from blue felt. With points at circle centre stitch triangles to red felt band. Trim to fit shape. Sew knob of blue felt where points meet. Run thread round outer edge of red felt (across top of peak) and gather slightly. Fasten, stitch cap to head.

For arms and legs, cut four 1in. squares of blue felt. Stitch a small pink felt triangle to one edge of two of blue pieces for arms. Roll up, oversew and stitch to sides of Tweedledee just below waist. Cut out two "boot" shapes in red felt and stitch to two remaining pieces of blue felt so that boots stick out. Roll up blue felt, oversew, and attach to body.





KNAVE OF HEARTS

Cut piece white felt 4in. by 3in. Fold in half to form 3in. by 2in. shape. On one side applique red felt heart and other colored felt shapes such as diamonds, stripes. Sew piece of white felt 2in. by 2½in. on back of shape, to form fingerstall. Cut piece cardboard 2⅜in. by 1⅜in.

Stitch along two sides of white felt shape. Insert cardboard and stitch along remaining side. Cut piece white felt 1¼in. by 2½in. Fold in half to form 1¼in. by 1¼in. shape. With fold forming top of head, cut out neck and face shape. Embroider eyes, moustache, eyebrows, and hair on to one side of face. Cut out crown shape from yellow felt. Sew on tiny squares of colored felt for jewels. Stitch crown to top of head. Stitch round sides of neck and face, leaving bottom of neck open. Stuff head. Attach to centre-top back of body shape.

For arms, cut two pieces pale blue felt 1in. by 1¼in. Cut two small V-shaped pieces of pink felt for hands. Stitch pink felt to ends of blue felt pieces so hands stick out. Roll up blue felt and oversew. Stitch arms to card body.

THE MAD HATTER

Cut piece pink felt 4¼in. by 2¾in. Fold to form 2¼in. by 2¾in. shape. Stitch long sides together. Run thread round one open end and gather. Stuff end to depth of 1in. Run thread round bottom of stuffing and gather. Fasten securely.

Cut two pieces white felt for teeth. Stitch to head at mouth level. Cut piece yellow felt 2¾in. by 1¼in. Stitch 1¼in. ends together. Run thread round one open end. With thread-end uppermost slip on to pink body. Gather in at neck. Fasten securely. Cut piece white felt 2¾in. by ¾in. and shape to make collar by rounding corners. Stitch into position round neck.

Cut out bow-tie shape from a piece of red felt ⅞in. by 1¾in. Stitch into position. Cut piece black felt 2¼in. by 2¾in. Stitch 2¼in. sides together. Slip on to body and stitch to overlap yellow felt slightly.

Cut two pieces pink felt for hands (small V-shapes). Cut two pieces yellow felt ¼in. by 2in. Roll up yellow felt and oversew, pulling thread a little so that arm curves inward. Insert pink felt hand into each arm and stitch into place. Attach arms to body under collar.

For hat cut black felt 3in. by 2in. Cut piece white felt ⅛in. by ⅜in. and on to this embroider 10/6 in black cotton and running stitch. Stitch white piece to black piece just above centre of 2in. edge. Stitch long edges of black felt together. Cut 1in. diameter circle of black felt. Stitch to top of hat. Cut black felt circle 2in. diameter; cut 1in. diameter circle out of centre. Stitch round hat to form brim. Sew to head of Mad Hatter, tilting well down over face.

PERCIVAL THE POODLE . . . continued from page 39

26th Round: 1 ch (1 d.c. into next 3 d.c., miss 1 d.c.) all round.

27th Round: As 25th round.

28th Round: As 26th round.

29th Round: As 25th round. Fasten off.

NECK

Make 18 ch., join into ring.

Work 18 d.c. into ring, work 3 rounds of d.c. (18 d.c.). Fasten off.

EARS
(Make 2)

Make 9 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook. Work 1 d.c. into each ch. to end ch., work 3 d.c. in end ch. Now work 1 d.c. into each ch. up the other side. Turn.

2nd Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each d.c., 3 d.c. into centre of 3 d.c. at end. 1 d.c. into each d.c. up other side.

3rd Row: Same as 2nd row. Fasten off.

TAIL

Make 8 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into each ch. to last ch., 3 d.c. into end ch., 1 d.c. into each d.c. up other side of ch. Turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c., 3 d.c. into centre of 3 d.c., 1 d.c. into each d.c. on other side. Turn.

3rd Row: As 2nd row. Fasten off.

NOSE

With black wool, make 4 ch., join with sl-st., work 8 d.c. into ring. Fasten off.

TOPKNOT

Make 5 ch., join into ring with sl-st.

1st Round: 9 d.c. into ring.

2nd Round: 1 loop into each d.c. (9 loops).

3rd Round: 2 d.c. into each loop (18 d.c.).

4th Round: 1 loop into each d.c. (18 loops).

5th Round: As 2nd round (36 d.c.).

6th Round: As 4th round (36 loops). Fasten off.

HAT

Make 6 ch., join into ring.

1st Round: 12 d.c. into ring.

2nd Round: 2 d.c. into each d.c. (24 d.c.).

3rd Round: 1 d.c. into each d.c. (24 d.c.).

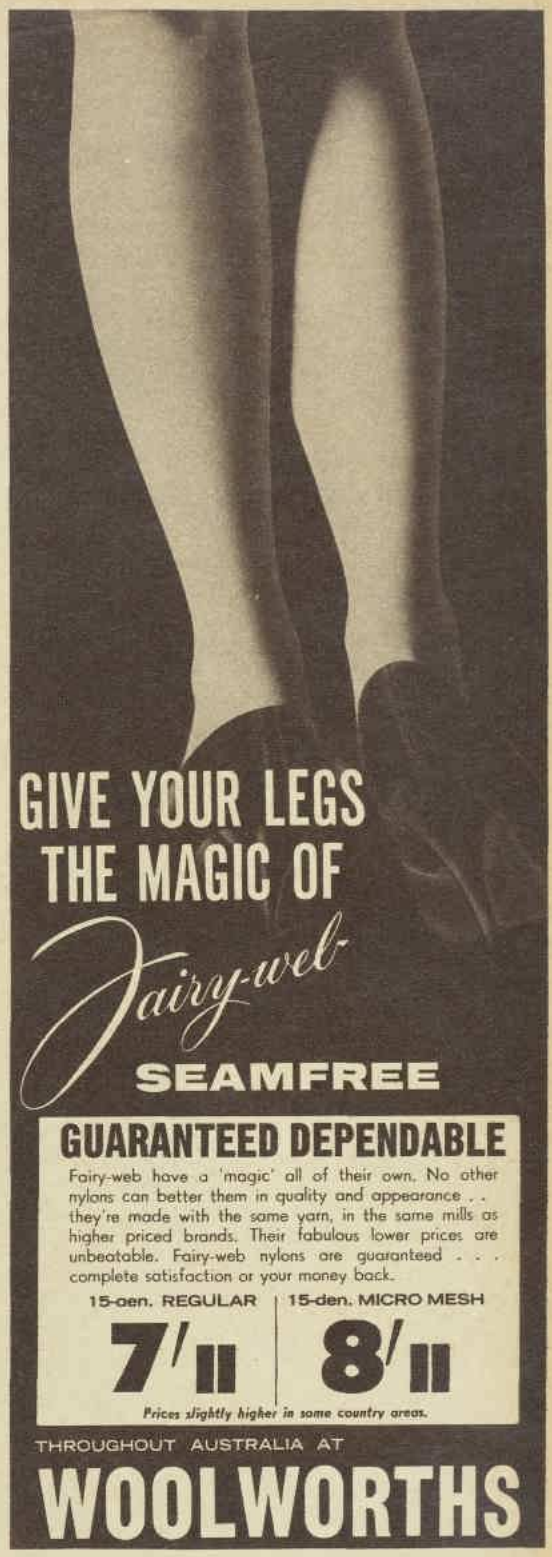
4th and 5th Rounds: As 3rd round.

6th Round: * Miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., * rep. from * (12 d.c.). Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Fold body in half and join with flat seam, leaving 3in. opening for stuffing. Stuff head firmly, draw up opening at back tightly. Fasten off. Stuff legs firmly, sew to body. Sew on neck. Stuff firmly and attach to body, pull into position and place eyes. Sew on topknot. Sew on hat to topknot, pulling loops through centre. Sew on ears, fold tail in half, stuff, sew to body. Sew on nose, thread strands of wool through nose for whiskers. Embroider claws on front of paws. Make sailor collar and vest, also spats for back paws. Crochet 2 lengths ch., sew on collar for tie.

More toys on page 43



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Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television

JAMES ARNESS —Marshal Dillon of "GUNSMOKE"

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Ann ("SUSIE") Sothern

George BURNS and Gracie ALLEN.

Eve ("MISS BROOKS") Arden

Jack ("DRAGNET") Webb

WHERE ARE THE SHOWS OF YESTERYEAR?

● Television in Australia celebrates its sixth birthday next month. Remember those early days — and the early shows?

PROGRAMMES which kept viewers square-eyed when TV began are gone and half forgotten in Sydney and Melbourne today.

At the same time, they're gaining new admirers in, say, Adelaide and Perth, where TV is a comparatively new arrival.

So TV in Australia is more faithful to these shows than it is in America.

There a star is a household name one week and who-did-you-say? the next

"Of all entertainment media, television is the most cruel," Dick Powell said recently. "More television water has flowed under the proverbial bridge than in three times as long a span of theatrical or movie history."

Powell himself is a millionaire . . . thanks to TV.

About 12 years ago his movie career was on the skids. But TV put him back in circulation, and he climbed right to the top of the heap.

He is worth several million dollars today, all in the assets of his "Four Star" production company which took over the old Republic film studios.

"The TV industry has almost as many has-beens as the movies in all their 60 years of existence," Powell continued sadly.

"I wonder what has become of them . . ."

An early comedy series called "My Little Margie" starred Charles Farrell and Gale Storm. (Remember Margie, that funny and bumptious brat who was usually in dire need of a good spanking?)

Charles Farrell is now running his resort club in Palm Springs, California. Gale Storm, the mother of five children, has retired.

She lives in Hollywood, but she is never seen. Rumor says she is suffering from "an undisclosed ailment."

Another comedy show, "I Married Joan," was shown here by A.B.C.-TV. Now its star, Joan Davis, is dead.

Her TV husband, Jim Backus —who, incidentally, also provides the voice for the cartoon character Mr. Magoo—is keeping busy with film work these days. But it was "I Married Joan" that made him a rich man.

That indomitable schoolma'am "Our Miss Brooks" is still pursuing poor Mr. Boynton (Robert Rockwell) in some Australian States.

In the United States the show is barely remembered. And the star, Eve Arden, is almost a forgotten woman.

Eve does an occasional play in the smaller theatres round the nation. With her husband, she lives quietly in a rustic home north of Hollywood.

The only permanently employed TV survivor of the series is Miss Brooks' squeaky-voiced student, Walter Denton (Richard Crenna).

Crenna is now the not-so-squeaky-voiced Luke of "The Real McCoys" (see back cover).

Cowboys crash

George Burns' and Gracie Allen's domestic comedy is still very much alive here. But "The Burns and Allen Show" gave up the ghost long ago in America.

Gracie — George's real-life and **not** bird-witted wife — has retired.

George, though, has no thoughts of retirement. He's planning a brand-new TV comedy show. So is Red Skelton. So is Jack Benny.

It seems that all the stars of the early Westerns have bitten the (American) dust.

"Wild Bill" Hickok (Guy Madison) is making films in Italy. His side-kick, Andy Devine, lives comfortably in semi-retirement on the "Wild Bill" proceeds.

Roy Rogers now produces rodeo shows.

The "Cisco Kid" (Duncan Renaldo) has put his TV spurs away. He lives in Hollywood doing nothing, but occasionally takes part in a local parade—on horseback, naturally.

And the Cisco Kid's partner, Pancho (Leo Carrillo), is dead.

Let's consider those college shows which brought back the nostalgia of schooldays.

In "The Halls of Ivy," the late Ronald Colman dispensed sympathy and advice in that matchless voice no woman could quite forget.

Colman's real-life widow, Benita Hume, has married actor George Sanders (who was married to Zsa Zsa Gabor, who was once almost Liz Taylor's step-mother-in-law by **her** former marriage to hotelier Conrad Hilton!).

Ray Milland—who starred in his own show as Professor McNulty—now devotes most of his time to directing. He is also reported to be reviewing his movie career.

Ann Sothern, that famous TV secretary who could solve the problems of any boss (in her own devious and individual way), has given up her career.

The incorrigible Susie (or Katie) can't take on any more of those problems, because Ann Sothern is too plump to play heroines, even in comedies. But Susie made her rich.

Loretta Young—who compered and often starred in her own show—can also thank TV for a sizable income. She is planning a comeback.

Lost millions

And then there's George Sanders' brother, Tom Conway.

His "Boston Blackie" was one of the first TV private eyes. Now Tom lives in seclusion, and rumor says he is a very sick man.

As the laconic Sergeant Friday in "Dragnet," Jack Webb had the satisfaction of seeing his police-force show top the rating list for years.

He also had the satisfaction of seeing about three million dollars accumulate in his bank account. Later, Webb (whose second wife was a Miss America beauty contest winnner) lost most of the millions on other and less successful movie ventures.

He has just been hired to produce a TV series for Warner Brothers.

The list of TV has-beens is long.

It is also—for those stars who are facing hard times—ironic.

The practice of paying a performer royalties for the re-running of a show (this does not operate in Australia) was introduced quite recently in America.

But when a show is re-screened in another country the distributing company is not obliged to tell the cast.

If the performers find out, they can protect themselves (and considerably increase their income) by claiming the royalties. Usually they don't find out.

They do, however, have the comforting thought that they have brought happiness and entertainment to millions of TV viewers.

"In a sense," says Dick Powell, "it was their talent and devotion to a new medium that put television on its feet."

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought for the Week*

TOMMY HANLON

Momma once said—people always are talking about the good old days. Frankly, I like the present days better. THE GOOD OLD DAYS . . . for instance, washing clothes, making your own soap, hauling water to the copper, then building a fire under it. Now, with the modern washing machine, just drop it in and turn the dial . . . the old iron you had to heat. Now you just dial the temperature you want . . . burning four pieces of bread over an open fire till you got one piece of toast. With a modern toaster, perfect toast every time . . . you can have the good old days. I'll take the present. It's 1000 per cent. easier to run a house now.

MOMMA'S MORAL . . . nowadays everything in the modern house is operated by switches — except children.

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"What Katy Did" adapted for TV

From BARBARA LAWSON, in London

● Britain's top woman TV producer, Mrs. Dorothea Brooking, is at work on a new serial for children.

DOROTHEA BROOKING'S other productions — "Tom Sawyer," "The Secret Garden," "Good Wives," and "The Treasure Seekers"—were all screened in Australia by A.B.C.-TV.

This time it's "Katy" — an adaptation for TV of Susan Coolidge's novels "What Katy Did" and "What Katy Did At School."

Watching Dorothea Brooking at work was an experience well worth the long train ride from London out to Shepherd's Bush. There the cast was rehearsing in "temporary quarters" — an Army drill hall.

Dorothea, her reddish hair close-cropped and wearing slacks, shirt, and flatties, darted from one end of the hall to the other, calling to her eager young cast: "O.K., that's good, right through again, please," "Darling! — you didn't move!" and "Mary, dear, don't be sort of droopy," until the giggling children standing awkwardly on the floor were slowly transformed into characters of 19th-century America — moving to and fro exactly as Dorothea wanted them.

"There's got to be a lot of give and take in producing," said Mrs. Brooking, as we exercised her Boxer puppy, Buckingham, during a break in rehearsals.

Loves children

"I tell the girls and boys what to do. But I'm ready to hear any suggestions they have to make, particularly from someone like our star, Susan Hampshire, who is a very talented young girl."

Well known as much for her productions of adult serials and plays as for children's classics, Dorothea claims she is happiest surrounded by children. She handles them strictly yet kindly.

"After all, children are an enormously important part of our TV audiences and must be catered for — properly," she said with conviction.

"When I first joined the B.B.C. in 1949 as one of the seven producers of the children's programme, I was told that we were in a position to form—through a good standard of television—the opinions of future generations.

"And," she went on, "I've always tried to do just that."

Rehearsals are done a week

"Katy" (Susan Hampshire)

before the recording of an episode of "Katy," which runs on each week from where it left off the week before. There are eight episodes, so it will take exactly two weeks to complete this show, already screening on British television.

Dorothea said she was glad "Katy" was a serial and not a series.

"Usually about two or three producers work on the different episodes of a series, so I prefer to work on a serial or play, where only one producer is necessary," continued Dorothea.

"Then I can pick my own cast for the show, which I feel is essential for my producing."

Later I watched the actual recording of an episode of "Katy." Dorothea, efficient and tirelessly energetic, was seated behind the glass walls of the gallery, about 12 feet above the studio.

Below us, Susan and the children performed, while Edward Barnes, Dorothea's P.A. (producer's assistant, or floor manager), followed her instructions through his earphones.

"The cameramen don't run through their shots of the show till the morning of the recording," explained Mrs. Brooking. "So when I see a bad angle on the monitors before me in the gallery I tell Edward. He tells the actors and we do the scene again."

One of Dorothea Brooking's latest successes, "Racketty Street Gang," which she adapted from the book of the same name by Australian author L. H. Evers, has just been sold to the A.B.C. It is not yet scheduled for screening.

Australian stars Kevin Brennan, Edwin Finn, and Maurice Travers, with boy stars Michael Luckie and Geoff Bettenay, appear in Dorothea's TV production.

The delightful star of "Katy," 22-year-old Susan Hampshire, walks straight from her role as the independent tomboy in this serial to that of leading lady in a new Walt Disney film of Paul Gallico's book "Thomasina." Shooting will begin soon in Scotland.

Dances, sings

This is the first major film role for kittenish, dark-brown-eyed Susan, who recently starred in another B.B.C. television show "The Andromeda Breakthrough," a follow-up of the serial "A for Andromeda" (also screened by the A.B.C.).

Susan is an accomplished dancer and singer. She had a singing role in the West End musical "Follow That Girl," and a record she made last year of Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet" is still selling well in Great Britain.

When we met she was dressed in one of the frilly, high-waisted costumes for "Katy" that make her look an angelic 14-year-old. But off-screen Susan usually is more chic in Mary Quant model dresses.

On a visit to America last year as the guest of 20th Century-Fox, Susan appeared in an episode of the popular TV series "Adventures in Paradise" with Gardner McKay.

"They offered me several movie contracts while I was in America," she said a little wistfully, "but I turned them down. At that time I didn't think I could live anywhere else but England.

"If a good part were offered to me now, I think I'd take it."

Dorothea Brooking

DID YOU KNOW?

WILMA and FRED FLINTSTONE . . . "model" husband.

A SIX-FOOT 474lb. replica of Fred Flintstone, made out of foam rubber, will go on tour in northern Europe in October. The effigy is an electronic robot which will be able to "speak." Swedish singer Owe Tornqvist has just cut a pop record based on Fred's cartoon wife, Wilma.

★ ★ ★

BARBARA STANWYCK is appearing in "The Untouchables" in the role of a Chicago policewoman. Robert (Eliot Ness) Stack has a lesser role in the show while she is appearing. "The Untouchables" go to her for aid and she breaks the case. It is rumored that the episodes may be used as pilots for a new series starring Stanwyck.

★ ★ ★

AUSTRALIAN actor Rod Taylor has a co-starring role with Rock Hudson in the movie "A Gathering of Eagles." "Naked City" star Paul Burke had first choice, but turned down the offer because he was too tied up with his TV show.

★ ★ ★

FORMER "Maverick" star James Garner appears to be first favorite among actors running for the role of Jonas Cord in the movie "The Carpetbaggers."

★ ★ ★

"ROUTE 66" will have one of the most spine-chilling TV casts on record in an episode to be filmed in Chicago. Boris Karloff, Lon Chaney, jr., and Peter Lorre will appear — each with his own peculiar brand of horror.

★ ★ ★

INDONESIA now has television, known as Radio Republic Indonesia TV. The opening ceremonies of the Fourth Asian Games were carried in the first transmissions. RRITV will begin with a two-channel network, but it is hoped 18 more cities in Indonesia will be covered by TV during the next eight years.

★ ★ ★

ALAN FUNT is experimenting with his "Candid Camera" series. He plans to commission from American writers playlets which would be acted in each show—in contrast to the same unrehearsed filmed situation. The playwright would not see Funt's filmed version until both sequences were shown on air.

★ ★ ★

LUCILLE BALL bounces on a trampoline, acts as a kangaroo, croons to a sheep, flies in space, clowns with an elephant, fences, and referees football in the first episode of her new series. Says Lucy: "I'll try anything."

★ ★ ★

RUMORED that the American Broadcasting Company-TV network has been nagging Debbie Reynolds to do two specials, but she says she doesn't have time. Debbie signed a contract with A.B.C. four years ago to do three specials in the following four years. She appeared in one in 1960.

★ ★ ★

DAN O'HERLIHY has been signed by M.G.M. to play "a brash Australian doctor" in an episode of the "Dr. Kildare" TV series.

★ ★ ★

A TAME lion named Claude, born and raised in Hollywood, was recently taken to Mexico for filming of a new jungle series, "Tongaloa." One night he escaped from his cage and went for a walk into the jungle, but when he returned the following day he suffered a heart attack and died. An attending vet. said Claude just couldn't adjust to jungle living.

★ ★ ★

BEN GAZZARA and Jack ("Maverick") Kelly have been mentioned as two star possibilities for Bing Crosby's planned "Doctor X" medical series.

★ ★ ★

JIM BACKUS, the voice of Magoo and co-star of "I Married Joan," has been appearing on various networks to plug his book, "What Are You Doing After the Orgy?". C.B.S., his home network, objected.

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THE REAL McCOYS

ATTACKING a slice of watermelon is a pretty tricky business. Like spaghetti, there's a knack to it—but the six techniques here are ALL the real McCoy. They are demonstrated by the stars of TV's top-rating family show "The Real McCoys": top, from left, Luke (Richard Crenna), Kate (Kathy Nolan), and Little Luke (Michael Winkelman); below, Pepino (Tony Martinez), Grampa (Walter Brennan), and Hassie (Lydia Reed). Even when they haven't been eating watermelon, the McCoys stick together. Blithely they face every problem. And that means Grampa, who is against just about everything and who has the determination of a crotchety steamroller. Walter Brennan carries some of Grampa's spirit into real life. At 68, he snorts when anyone mentions retirement. "I think it's a shame that people should be expected to retire when they reach 65," he says. "Why, look at me. Never felt younger. My whole life is work." Nowadays this work doesn't only mean TV. He has been recording monologues (in a Grampa voice) — and they've hit the Hit Parades.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

October 3, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

AUSTRALIAN FASHIONS AT THE AMERICA'S CUP

—pages 4, 5

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, C.P.O., Sydney.

Greatest force for peace

MANY teenagers are quick to belittle the United Nations Organisation for its supposedly "weak" efforts to gain peace in the world. Speaking as an Australian representative to the U.N. Pilgrimage for Youth, held in New York last June, I can earnestly say that the United Nations is the greatest force for peace in the history of mankind.

Seeing the U.N. in action, I realised that it was achieving peace most effectively in all types and fields of human endeavor.

The United Nations deserves our wholehearted support for its invaluable work in international co-operation and understanding.—*John King, Pymble, N.S.W.*

Forget self

TAKE heart, "Typical Teen," who fears she will never grow out of being depressed (T.W., 29/8/62). I know exactly how you feel, but try listening to those who tell you that things will improve, and go out of your way to try to make them improve, and they eventually will.

You are the only one who can do anything about it, so try to forget yourself, help others, become engrossed in some activity, and it is amazing how much better you will feel, and everything will not be so black.

Others have experienced and recovered from the same feelings that you have. Thinking of something better than your own misfortunes can cure the worst dose of depression. — *Suzanne Harrison, North Balwyn, Vic.*

Helping visitors

A FRIEND and I were at Yeppoon, a coastal resort near Rockhampton, when I saw some people in a New South Wales car. I suggested that we ask if they would like to know a little about our district, but my friend said no—she did not think that they would like to be bothered to talk to us.

I wish now that we had. Wouldn't you like someone to talk to you if you were a stranger in another State? — *Vicki Sale, Rockhampton, Qld.*

Aussie uniform

"VIDEO" (T.W., 29/8/62) says Australian girls are too Continental. This is not so! My favorite casual clothes for around the house are the official Aussie uniform — dungarees and open - neck shirt., What is Continental about that?

My girl-friends and I nearly always buy Australian shoes, and Australian fabrics with which we make clothes from Australian patterns in Australian magazines.

As for records — who could be better than Col Joye or Noeleen Batley!

And kangaroo-tail soup? — It's been my favorite since I was a toddler. — *"All Aussie," Wilga, W.A.*

Smart chicken

ANYONE who refuses a dare is called "chicken," but a chicken is not a coward; it is a cautious and careful fowl and wants to live. Teenagers would be wise to follow in the footsteps of chickens. A chicken avoids trouble, and that's being smart. — *D. Williams, Clarence Park, S.A.*

Prejudice

HOW open-minded are Australians? I know a boy from the Middle East who has been in Australia for four years. He is good looking and does not speak with much of an accent. He dresses very well and is very kind, considerate, and generous.

Until a few months ago he had not been out with an Australian girl, apparently because they did not like keeping company with a foreigner.

However, a little while ago he met an attractive British girl and they have been going steady ever since. This is a fair indication of how snobbish we are in this country, compared to people from other parts of the world. — *Harry Bingham, Coogee, N.S.W.*

Old customs

MY parents were born in Greece and came to Australia when they were fairly young, but they still follow the ideas of "old" Greece and its many customs. One of these is that girls do not go out with boys.

My 17-year-old brother has a different girl-friend just about every week, but when I ask to go out with a boy, Mum says no, and my brother usually backs Mum up.

Do you think it's fair? After all, if all mothers were the same, who would he go out with?—*V.M., Qld.*

Welcome present

LIKE many teenagers who have penfriends overseas I am sending them Christmas presents. Most of us cannot afford very much, so here is a suggestion: Look through magazines and cut out pictures of all the different parts of Australia, then buy a book and paste the pictures in.

Pictures of our flowers and animals can decorate the bare spaces and descriptions of the places should be with them.

Cover the book and paste a colorful map of Australia on the front. It makes a nice present and you can be sure your friend will like it. — *C. Crilly, Corrimal, N.S.W.*

Next week

TO celebrate the opening of the surfing season, a super three-in-one pattern for beach wear is featured on our cover next week. And for those looking for lovely summer lingerie, there's a colorful collection of robes, shorties, and brunch coats in the latest shades and easy-care fabrics.

BEATNIK

"I don't want to sound square, man—but instead of growing downwards, how about trying to grow up?"

School tape

I ATTEND a boarding school in Queensland and recently an American co-educational school sent us a tape recording of songs, compositions, and essays, together with photos of the pupils. On the tape they told us about their school and interviewed members of the staff.

It was very interesting because it was a very large school and they had a great assortment of teachers and lessons which we do not have here. In reply, we made a tape about our school and sent it to the American school with our photos.

It would be a good idea if Australian schools followed the idea of this American school.—*Erica Smith, St. Lucia, Qld.*

Early school

WOULDN'T it be a good idea to begin school early in the morning during summer, leaving the afternoons free? This would enable children to relax or go swimming, instead of spending weary afternoons in stifling classrooms. — *Miss J. Posvic, Queanbeyan, N.S.W.*

PUTTY IN GIRLS' HANDS!

● I see that British females have hammered yet another nail into the coffin of masculinity—by becoming the most ardent amateur carpenters.

THIS is surely the saddest blow to boys' dominance since they gave women the right to vote for the candidate who looks most like Ben Casey or who puts out the prettiest colored come-on card.

The British belles apparently do all the painting, carpentry, gardening, wallpapering, carpet-laying, and electric gadget fixing round the house — leaving the man to do the cooking.

A recent survey reveals that eight of every 10 students who enrol for evening classes in woodwork at London County Council Schools are women.

And 40 per cent. of do-it-yourself magazine buyers are women.

Manufacturers, recognising this trend, are now designing power tools in attractive colors to appeal to women.

Now, this is all very fine and handy. Women are, in many ways, perfectly cut out to be manual workers.

They enjoy fretting, have chisel-toes, and like working with nails, don't they?

Don't forget they're inclined to be lathey, too.

And, while many boys might lack ability to whack on shellac, all girls would be good at it.

They have plenty of practice — painting themselves with varnishing cream.

Lasses would also be very adept at sawing up wood — they're used to cutting down male logs to size.

They could be good fun to go out with, too. A hobbyist should know exactly how to paint the town red.

(I can picture such a girl yelling from her bedroom to her waiting date: "Do you think I need more than one coat?")

She could be expensive and embarrassing, however.

Why, she might order for dinner baked enamel. And want to examine the workmanship of some joints.

All I can suggest to counter that is to tell her such behaviour goes against the grain — the plane, unvarnished truth.

The real danger, of course, is that the whole business might get out of hand and the girl would be too busy with her hobby to go out with boys.

One might refuse to go walking with a feller because she was glued to her woodwork.

But remember, girls, the famous old saying: "All ply and no walk makes Jacqueline a dull girl."

And, of course, it would all look so darned silly. A girl getting together a wardrobe—made of wood, indeed!

—Robin Adair

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TRAVEL TEENS

● Here is our fifth letter from Sue and Sally Sangster, two Australian teenagers travelling abroad with their parents—at present they are in Toronto, Canada.

HAD a heavy year at school, dear reader? Never mind—one day you may be able to share our luck.

Early last December we "broke up" at our Sydney school, and instead of returning in February we set sail on our journey.

After months on the move we enrolled at high school in Toronto, studied madly for eight weeks, struggled through our exams, and now we're on the annual Canadian ten-week vacation.

With a bit more luck we'll arrive home in Australia just in time to start the Christmas holidays!

WE think our English is stronger than most Canadians, but they are hot on science, maths, and French. And you should see their art.

North American history and decimal coinage gave us a few headaches, but we were top of the class in Australian geography!

We go to the Etobicoke Collegiate Institute. Built and run like a large office block, it has 1600 boys and girls between about 15 and 20. After six years at primary school and two years of junior high come five years at the collegiate. Most try to go on from there to university.

Etobicoke (the municipality) gets its name from an Indian word meaning "near the big waterfall" — presumably Niagara.

School methods

SOME methods they use in Canadian schools are quite outstanding. The kindergarten set here get a lot of fun from their "show and tell" days. You bring your favorite anything —a doll, a live frog, a beat-up toy car—show it to the class and tell them about it.

From this small beginning confidence is built up. By sixth grade pupils are giving lectures in groups of four; by eighth grade they are conducting formal debates.

American children do this, too. The result is a refreshing absence of tongue-tied shyness and a highly developed ability to speak well under any circumstances.

OUR trip to Niagara was fabulous. The big thrill was a trip practically right under the Horseshoe Falls in a little ferry boat called the "Maid of the Mist." They should call it the "Maid of the Cloudburst"—we were drenched, although they did issue raincoats and hoods.

The little boat bucked and twisted in a murderous maelstrom at the foot of the Falls, but we didn't worry, because we knew the water was only a couple of feet deep. The secondary shock set in later when we learned it was 180 feet deep!

Near the American section of the Falls there's a rocky pathway leading down called the Bridal Walk. We passed a formally attired white wedding party on their way there—complete with photographer — for the couple to be joined in watery matrimony.

Pizza bake party

WE have discovered a new sort of party in Toronto—a "pizza bake." The idea is to arrive with a packet of pizza mix and some of your favorite records. An event for girls only, it is fun to cook up a variety of pizzas in an atmosphere of hits and "misses."

THIS week we have been out on our first Canadian dates! Everyone is very serious until the exams are over, then the fun begins. Swimming parties, pizza parties, platter parties—and **always** a car at the door to take you.

One of the 16-year-olds at school has a '62 Cadillac convertible. He hasn't arrived at our door yet, but here's hoping.

AFTER the exams we made a quick visit to Chicago. We flew in a Trans-Canadian Vanguard — like a Viscount — and landed at the brand-new O'Hare airport.

This is a real glimpse of the future. The buildings inside resemble huge shopping plazas, providing everything from air travel to beauty treatment. Taxis drive right in and drop the passengers under cover. Huge "pipelines" snake out to airliners so that passengers can walk through in any weather to embark or disembark.

We quizzed our taxi-driver on Chicago's tough reputation—was it still that way? Not quite as bad as the prohibition days, he told us, but at the age of 30 he had been held up and robbed once at gunpoint and once at knifepoint.

We read in the "Chicago Tribune" that robberies in the city in 1961 numbered nearly 20,000; Los Angeles came second with 9164. Chicago's alleyways produced 21,000 cases of "aggravated assault," compared with 13,500 in New York, which is bigger.

The prohibition days **must** have been fun!

Some of our friends went to Europe for the holidays. We were surprised at the number until we realised that London is closer to the eastern end of Canada than is Vancouver, so European travel is no bigger a project than leaving Perth for a week in Melbourne.

WE'VE come to love crossing the border, if only to meet more Americans. They're the nicest, friendliest people imaginable. We find it's impossible to eat breakfast at a roadside restaurant under an hour—the boss and the staff want to talk and talk about Down Under.

Tipping is something we've had to adjust to. There's no question about it, tipping is part of the bill in U.S.A., and it's no good trying to ignore it.

Dad tipped his way through a five-day stay at a club in New York, only to get a note in the mail which said that on a certain date "the **breakfast** waiter had reported no gratuity, therefore the account had been debited with the customary 25 cents!"

Holiday jobs

IT seems that every American business has its own folder of matches. From supermarkets to savings banks, motels to marrying services — folders in modest black and white and folders in blazing colors.

Someone we know saves her match folders in a big, old-fashioned sweets jar—the sort you see on confectioners' counters. Standing on the buffet bar between her kitchen and dining area, it's a sparkling "original" in home decor.

THE cottage on the lake is a national institution in Canada. Everyone owns one, rents one, or borrows one. Teenagers in droves secure "mother's help" jobs, go away for a month's lakeside vacationing, and get paid up to 70 dollars (£31) for it.

We're packing — one of us to Lake Simcoe, 50 miles north of Toronto, and one to Wig-a-Mog, farther up the map.

Goodbye till next month.

THE SANGSTER ALBUM

NIAGARA FALLS are the most massive thing we've ever seen. This is the Horseshoe, or Canadian, section, photographed from the air from the Canadian side.

MASSIVE BUILDINGS are also the pride and joy of many Canadian cities. At left is the Royal York Hotel in Toronto and, at right, St. Joseph's Oratory, Montreal.

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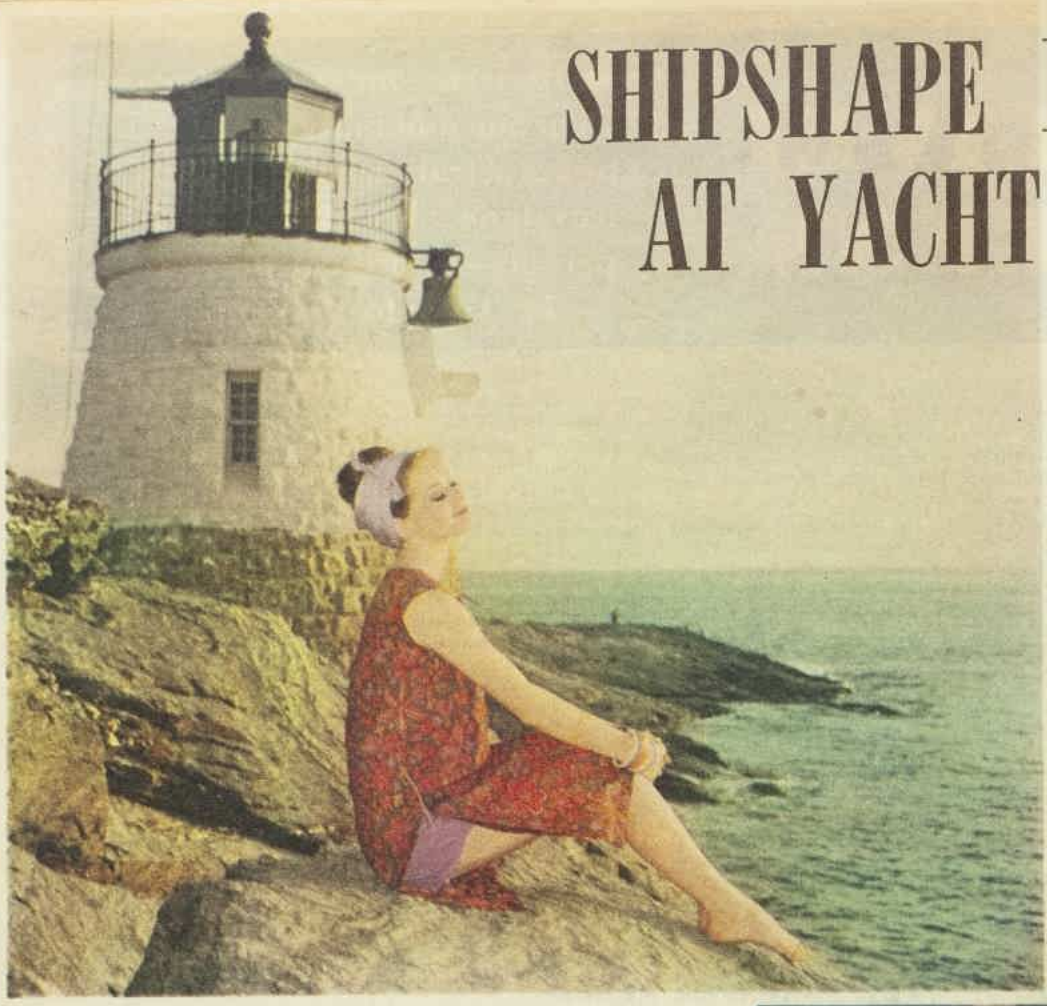
SHIPSHAPE FASHIONS AT YACHT CHALLENGE

● *Pat Woodley, head of a well-known Sydney model agency, recently took a wonderful wardrobe of teen fashions by three Australian manufacturers to Newport, U.S.A., and showed them against the exciting background of the America's Cup yacht challenge. Pam Quinn, 1961 N.S.W. Model of the Year, who now works in America, wore the clothes for the pictures on these pages and on the cover.*



FINNISH-INFLUENCED weekend dress by Lasski is rather shift-like with little shorts underneath. In background is the lighthouse on bleak, windswept Castle Hill, which overlooks Newport Harbor.

SHEER mauve handkerchief print with pleated skirt, by John J. Hilton, is sensible for travelling. It doesn't crease, yet is very softly feminine.

"SLACK" time, literally, for Pam, wearing slack set of gaily striped polished cotton, by Lasski. The frogman is member of Gretel's crew.

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COTTON jersey suit with lemon skirt and striped, low-hipped sweater, modelled on lawns of "The Breakers," former Newport home of the millionaire Vanderbilt family. Suit by United Knitting Pty. Ltd.

OUR COVER *shows the challenge yacht, Gretel, at the Port o' Call marina, and another Australian visitor with trim lines wearing a three-piece navy suit and spotted red silk blouse, all created by John J. Hilton.*

"CHEER SQUAD." Knitted orlon sheath by United Knitting Pty. Ltd., in patriotic red, white and blue stripes modelled on the marina with Gretel below.

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Louise Hunter Here's your answer

Football fan

"AT a Victorian Football League match I sat next to a very nice girl whom I liked very much. By half-time we were holding hands, but after the match her girl-friend, who was in a hurry, whisked off, taking this lovely girl with her. With all the excitement of the game I hadn't had an opportunity to find out her name and address. Can you suggest how I could find her? I am sure she likes me, because she went out of her way to sit next to me."

"Heartsick," Vic.

No, I'm sorry, this is not a missing persons bureau.

I'm told that close on 3,000,000 people watched the V.F.L. matches this year, so your chances of finding the "girl in 3,000,000" aren't very high.

Certainly not

"I AM 15 and my mother doesn't allow me to drink or smoke. I have lots of boy-friends who are about 18, and they often offer me a drink or a cigarette. Do you think my mother is wrong not to let me accept? I think 15-year-olds should be allowed to drink and smoke. All my girl-friends are about my age and they drink and smoke."

"Troubled Teen," S.A.

I certainly do not think that 15-year-olds should drink or smoke, and I am astonished to hear that your girl-friends are allowed to do so.

It's up to them

"WE are two 16-year-old girls in love with two cousins aged 17 and 18. Every time we see them they stop and talk to us, and on Saturday nights at the pictures they sit behind or in front of us and talk to us at interval. Do you think we have a chance of going with them? How could we get more friendly with them?"

"Cousins," N.S.W.

It is now entirely up to the boys to decide whether they want to get more friendly with you. You seem to be doing quite well so far, but don't try to force things or hurry them along—you may scare the boys away.

Too young

"A FEW weeks ago I met a boy I liked and every time I walked past the shop in which he works he would smile at me. The other day he asked me for a date, but I refused because I am 15 and not allowed to go out yet. Ever since then he hasn't smiled at me or even said 'Hullo.' Can you tell me how to win back his friendship? I like him very much."

"Too Young," Vic.

I do hope you explained to him when you refused his invitation that you are not allowed to go on dates yet. Otherwise he may think that you refused because you don't like him.

Keep smiling whenever you see him, say "Hullo" when you get the chance, and show him that you still want to be friends.

Sweet and sour

"FOR a month I have been going out with a boy whom I like very much. We started dating a week after he and his girl-friend broke off their engagement. He says he likes me a lot, but every chance he gets he talks about his ex-fiancee, and never a day goes by when he doesn't drive past her home so that she will see me in the car with him. One day he asks me to go steady, the next day he says, 'Forget about it, I want time to think.' One minute he is sweet to me, the next he is insulting me. Sometimes I am so mixed up I don't know where I am. He says he is sorry after he has been nasty, and tells me everybody has moods. What should I do?"

"Mixed up," W.A.

Dating a boy who has just broken his engagement is hardly ever a good plan. True, you may catch him on the rebound, but more likely all he wants is revenge or a good shoulder to cry on.

Sympathise with this boy, who is undoubtedly upset about his broken engagement—but be careful you don't end up with a broken heart. You must realise he is only using you to show his ex-fiancee that he doesn't care (although he does) and that he is not interested in you.

Don't scare him

"I HAVE fallen in love with a boy whom I know only by sight. He lives down the road from me, and I have seen him at dances, and would like very much to meet him. I am having a barbecue dance soon and would like to invite him. Do you think I should? And, if so, how would I go about it? Should I ask him next time I see him?"

"Wondering," Vic.

How would you feel if a complete stranger came up to you in the street and invited you to a barbecue? Even if you knew him by sight such a sudden invitation out of the blue would probably confuse you and you'd almost certainly refuse.

Unless you've actually been introduced to the boy, leave the advances to him. You could, however, find out discreetly if anyone you know knows him—perhaps you have friends in common at the dances you both attend — and arrange an introduction that way.

Two faces

"I AM a girl of 16, and last year I dated a boy in my street for about three months, then we broke off. At Christmas time I met him again at a party, and we danced together a couple of times and he brought me home. Later, his friend told me he wanted to go steady with me again, which we did for about a month and then broke off again. Now he is very nice to me whenever he sees me alone, but when he is with his friends he becomes nasty. Do you think he likes me or is he showing off in front of his friends?"

"S.B.," Qld.

It sounds as though he is just making use of you when he has nothing better to do. Don't waste any more time or thought on him. The fact that he ignores you when his friends are around should clear any doubts about his feelings for you.

Beauty in brief — HOME PERM HINTS

● Perhaps, like thousands of young girls, you like to give yourself a permanent wave at home fairly early in the summer.

THERE is one big "must" when it comes to having a new permanent wave. Postpone the perm for a time if your hair is out of condition. Usually a couple of weeks of concentrated care is enough to put a normal head of hair back in permable shape.

The beauty of a home perm, all enthusiasts agree, is three-fold.

It's comparatively cheap. You can do it, either single-handed or with help, at a time that's convenient to you—at night, after work, for example.

It's easy when you know how, and this includes buying the correct type of kit for your hair and using it for the best possible results.

The right equipment is important for the do-it-yourself hairwaver. Just for the record, these are some of the extras needed for a home perm:

A small bowl, one or two Turkish towels, cottonwool, a small plastic sponge for squeezing neutraliser into the curls, a jug, and a supply of curlers and rollers.

Elastic bands are good for securing the hair into small ponytails when "blocking" it into sections. A tail comb is a great help when dividing off strands to be permed and also for tucking short ends round the roller. Three or four combs are useful for holding up the blocked-off sections.

Try to remember that newly permed hair is still elastic, so don't flatten or spoil your wave by using a wet comb or by putting on a hat.

—Carolyn Earle

A word from Debbie

Have you ever wondered what to do with material remnants left over from dressmaking days?

Don't waste them! Give your bedroom a brand-new look with some of these off-beat ideas . . .

Add a dash of individuality. Line an old bookcase with a bold print. Glue the material to the wood, smoothing it out so all creases disappear. Give new life to your dressing-table drawers, wardrobe drawers (and any others you can think of) in the same way.

Be imaginative. Cover some scatter cushions with a floral weave in a startling print and heap about half a dozen on your divan.

Dramatise your desk and waste-paper basket with a chintzy print, glueing it to the surface.

Add a gay frill to your curtains (top or bottom it doesn't matter). Fringe it if you like.

Think of the effect—and all it needs is a remnant of skill!

Don't be cross

"I HAVE been going out with a boy for six months. I love him very much and he always tells me he loves me, but whenever we are going out together he arrives late, and if he says he will telephone me he rings late or not at all. Do you think he means it when he says he loves me, and what should I do about him being late?"

"Worried," Tas.

I don't think for a moment that your friend's habitual tardiness means he doesn't really love you, but it does mean he is just a little selfish and thoughtless. I can't really recommend a good cure for this, because being angry never seems to have the slightest effect.

You can, however, make him feel a heel about it. Next time he arrives late, don't be cross with him—remember, better late than never. Show great concern, be tearful if you can manage it, and tell him you were worried that he may have had an accident.

Modest violet

"I AM a shy, plain girl of 16, and I can't speak very naturally to boys. I go around in a big group of boys and girls of varied ages. In the past week a very popular boy has been paying particular attention to me, and has also asked me out. As I have never been out with a boy before, most of my friends were naturally quite surprised. Do you think he has been put up to it or does he really find something in me?"

"Confused," N.S.W.

What on earth makes you think that the boy was "put up" to asking you out? I have never heard of a boy who would willingly spend money or time on someone he wasn't remotely interested in. Still, it doesn't hurt to be modest. Perhaps that is one of the qualities which attracted him to you.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

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LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

Dogs are favorite pets of young singing stars

● Nearly everyone likes to have a pet of some sort, but among the young recording and TV stars dogs seem to be easily the favorite, with budgerigars next.

SOME are just "dogs," some pedigreed, and some, such as Lonnie Lee's beagle hound, "Cleo," and Judy Cannon's Maltese terrier puppy, "Erk," are breeds you don't often see.

"Kim," the golden cocker spaniel which was Bryan Davies' constant companion as a schoolboy, still distinguishes himself by his wide variety of tastes in food. He doesn't insist on meat or dog biscuits, but will settle for a good snack of vegetables or fruit.

"Pete," Rob E. G.'s pedigree fox terrier, is now seven years old, and Rob's had him since he was five weeks.

Another fox terrier fancier is Lucky Starr, who calls his "Trixie." As well, Lucky used to be a keen budgerigar breeder a few years ago.

The black kelpie owned by Judy Stone is called "Skipper," and Lana Cantrell's alert little "German sausage dog," or dachshund, is named "Corky."

Songbird Sharon O'Brien owns a blue budgie called "Joey."

Looking after three Sydney silkies, Prince, Peggy, and Cindy, keeps Kevin Todd busy when he's at home, and when he's away touring he hands them over to his mother and younger sisters to look after.

The real pet fancier, though, is Warren Williams. He has a miniature white French poodle, "Boo Boo," a pink-and-grey parrot, "Polly," a brown duck called "Daisy," and two budgerigars, "Joey" (blue) and "Timmy" (green).

Judy Cannon and "Erk."

Local talent: With its tinkling harpsichord-like background, one of the prettiest locally recorded ballads I've heard is **Tony Brady's** "A Promise Of Things To Come" (Leedon 45). "Whose Love?", the flip, is another ballad, this time with a girl chorus.

ACCORDING to Dave Guard (former member of The Kingston Trio who's coming to live in Australia), our folk music is of a distinctive character and full of interest. On a W and G EP, "Shearing Songs," **Denis Gibbons** makes a nice job of "Flash Jack From Gundagai," "Springtime, It Brings On The Shearing," and three compositions of his own in the folk idiom.

Pops: There certainly IS something new under the sun—and "2 Organs And Percussion" (Ampar LP) is it. The sound of two organs with bongoes, guitar, and xylophone is sometimes weird, sometimes wonderful; either way, it's an experience. Some of the tracks: "Me And My Shadow," "Sweet And Lovely," "Gypsy In My Soul."

NEXT time you set out the breadsticks, cheese, and check tablecloth for an Italian-style party, don't forget to have the right records. Either "Montenegro In Italy" or "Accordian" (both Time LPs) would be ideal as background.

On the **Hugo Montenegro** disc attractive Italian selections are played by a huge orchestra which includes 18 violins.

Accordionist **Dominic Cortese's** disc is more intimate, with two guitars, brass, drums, and the Cortese accordion only. On this one, Al Caiola has made some beguiling arrangements of nicely varied Italian tunes.

WITH such names as **Don Gibson, Eddy Arnold, Jim Reeves,** and **Hank Locklin,** the R.C.A. Camden LP, "Country Music Hits," offers listeners the chance to hear some of America's best-known country singers. Among the titles—"I'd Trade All My Tomorrows," "Birmingham Jail," and "My Lips Are Sealed."

NO fewer than 25 all-time favorities ("Maple Leaf Rag," "I've Got A Feeling I'm Falling," "After The Ball") are blended by the nimble fingers of **Frankie Carle** into a cheerful, medley session on the R.C.A. LP "Honky-tonk Hits By The Dozen."

EVEN though they've been around for an age now (in fact, maybe that's why), there's real quality in the folk-singing of **The Weavers.** If you don't know them, try their Festival EP "In a Folksy Mood." "I Know Where I'm Going," "Floppy Eared Mule," "Hard Ain't It Hard" are among the medley.

WITH his latest R.C.A. LP, "Twangy Guitar — Silky Strings," **Duane Eddy** moves another step up the musical ladder. He has chosen a set of numbers that cater for both teenage ("Unchained Melody," "Love Me Tender") and more adult taste — "Bali Ha'i" and his own "Memories of Madrid." It's smoother and more sophisticated than some past Eddy offerings, but that same great guitar beat's still there.

Jazz: With "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate," "Shine," and "Bye Bye Bill Bailey," clarinettist **Pete Fountain** and a small group highlight a pleasant light-jazz LP entitled "Music From Dixie." (Coral).

WORTH HEARING

SCHUMANN and MOUSSORGSKY: Piano works

IT would be easy to say (and it often is said) that the romantic composers of the 19th century differed from the classical composers of the 18th century in trying to make music express some non-musical idea — to describe a mood, paint a picture, or tell a story in notes.

But like most generalisations this should be taken with caution. Much "classical" music is highly expressive, even though the composers did not choose to tell us what is expressed. And the best romantics never lost sight of the need for music to appeal simply as music.

For illustration of this, listen to a record recently issued under the Festival label. Benno Moiseiwitsch, a veteran pianist steeped in the romantic tradition, plays Moussorgsky's "Pictures At An Exhibition," which is pictorialism in its purest form — a suite of pieces describing one by one pictures in an exhibition given by one of the composer's artist friends. Coupled with this is Schumann's "Carnaval," a suite of mood pictures in which the titles — "Pierrot," "Harlequin," and so on — often seem to be no more than afterthoughts.

The important thing is that the music in both cases is charming and satisfying even when one gives no thought to what it is supposed to represent. That, in the long run, is the only quality by which music, romantic or otherwise, survives. —MARTIN LONG.

Skin care in the 7 sensitive teenage years

A clean, fresh complexion is one of life's most precious gifts to a girl, but it needs special care to keep it that way. Proper treatment in the seven sensitive teenage years not only helps to avoid skin blemishes, but lays the foundation for a lifetime of natural loveliness.

Teenagers for various biological reasons, are bothered with more complexion troubles than adults. Some teenagers' skin faults are made even worse by simple neglect; *they don't wash often enough.*

Cleansing with any good soap will help in these cases, but regular daily cleansing with Rexona Soap does something more towards solving complexion problems.

Rexona Soap will actually nourish the skin because it contains four medicated oils — oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, and Terebinth. These specially blended beauty oils cleanse deep down into the pores to lift ingrained dirt and stale cosmetics. At the same time, they have a gentle nourishing effect.

Remember that proper care of your complexion in the sensitive years can bring a lifetime of natural loveliness.

This is expressed in the radiant glow of a petal-soft skin. Incidentally Rexona Soap is as mild and fragrant as you could possibly wish.

Make sure you guard *your* natural loveliness with cool, jade-green Rexona Soap. It is one of the most important steps towards becoming the woman you want to be.

If you would like a free sample of Rexona Soap, write to *G.P.O. Box 3359 Sydney, N.S.W.*

X.164.TW1252R

Turn right side out, fold cotton on both sides of B. ... HUA-KAM (above) IS A GUIDE for ... back door first to undercoat). ... when white is ...

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ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton Herman

12. ARAB CASTLE IN SPAIN

Sunlit splendor

FROM the eighth to the 14th centuries the Arab armies, burning with zeal to conquer the world for Islam, penetrated eastern Europe, swept through northern Africa, and crossed the Strait of Gibraltar.

They won so strong a footing in Spain that they remained there for hundreds of years.

Everywhere they went the Arabs took their Saracenic architecture with them. At Granada, in southern Spain, a castle was built in 1309 and they gave it the name of the Alhambra, or the Red Castle.

Later, as the Arab grip on Spain became more secure, the castle was changed into a palace for the rulers, and the Alhambra became perhaps the most splendid monument of Saracenic architecture in the world.

The arrangement of the palace is a usual one for Arab buildings. The external wall is almost blank to the outside world, while, inside, the various rooms and apartments open off gracious courtyards, some severely paved, some filled with luxuriant gardens, and all tinkling with the play of fountains splashing in the dappled sunshine.

All the series of courts, halls, and rooms are richly modelled with filigree ornament so dear to the Arab's heart. The filigree is purely geometrical — Islamic religion allows no natural forms —and all is richly painted and gilded.

The alterations that changed the Alhambra into a gorgeous pleasure-palace were designed by Caliph Abd-el-Walid, who built mosques at Jerusalem and Damascus before he took up his western caliphate, which was now so wealthy it could afford the richest of buildings.

The actual building work is really quite simple; the richness comes only from the decoration, which is light plaster work. This would have long since crumbled to ruins in any but the dry, clear climate of southern Spain.

The picture (at right) shows just how elaborate this decoration is. The view is of but a corner of the Court of Lions, which is 66ft. wide and no less than 115ft. long. The name comes from the 12 black marble lions which support the alabaster bowl of the fountain in the centre of the court.

The slender columns seem most appropriate to the stilted Moorish arches which surround the whole court, and these arches are themselves wreathed in ornament so that no surface is plain and unadorned.

Such intricacy of ornament took hundreds of years to evolve, and only constant refinement of familiar forms coupled with endless practice gave the Arab craftsmen sufficient skill to execute such work.

The golden glow of the arcades is admirably contrasted with the deep blue of the roofing tiles, which appear in every vista of the inside of the Alhambra.

Such architecture was meant to be seen in sunlight, and the rich Spanish sun does it justice.

NEXT WEEK: Italian palace.

CORNER of the Court of Lions, the Alhambra, Spain.

From "European Architecture in Colour," by R. Furneaux Jordan (Thames & Hudson).

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Playtime animals galore

A covey of stuffed toys to beguile any little boy or girl — Tom Cat takes the kittens for a walk, meets Gerald the Giraffe and Montgomery the Mule.

GERALD THE GIRAFFE

IT'S a long way from his native veldt, but Gerald the Giraffe isn't worrying. He's a turquoise velvet charmer who makes himself at home in any nursery.

Materials: One-third yd. turquoise-checked velveteen or woollen fabric; scraps of yellow-and-black felt for eyes; fawn wool or soft embroidery cotton for mane and tail; piece of fine wire and fine white plastic tubing for horns; wood-wool or other suitable filling; matching thread.

To Cut Out: Enlarge diagrams at right on paper ruled in 1in. squares. Dotted line indicates position of ears. X to Y opening is for filling. Cut 2 bodies, 2 underbodies, 1 front body and neck inset, 4 ears, and 4 foot pads.

Allow ¼in. turnings on all pattern pieces and be careful to reverse patterns for second pieces of body and underbody.

To Make: Cut half moon of black felt and smaller half moon of yellow felt for eye. Stick yellow half moon to black. Hand-stitch an eye to each side of head. Make ears by laying two earpieces right sides together and machine-stitching round outer edges. Turn right side out, fold lower edge into small pleat. Machine-stitch to head.

Using machine, sew body pieces together from A to X, right sides together. Leave opening from X to Y; continue sewing from Y to B. Seam two halves of underbody together, C to D, right sides facing. Join front body and neck inset to underbody, matching Ds. Fit underbody and front body and neck facing to body, matching Ds, and right sides facing. Stitch from front foot up leg and up the front and body facing to B. Continue down other side of front. Join legs and underbody to both sides of body. Stitch from foot of back leg to tail marking C, then down remaining leg seam. Turn work right side out.

Handsew footpads securely to legs. Begin padding by pressing small quantities of filling firmly down into legs with pencil. Continue until toy is filled, sew up opening.

Mane: Place pencil or wooden skewer along back neck join and oversew with wool or soft embroidery thread, using darning needle. Pull out pencil as mane progresses.

Tail: Take 6 strands wool or soft embroidery cotton, fold in two to make 12, then plait. Sew to body at C.

Mouth: Embroider in black cotton on both sides of B.

Horns: Poke 5in. wire through top of head, bend up, cover with fine white plastic tubing. Bend wire over at top.

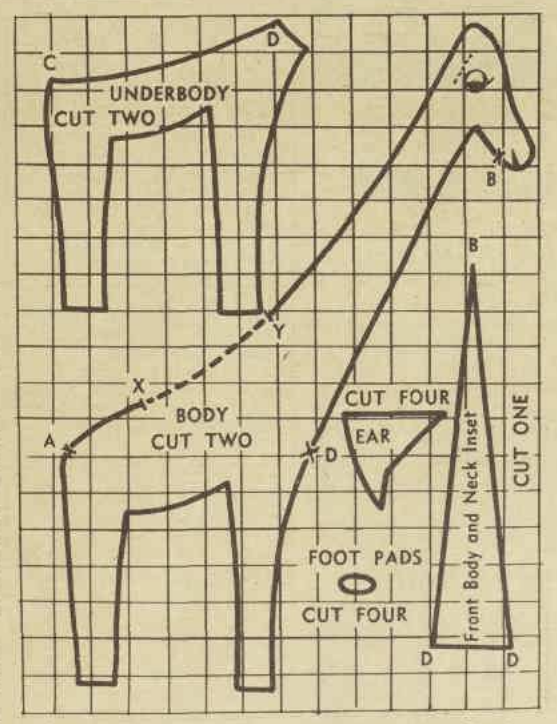

DIAGRAM (above) is a cutting guide for Gerald the Giraffe — each square represents 1in. The size of the animal can be varied by altering the number of inches to the square.

MONTGOMERY THE MULE

A MULE is an animal with long, funny ears, and Montgomery the Mule, above, will provide more fun than most. He's made of sturdy corduroy and mounted on a wooden base with wheels.

Materials: Half yd. brown corduroy; black wool or soft embroidery cotton for mane and eyelashes; pieces of felt or plastic tubing for hoofs; small quantity of red felt or flannel for saddle; scrap of gold braid for saddle trim; ¼in-wide red plastic for bridle and reins; scraps of black and white felt for eyes; 4in. of ⅜in. wood dowelling for hoof supports; wood-wool or other filling; piece of wood 5¼in. by 3in. by ¾in. for base; piece of cord to pull toy along.

To Cut Out: Enlarge diagrams (see overleaf) on paper ruled in 1in. squares. Mark position of ears and eyes. With paper pattern as guide, cut out 2 bodies, 2 underbodies, 1 back body inset, 1 front neck inset, 4 ears. Allow ¼in. seams on all pattern pieces.

To Make: With right sides facing, seam 2 underbodies together from A to B. Join back body inset to underbody, matching Cs. Join front neck inset to underbody, matching Ds. Match underbody sections and gussets to body pieces, right sides facing. Machine from bottom of back legs up to C on back body gusset, then continue on up to Y. Repeat from bottom of front legs up to D on front section; continue up neck gusset to X. Stitch from bottom of legs along underseam.

Starting 2in. above Y, seam around head to X. Turn work right side out through 2in. opening at Y. Cut 4 1in. lengths of dowelling and place one piece in each leg. Stitch fabric securely underneath and encase base of legs containing supports in hoofs. Pad mule with wood-wool or other filling pressed tightly, then stitch up neck opening. Sew on fringed mane. Attach bridle and reins as shown on pattern. Cut out saddle-cloth and stitch to back. Sew felt or buttons into place for eyes.

Ears: Lay 2 earpieces right sides together and seam round outer edges. Turn right side out, pleat open edge, and attach to head (ear position marked on pattern with a line above eyes).

Join mule to wooden base with nails hammered through dowel supports in each leg. Attach wheels to wooden base. Place screw-eye in front; insert cord to pull mule.

Continued overleaf

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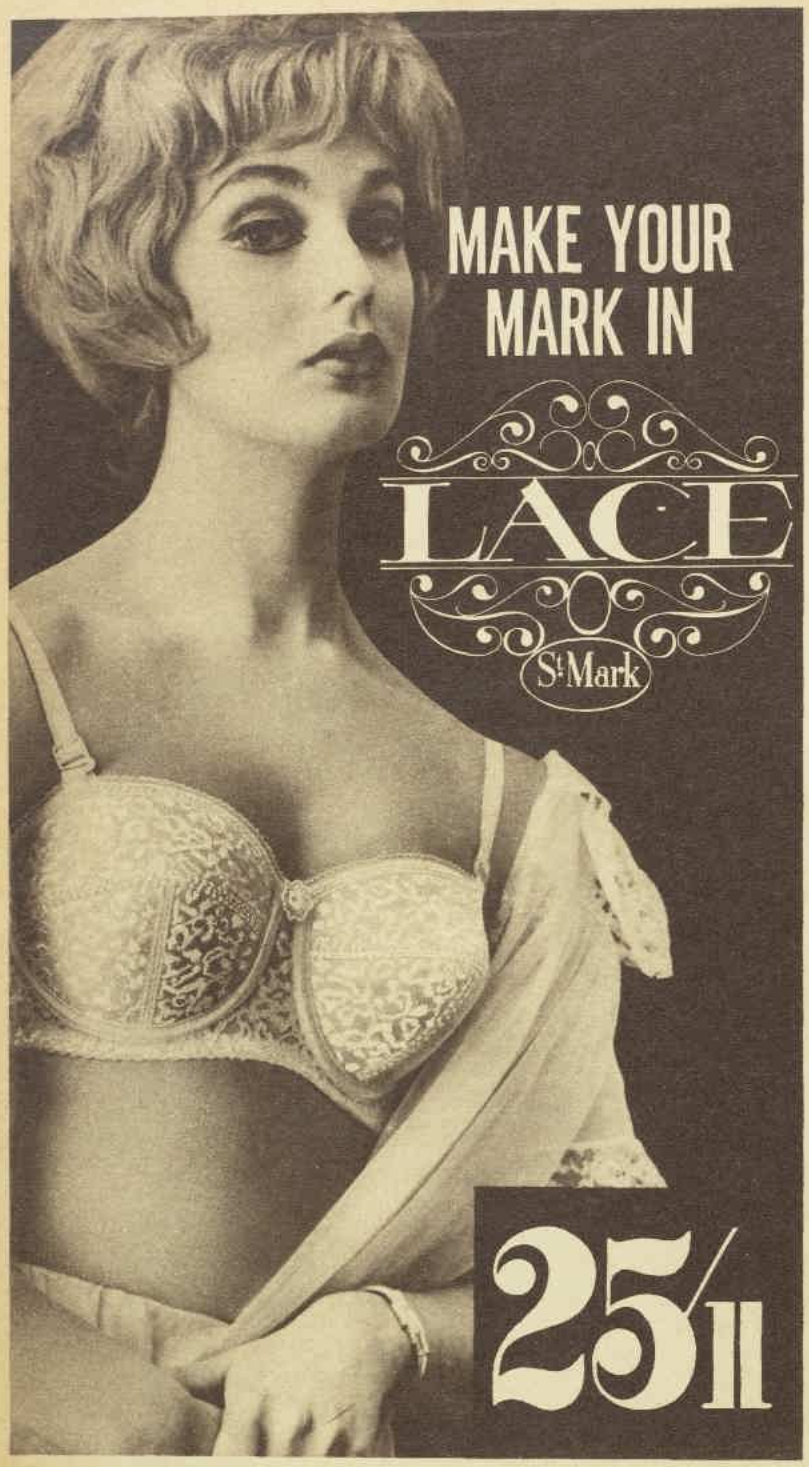

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and money to spare with this LACE 5-WAY

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THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT
WOOLWORTHS
ALSO AT LAMBS OF BRISBANE

Tomcat and kittens

● This striped tomcat in spats and the striped kittens and small black cats are shown in the color picture on the previous page. Here are the diagrams and directions.

TOMCAT

Materials: Quarter yard black, grey-and-white striped cotton (denim, sailcloth or ticking); wood wool or any suitable filling; small pieces white plastic or felt for spats and collar; small piece black ribbon for bow; black embroidery thread for mouth and eye pupils (or black felt); fine wire covered with white thread for whiskers; green felt for eyeballs; scrap felt for foot pads.

To cut out: Enlarge diagram on paper to desired size. Each square equals 1½in. Cut 2 body pieces, 2 underbody pieces, 4 ear pieces (2 for lining) and 4 foot pads. Allow ¼in. seams on all pattern pieces. Mark face on front of one piece only.

To make: Attach eyes and nose and mark position of whiskers. Lay two ear pieces right sides together and stitch round outside edges. Turn right sides out and tack into place (Y to Y) on head.

Make other ear the same.

With right sides facing, sew underbody pieces together from A to B. Place double underbody between legs of body piece. Seam under legs from front foot up leg down to foot of back leg.

Next stitch from foot of front leg to B and down other leg to foot again. Rep. on back legs in same way to A. Join from A round tail to X opening, then stitch from other end of opening round head to B, sewing in the ears as you go. Turn right side out, attach foot pads. Stuff with filling and sew up back opening. Attach white plastic or felt spats and collar and sew on bow and whiskers.

Note: Small striped kittens are made in same way, using half quantities of material.

Black cats

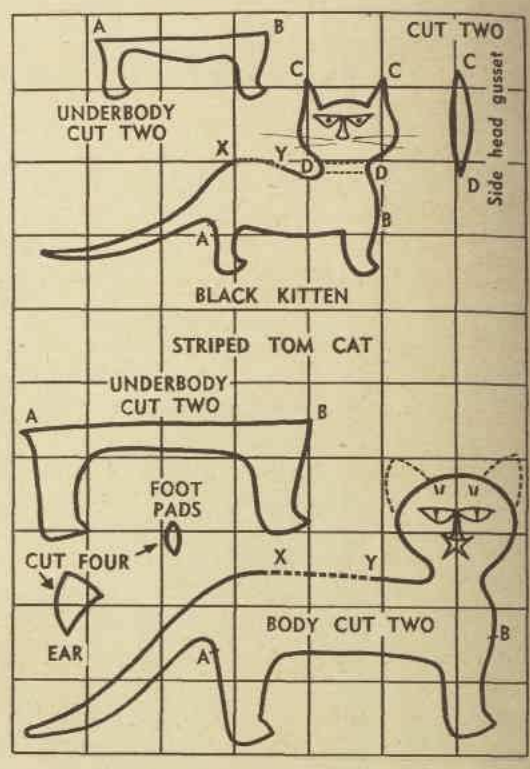
Materials: One-eighth yard cotton satin or other black cotton material; wood wool or other suitable filling; red ribbon for bow and neck trim; green felt for eyes (red embroidery thread can be used instead); starched white thread for whiskers.

To cut out: Enlarge pattern on paper to desired size. Each square equals 1½in. Cut 2 body pieces, 2 underbody pieces, 2 side head gussets from doubled material, right sides facing. Allow ¼in. turnings (if material frays, turnings can be wider).

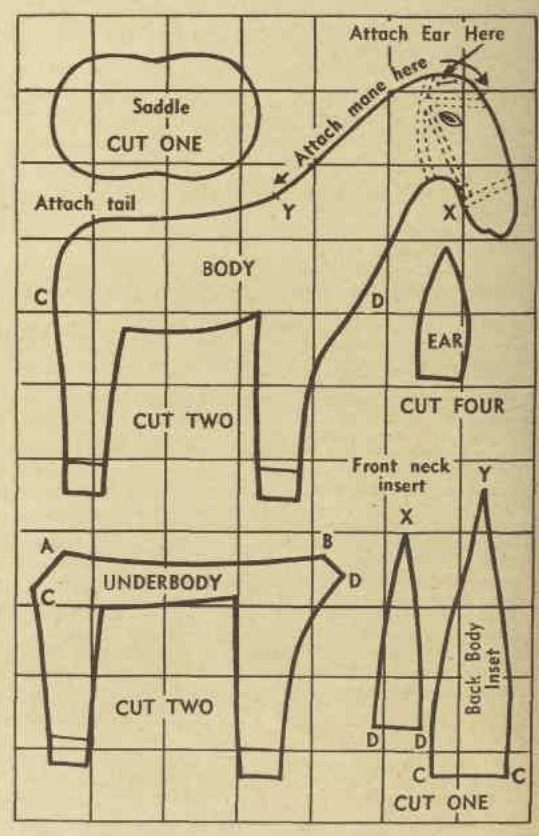
To make: Attach eyes and nose to face of one body piece. With right sides facing, seam underbody pieces together from A to B. Place doubled underbody between legs and sew to each side of body. With right sides facing, stitch body pieces together from A to X, leave opening X to Y, then stitch from Y to C, inserting head gusset from D to C. Stitch across head piece. Insert second gusset from C to B.

Turn work right side out, fill firmly with wood wool, stitch opening securely, and attach whiskers.

More toys on page 46



TOMCAT, KITTENS. Make paper patterns by enlarging diagrams above on graph paper. Each square represents 1½in.



MONTGOMERY THE MULE: Cut pattern for this toy from diagram above. See color picture and directions on previous page.

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FIRST TIME EVER! JELDI TURNATOP THROWOVER! "DAISY CHAIN" (Jeldi A2083). New chenille beauty with the sweet look of Spring. And with a Turnatop—usually found only in much more expensive spreads. Champagne, mushroom, white; pastels pink, blue, green, gold. Double bed and three-foot sizes. Double bed, £9.9.0. "Romance" nylon gown, three tones, 32-38", £7.10.6. "Tiffany" nylon rug, many sizes, from £4.17.6

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Jeldi

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BEDSPREADS

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Tired and grumpy, yesterday

Look at him today

HAPPY AND WELL THE LAXETTE WAY

When your child is crabby, naughty or nervy it may be constipation that's upset his normal happy nature. If he pushes food away; if he torments his sister; if his temper flares up, he's showing his distress. He needs your help! Aren't you glad you can make him happy and well overnight — the Laxette way?

No nasty medicine, no tearful scenes. Laxettes are tiny squares of nice-to-take milk chocolate — each containing a gentle, tasteless laxative in the exact dose your doctor would recommend.

Laxettes gently and safely help restore natural regularity — and bring back your youngster's sunny nature.

Be ready when he needs your help. Always have chocolate Laxettes on hand. Made specially for children; price 3/3

LA37

until the leopard changes its spots

. . . your clothes will never be *really* white without *real* blue— and *real* blue is **Reckitts Blue.**

Reckitt's Liquid Blue

Made especially for your washing machine. B362

TWO QUAINT and amusing toys in wool are Peter, a boy doll, and his sister, Gretchen.

Make These Toys for Christmas . . . concluded

Peter, boy doll

● Peter and Gretchen are two soft toys that will soon endear themselves to the very young. Both are worked in wool.

BELOW are directions for making Peter, the boy doll, which is crocheted in white wool and red for the overalls.

Materials: 3 balls red, 2 balls white, 1 ball blue Patons Totem knitting wool; 2 buttons; No. 10 crochet hook; white cotton for pockets; wadding.

Tension: 5½ sts. to 1in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; sl-st., slip-stitch.

With red wool, ch. 24. Join with sl-st. Work 15 rounds in d.c. Break off wool. Work another leg the same. Place legs side by side, work 3 rounds in d.c., joining legs tog. Mark centre front.

4th Round: D.c. to within 8 sts. of centre front, 2 d.c. in next 2 d.c. 6 times.

5th Round: D.c. in each d.c.

6th Round: D.c. to within 6 of centre front, 2 d.c. in next 2 d.c. 5 times.

Work 5 rounds without inc.

12th Round: D.c. to within 6 sts. of centre, miss 1 d.c., 2 d.c. in next 2 d.c. 5 times.

13th Round: D.c. in every st.

14th Round: Same as 12th round.

16th to 20th Rounds: D.c., finishing at side. Break off. Join in white wool. Work 6 rounds, dec. 1 st. in every 6 d.c. D.c. 4 more rounds until 24 sts. rem. Break off.

HEAD

Ch. 24, join with sl-st.

1st Round: D.c. in each ch., marking centre back.

2nd Round: * 2 d.c. in first st., 2 d.c. all round *.

3rd Round: D.c. all round.

4th Round: 9 d.c., (2 d.c. in next 3 d.c.) 5 times, d.c. to centre back.

5th Round: D.c. all round.

6th Round: 17 d.c., (2 d.c. in next 2 d.c.) 3 times, d.c. to end.

Work 8 rounds without inc.

15th Round: 6 d.c., miss 1 d.c. all around until 8 sts. rem. Gather up sts. and fasten off.

ARMS

Ch. 3, join with sl-st.

2 d.c. in each st. until there are 16 sts.

Work 26 rounds. Break off. Work another arm in the same manner.

EARS

3 ch., join in circle.

1st Row: 1 ch., turn, 2 d.c. in each st., 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 2 d.c. in each st., 1 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 2 d.c. in each st. Break off.

Make another ear the same.

BIB

Ch. 11, turn with 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each ch., 1 ch., turn. Work 8 rows as first.

Next Row: Work 2 d.c. and turn with 1 ch.

Work 18 rows on these 2 d.c. Break off.

Work 18 rows on first 2 sts. at other end to match.

SHOE

11 ch., turn with 1 ch., work 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 1 ch., turn.

Rep. this row 7 times. Work 7 d.c. along side of shoe, make 14 ch., work 7 d.c. up other side, 10 d.c. across front. Work 3 rounds of d.c., finishing at end of 14 ch. D.c. 7, miss 1 d.c., d.c. in next 7 d.c., miss 1 d.c., d.c. in next 13 d.c., miss 1 d.c. Work 3 more rounds, dec. at corner of toes and back of heel.

Make another shoe to match.

COLLAR

Ch. 24, work 1 d.c. in each d.c., break off wool.

TO MAKE UP

Fill body, arms, and head with padding. Stitch head to body and sleeves to side of shoulders. Stitch bib to front, cross straps and stitch at back. Stitch collar around neck. Stitch shoes to legs, pad and stitch seam at bottom. Stitch on ears, 2 buttons for eyes, and embroider mouth and nose, also hands. Wind white wool around piece of wood 6 times. Tie at middle and cut ends. Stitch on head to form hair. Embroider pockets and waistline as illustrated.

GRETCHEN

Materials: 2 balls white, 1 ball yellow Patons Totem knitting wool; 4yds. ¼in. ribbon; small scraps of black and red felt; pale blue embroidery cotton; No. 7 crochet hook; piece of cardboard 20in. d e e p; wadding; striped material 10 x 18in. wide.

Measurements: 13in. long.

Wind white wool 100 times round cardboard, tie strands firmly together at one end (this will be top of head). Cut strands at opposite end.

HEAD

Make ball of wadding the size of golf ball. Tie wool strands firmly again 3in. down from top of head. Insert ball of wadding.

ARMS

Take 36 strands each side of head and tie ends firmly, fold in half and tie together at back of neck. With needle and thread of wool, take few sts. to make firm. Cut strands in half and plait, leaving 1in. free. Tie firmly.

LEGS

Divide rem. strands in half and plait each leg, leaving 1in. free. Tie firmly.

FRINGE

With crochet hook and yellow wool, make 11 ch., turn with 1 ch., work 1 d.c. into each ch. to end, turn with 1 ch.

Next Row: * Insert hook into 1 d.c., wind wool over hook and first two fingers twice, draw 3 loops through, then draw wool through the 3 loops, rep. from * to end of row. Fasten off, leaving about 8in. Unravel wool, stitch across forehead, and cut to shape.

EYES

Cut 2 small circles of black felt, work a blue french knot in centre of each, sew to face. Cut a tiny heart-shaped piece for mouth and two tiny triangles for nostrils, stitch to face.

HAIR

Cut cardboard to 12in. depth. Wind yellow wool round 36 times, tie one end very loosely, cut opposite ends, back-stitch centre of tie for 1½in. to form centre parting of hair. Stitch to head, plait ends to length required, tie ends, cut 1in. below tie.

Fold material in half, overlapping selvedge for 2in; turn ¼in. hem each end, with running thread. Slip doll between, gather round neck. Gather round legs, stitch between legs for 1½in. Tie a bow of ribbon round neck, each leg, arm, and plaits.

IS YOUR BABY WORTH 4'10

Pretty Little Glenda Mitchell 17 months

Yes, that's all it costs for a month's supply of Curlypet. Read Mrs. K. Mitchell's glowing tribute to Curlypet . . .

"Glenda's photo enclosed shows her curly hair as the result of Curlypet. I want to express my thanks for Curlypet. Glenda owes her beautiful curls to Curlypet."

To soothe scalp irritations, to promote healthy hair growth and to give your baby a head of curls everyone will love, start using Curlypet TO-DAY!

Makes baby's hair grow curly.

Curlypet

Positive relief from-RHEUMATISM

is within your grasp, too! People unable to lead normal lives, because of Rheumatic pain, find A.R. TABS soon have them walking and working easily. Quickly and efficiently A.R. TABS spread relief to all parts of the body stricken with Rheumatism. Buy today the positive Rheumatism relief — 8/6 and 15/- at all Chemists.

Wards **A.R. TABS**

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Effective Home Treatment

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"VANIX"

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I suffered agony from

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UNTIL a friend recommended Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. How I wish I'd discovered them sooner. Corns never worry me now. These little tailored pads give wonderful relief and you can completely remove corns with the medicated discs provided.

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My lipstick and nail enamel shade: Revlon's "Persian Melon." Jewelry by Van Cleef & Arpels. Contempera—in your choice of 7 becoming shades.

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Tour up to 5,000 miles — take up to 20 friends if you wish.

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These people are saying how much coffee enjoyment they get from NEW NESCAFÉ.
1. Read the 4 remarks (A), (B), etc. in the coupon. Then decide which New Nescafé enthusiast said which. Example: if you think the girl in No. 2 picture made remark (B), "It takes 43 beans in every cup to give NEW NESCAFÉ real coffee taste and real coffee lift" put (2) in the square beside remark (B) on the coupon.
2. Look at No. 5 picture, and tell in your own words what you think this woman said. (Write in the lines provided on the coupon — not more than 15 words please!)
3. Add your name and address and mail to the New Nescafé Contest address on the coupon together with a Nescafé label.*

1043 PRIZES — YOU'VE A WONDERFUL CHANCE TO WIN!

FIRST PRIZE: Up to 5,000 miles in your own chartered plane, taking up to 20 people with you, anywhere in Australia, plus £250 spending-money! Travel king-style — the whole country's your playground: the plane and crew yours to command. Plan a route and pick your stop-overs, from Townsville to Tasmania; Sydney to the sunny West. **21 SECOND PRIZES:** Nests of 3 craftsman-built Coffee Tables. **21 THIRD PRIZES:** Quality English China 16-piece Coffee Sets. **1,000 SPECIAL PRIZES:** Fabulous "Golden Look" Nescafé Pyrex Coffee Servers.

Still 43 beans in every cup

Remark (A) "NEW NESCAFÉ sure has a swinging flavour . . . and still 43 beans in every cup!" ☐
(B) "It takes 43 beans in every cup to give NEW NESCAFÉ real coffee taste and real coffee lift." ☐
(C) "Still 43 beans in every cup — and NEW NESCAFÉ flavour's so right when you entertain!" ☐
(D) "You get all the fresh-brewed flavour and aroma of 43 beans in your cup of NEW NESCAFÉ!" ☐

I think the woman in picture No. 5 said .....

.....

.....

.....

NEW NESCAFÉ CONTEST
P.O. Box 423, Crown St., Sydney.
I agree to the New Nescafé Contest rules as published with this coupon.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... **STATE** .....

*Label not required where this contravenes State laws.

NE954/62

RULES:
1. No limit to the number of entries provided each is accompanied by a New Nescafé label (except where this contravenes State laws.
2. Closing date is Friday 26th Oct., 1962. No entries received after this date will be considered.
3. Employees (and their families) of Nestlé's and their advertising agents are not eligible.
4. Winning answer and names of 43 major prize winners will appear in "Women's Weekly" issue of Wednesday 19th December, 1962. Other winners will be notified by mail.
5. The Judge's decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
6. First prize allows you up to 5,000 miles flying anywhere in Australia (including Tasmania but not New Guinea), subject to D.C.A. regulations concerning landing of passenger aircraft, etc. You plan your route, "stop-overs" etc., but the trip must be taken within 6 months of publication of results — take-off date to be mutually agreed upon between the winner and Nestlé's.
7. Winning entries become the property of the Nestlé Company (Australia) Limited, and may be used for advertising purposes.

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ARE YOU A GOOD PARENT?

● *All parents know, or they soon find out, that being a good parent requires infinite patience, durability, wisdom, and hope. Even the best fail sometimes. Fortunately, most pull through.*

● *In this test, each question has four possible answers. Check the one which most nearly fits what you do. Be honest! Mark what you actually do, not what you think you ought to do.*

For mothers:

1. When you and your family are at home, your appearance is:
(a) usually neat?
(b) frequently sloppy?
(c) usually sloppy?
(d) always neat and attractive?

2. In setting an example for the children of tidiness and efficiency, you would rate your housekeeping as:
(a) generally poor?
(b) usually average?
(c) usually good?
(d) usually excellent?

3. When at home you:
(a) are almost constantly criticising the children and/or your husband?
(b) rarely criticise?
(c) usually criticise?
(d) never criticise?

4. Since you left school you have:
(a) hardly read a book or acquired a hobby?
(b) never read a book or acquired a hobby?
(c) read a little or acquired a hobby?
(d) read a great deal or acquired several satisfying hobbies?

5. Your notion of how your husband and children should perform their duties is:
(a) to demand top-notch work?
(b) to be content with average performance?
(c) to be content with what they do?
(d) no matter how well they do their tasks you are seldom satisfied?

For fathers:

1. After working hours you:
(a) usually play with the children?
(b) always want to be left alone?
(c) usually are too tired to enjoy them?
(d) always want to spend some time with the children?

2. You believe that:
(a) people active in community affairs are usually busybodies?
(b) if people want to be active in community affairs it's their business—you are neutral on the question?
(c) it is important to participate in community activities?
(d) there are few community activities that you would like to support?

3. When at home you:
(a) are almost constantly criticising the children and/or your wife?
(b) rarely criticise?
(c) usually criticise?
(d) never criticise?

4. You are:
(a) constantly planning and working to get ahead and improve yourself?
(b) only slightly ambitious?
(c) content to remain in your present job for the rest of your life?
(d) actively engaged in advancing or improving yourself much of the time?

5. Your notion of how your wife and children should perform their duties is:
(a) to demand top-notch work?
(b) to be content with average performance?
(c) to be content with what they do?
(d) no matter how well they do their tasks you are seldom satisfied?

For mothers and fathers

6. You believe (and practise) the idea that:
(a) children should be allowed to say anything they think?
(b) "children should be seen but not heard"?
(c) they should express themselves with proper regard for the feelings of others?
(d) only occasionally should children be permitted to say what they want to?

7. You believe (and practise) the idea that:
(a) children should be given responsibilities according to their age and ability to assume them?
(b) children should be given responsibilities only when grown up (say above 14)?
(c) children should be given comparable responsibilities to those you bore when you were their age?
(d) your children should be given the same responsibilities as their friends have?

8. As a parent you:
(a) never openly show affection for your children?
(b) occasionally show affection for them?
(c) constantly show them affection?
(d) usually show affection for them?

9. When there is a decision to be made concerning the family, you:
(a) make the decision alone?
(b) hate making decisions and leave it to others?
(c) let the family participate in the decision?
(d) always make the decision jointly with the family?

10. Can you take a joke or do you:
(a) always resent it and brood over it?
(b) usually take it in good spirit?
(c) rarely resent it and then only briefly?
(d) never let it bother you?

11 You conform with accepted social convention:
(a) only when you have no other choice?
(b) usually, but with occasional reluctance?
(c) you ridicule convention and refuse to conform?
(d) always with good grace?

12. Your attitude and typical practice toward your children is:
(a) to refrain from close supervision when they can take care of themselves?
(b) to supervise them closely until they are married?
(c) to supervise them as much as their friends are supervised?
(d) to leave them on their own at a very early age?

13. You:
(a) do not want your children to associate with members of other races or religious faiths?
(b) let your children make up their own minds about members of minority groups?
(c) try to foster in your children friendly attitudes toward members of other groups?
(d) want your children to spend most of their free time with members of their own faith and race?

14. Your behaviour at home is:
(a) usually unselfish?
(b) about evenly divided between selfishness and unselfishness?
(c) usually rather selfish?
(d) usually very selfish?

15. When there are chores to be done which your children could do, you:
(a) usually insist that the children do them?
(b) usually do them yourself rather than put up with their dawdling or carelessness?
(c) alternate between insisting they do it and doing it yourself?
(d) generally bribe or pay them to do it?

16. Your disposition at home is:
(a) usually irritable or complaining?
(b) about equally divided between pleasant and unpleasant moods?
(c) usually pleasant?
(d) unpredictable?

17. You are rearing (or expect to rear) your children with the idea that:
(a) sex is something they had best learn about when they become adults?
(b) sex information is (or will be) available to them as soon as they show curiosity?
(c) full sex information is (or will be) available in accordance with their readiness to absorb it?
(d) they can learn about sex from their teachers or from books, but you prefer not to discuss it?

18. Your view and practice regarding money is:
(a) you only live once — spend freely even if you run into debt?
(b) you must always think about a rainy day?
(c) an occasional extravagance can't hurt?
(d) live up to your income, but don't run into debt?

19. You think that the best way to correct a child is:
(a) to ridicule him?
(b) to punish him?
(c) hope he will correct his own mistakes?
(d) to point out his error and tell him that you expect him to correct it?

20. You believe that:
(a) it's good for the family to go on picnics and excursions and generally to have fun together?
(b) each member of the family should find his own amusement?
(c) you relax best only when away from the family?
(d) the family should always be together?

Mothers' score

No.	a	b	c	d	score
1	3	2	1	4	
2	1	2	3	4	
3	1	4	2	3	
4	2	1	3	4	
5	3	4	2	1	
6	2	1	4	3	
7	4	1	3	2	
8	1	2	4	3	
9	2	1	3	4	
10	1	3	2	4	
11	2	4	1	3	
12	4	2	3	1	
13	1	3	4	2	
14	4	3	2	1	
15	4	2	3	1	
16	1	3	4	2	
17	1	3	4	2	
18	1	3	4	2	
19	1	2	3	4	
20	4	3	1	2	
				TOTAL	

IF YOU SCORED:

64-80 You are probably superior

48-63 You are probably above average

29-47 You are probably average

1-28 You are probably below average

Fathers' score

No.	a	b	c	d	score
1	3	1	2	4	
2	1	2	4	3	
3	1	4	2	3	
4	4	2	1	3	
5	3	4	2	1	
6	2	1	4	3	
7	4	1	3	2	
8	1	2	3	4	
9	2	1	3	4	
10	1	3	2	4	
11	2	4	1	3	
12	4	2	3	1	
13	1	3	4	2	
14	4	3	2	1	
15	4	2	3	1	
16	1	3	4	2	
17	1	3	4	2	
18	1	3	4	2	
19	1	2	3	4	
20	4	3	1	2	
				TOTAL	

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If it's not labelled . . . it's not **Dunlopillo**

THE ORIGINAL FOAMED RUBBER

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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● Girl Guide leaders in Great Britain are being provided with a booklet which is a sort of Learner Code on the subject of sex. "Learning about sex is like learning to drive a car," the booklet says.

THERE are certain safety rules and certain courtesy rules, and the booklet points out that there are lots of parallels between the rules of the road and the rules for relationships between the sexes.

Here are some of the bits of advice given to teenagers:

"**Rules of the Road.** Never let your pace be such that you can't stop at a moment's notice. Don't wait for the red light — stop at the amber.

"**Without a Licence.** The real argument for virtue is not that vice is dangerous but that virtue is lovely.

"**Courtesy Code.** Boys and girls need to understand each other's make-up if they are to exercise real consideration for one another.

"**Perils of the Road.** Girls should not invite trouble by hitch-hiking in provocative brief shorts and sketchy blouses."

All of this seems sound advice to me, but I'd go even further on the "perils of the road." Both as a parent and as a driver, I'm prejudiced against hitch-hiking.

It always seems madness to me for any young thing to hitch à lift with some complete stranger — if for no other reason than because he might have been drinking heavily enough to affect his driving or he might be a reckless and dangerous driver.

As a motorist, I'm perfectly willing to give lifts to people when I'm out in the country, but in town I always sail past the thumb-waving schoolboys you see on every main road, muttering to myself, "You walk, sonny, it's good exercise."

Is Dad the "mouse about the house"?

AN Australian sociologist has gone on record as saying recently that one of the serious problems for modern children is to know just what constitutes manliness and womanliness.

Certainly things aren't as clear-cut now as they were a couple of generations ago, when certain tasks in the household belonged exclusively to the mother and others to the father.

Nowadays so many mums go out to work to help balance the family budget and so many dads have learnt to be quite a useful hand with the dishmop and the washing-machine that children are getting confused between the masculine and feminine images.

"Around the home the father has ceased to be the dominating, adventurous figure he was in the pioneering days," this expert says.

"In Australia's growing urbanisation and industrialisation fewer and fewer men are able to work as their own bosses. They become employees in big firms or bureaucratic organisations like the Public Service, with fewer chances of giving orders and being dominating figures.

"Because these men feel like stooges to other men, they also lose their incentive to assert themselves in a masculine way in their own homes and with their children."

Other things that confuse the issues for small children are the ways women often administer the family budget, act as the main disciplinarian, and even make more use of the family car than their husbands do.

Experts agree that it's difficult to avoid this confusing of roles in modern family life, but they suggest certain rules both for husbands and wives which they say will not only make things clearer for the children but also improve relationships between the parents themselves.

They suggest that women should cultivate feminine attributes like being courteous and gracious, as well as keeping themselves attractive and well groomed; they should pay attention to the traditional women's interests, like shopping and cards, interior decorating and their children's school progress; they should back up their husbands as "boss" in the house.

And the men? They should associate themselves with a masculine type of sport, assume the role of highest authority in the home, make the major decisions, discipline the children, let them hear him speak for or against things in a positive manner, and see that the spirit of adventure isn't dead in him yet.

The wretched House of They

WE'VE been having "They" trouble this week. "They" are people I particularly detest when they turn up in family arguments.

"They say you don't need to go to the dentist more than every two years if you use Blank's toothpaste," Mike tells me when I remind him that there's an appointment coming up.

"But I can't wear that ghastly skirt," Di says. "They're not wearing them at all this year."

"They" are always shooting off their mouths about something!

We've also had "They say it's not worth working for public exams, because they mark them with a computer and it's all a matter of luck how you get on" (Diana). "They say we're getting an extra fortnight's holiday for the Queen's visit next year" (optimistic Mike). ["They say all that old rot about needing green vegetables has been exploded" (K., who hates them). "They say Mrs. Dash has had three husbands already" (an unfounded bit of gossip about a new neighbor).

I'm no particular admirer of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's verse, but I like the one in which she says:

"Have you heard of the terrible family They,
And the dreadful, venomous things they say?
Why, half of the gossip under the sun,
If you trace it back, you will find begun
In that wretched House of They."

I also heartily dislike their first cousin, Nobody. "Nobody" is always cropping up in this house — "Nobody wears raincoats in the third term," "Nobody wears those sort of bathers any more," "Nobody bothers about writing 'thank you' notes," even good old "Nobody in this house cares what happens to me!"

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IT CONDITIONS . . . The foam from Style's Neutralizer-Shampoo is **enriched.** It conditions your hair—leaves it fresh, **fragrant** and shining with healthy highlights.

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SMART GIRLS Style THEIR HAIR! SHPS.143

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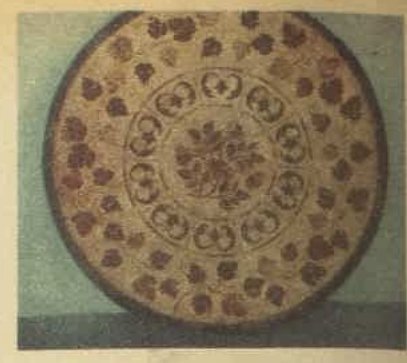
Collectors' Corner

● *A pair of Japanese vases.*

● ***Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about a pair of vases, a table-top, a wall plaque, and a spoon-holder.***

Could you tell me the age and origin of my vases? They are 10in. high and seem to be constructed of large and small pieces set in a wire frame. There are no markings.—Mrs. P. Ghee, Chermside, Brisbane.

The pair of vases (left) are comparatively modern, and are certainly not more than 50 years old. They are Japanese Cloisonne enamel.



● ***Inlaid marble table-top.***

The inlaid marble table-top is at least 70 years old and was originally mounted on a marble pedestal. The design is a central spray of flowers surrounded by whorls of grape leaves. What can you tell me about it, please?—Miss F. Hannan, Randwick, N.S.W.

Your table-top (above) is 19th-century Italian marble and was made between the years 1875 and 1880.

● ***Carved wall plaque.***

My plaque is white marble with figures beautifully carved in every detail, even to separate fingernails. The only marking is No. 10-2 in gold on the back. I also have a carved brass incense burner with the marks: Brass Reg. P I E. R 2 underneath it. How old are these, please?—Mrs. S. Hailger, Belmont, Vic.

The delightful plaque (above) is about 80 years old. The incense burner is also a 19th-century piece.

● ***Satyr spoon-holder.***

I would like you to identify three articles. The first is a small stoneware bowl with a moulded design and markings which look like H. B. Quimper, P. Quieccvic, 1119. The second piece is a spoon-holder and has no marks. The third is an unglazed white porcelain vase marked with a crown above a cross over the letter F.—Mrs. M. Klam, Lithgow, N.S.W.

The stoneware bowl is French faience, dated about 1890. It was made at Quimper (Finistere), near Brest. The double-faced satyr spoon-holder (above) is a rare example of English porcelain of the first quarter of the 19th century. It is probably Bloor Derby. The vase is Austrian, about 1890.

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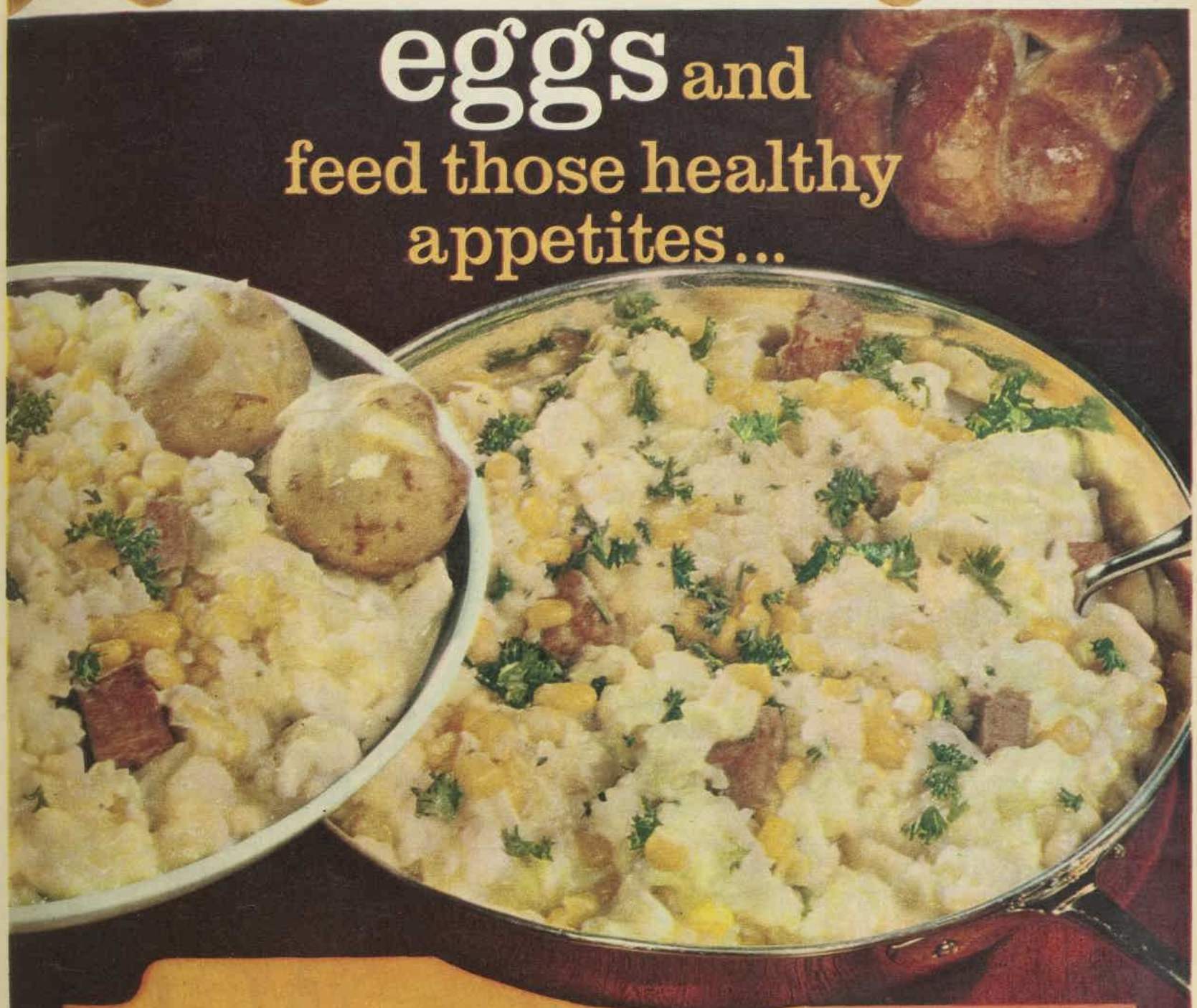
tonight take

eggs and feed those healthy appetites...



Golden scrambled eggs . . . stir in a few chunks of meat, sweet corn, sprigs of parsley . . . serve with vegetables. . . . . Result, a meal that is wholesome, hearty, and different. Eggs contain the same high grade protein as prime meat – without the fat! Eggs are good all through.

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Try Scrambled Eggs with

CORN (Illustrated): Add 1 10-oz. tin whole kernel corn (drained), diced luncheon meat, and chopped parsley to egg mixture (6 eggs slightly beaten with 6 tablespoons milk, salt and pepper). Scramble. Serves 3.

PRAWN: Add ½ lb. shelled prawns and 1 tablespoon chopped shallots to egg mixture. Scramble. Serve with chips. Serves 3.

COTTAGE CHEESE: Add ½ cup cottage cheese, and extra seasonings, to egg mixture. Scramble, then garnish with gherkin strips. Serves 3.

EB226/62

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A room to grow in

● Children's rooms should be designed to grow and expand as the youngsters get older and their needs change. This means planned flexibility.

STORAGE space in children's rooms should be adequate to take anything from nursery toys to teenage hobbies.

Furniture should be carefully planned so the room won't have to be refurnished completely every two or three years to suit changing tastes.

All that is needed to ring the changes in such a room is a new coat of paint and a few yards of inexpensive curtaining.

All surfaces in children's rooms should be able to stand knock-about treatment.

Timber floors can be plastic-finished and will stand plenty of rough wear. A couple of washable cotton scatter rugs will provide warmth beside the bed.

Use a washable paint for walls. One that can be scrubbed is even better.

There are many delightful wallpapers specially designed for children, most of them plastic-finished. It's a good idea to use them above dado level if the children are very young and likely to pull the paper off.

Furniture can be hard-lacquered in pretty pastels or gay, brilliant colors. Laminated plastic, contact adhesive paper, or plasticised fabric are ideal for topping benches, desks, or dressing-tables.

Sturdy, inexpensive fabrics such as duck, lightweight canvas, dyed hessian, and sailcloth can be made up into attractive and practical bedcovers.

Ample cupboards and open shelves at floor level give easy access and encourage children to put away their own toys and clothes.

A couple of deep drawers on castors that will slide out of sight under a bench can be pushed all through the house to collect articles left lying around. Get the child to do this himself and he will soon learn to be tidy.

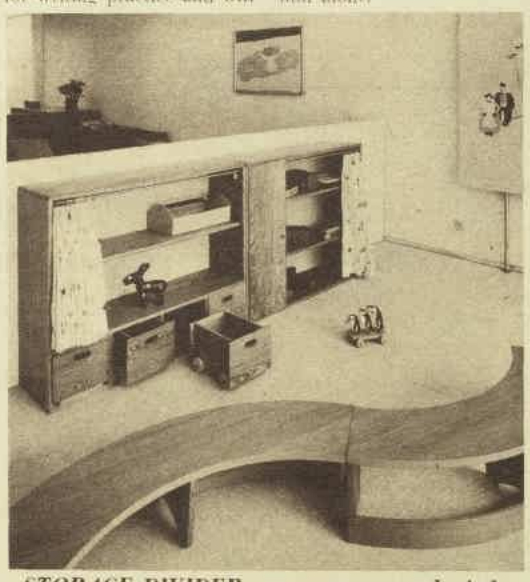
A section of lower wall painted with blackboard paint gives plenty of scope for writing practice and will save walls in other parts of the house.

Double bunks bring an air of adventure to the bedroom and will save space in a small room and leave more floor space for other activities. Timber bunks that can be separated into individual beds later on are the most practical.

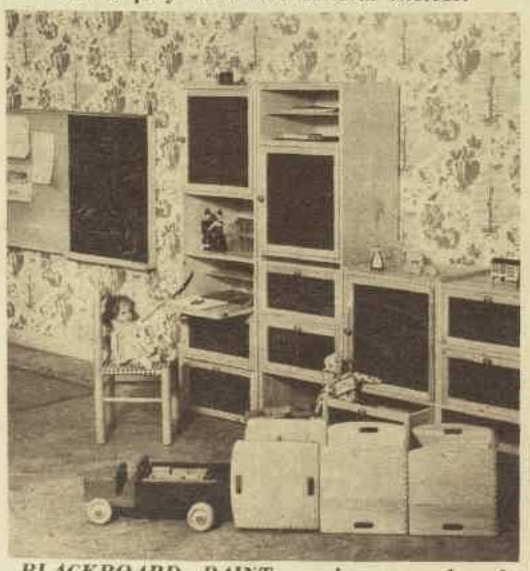
Children tend to live in a world of fantasy and you can play up to this with murals depicting circus scenes, fairies, and gnomes.

It's the individual touches that count in making a child's room a personal one, so he can feel it belongs to him alone.

***PRETTY PASTEL COLORS** are used for the painted furniture in this infant's room. Animal pictures are painted freehand.*



***STORAGE DIVIDER** separates one end of the main living-room, leaving it entirely for children's play. Curtains conceal shelves.*



***BLACKBOARD PAINT** used on cupboard fronts is handy for scribbling. Cupboards can be repainted later to match color scheme.*

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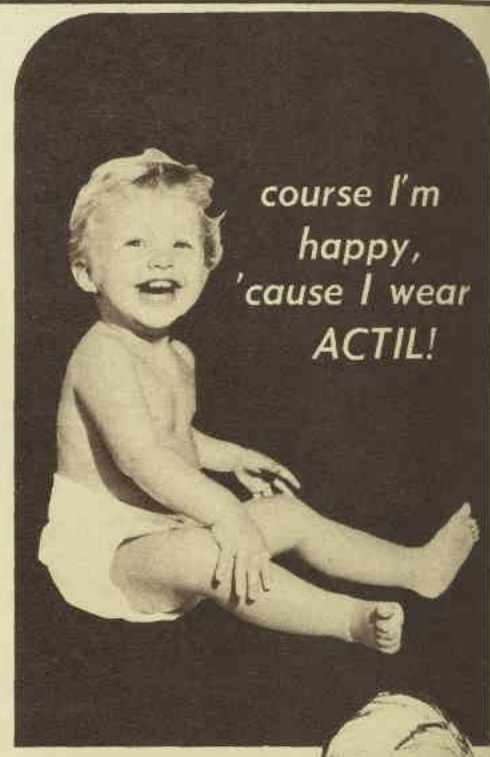

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HOME AND FAMILY

● Are you afraid your child will break valuable bric-a-brac or damage the furniture when you take him visiting? Go prepared, and he will be

A happy visitor

● *There's hardly a child alive who isn't likely to be irritating or troublesome when he pays a formal visit with you to friends or relatives who have no children — just when you hope he'll be an angel.*

By EDITH M. STERN

BUT with some advance planning and an occasional reminder during the visit, most children can be agreeable guests.

If your child is generally pleasant and co-operative at home, you may be reasonably sure he will behave equally well when he visits.

However, to ensure that everything goes smoothly it is a good idea to explain to him the fact that people are often expected to act differently when they are visiting.

At home he may be allowed to put his feet on the sofa or to help himself to your books or magazines. But you may have to make it firmly clear that when he's a guest "We keep our feet off the furniture," or "These aren't our books, so we mustn't take them."

Along with the restrictions, be sure to let him know that there may also be such delightful breaks from his home routine as skipping a nap, or eating sweets before lunch, or passing up milk in favor of ginger ale.

In helping your child (and your hostess) to enjoy the visit, keep in mind that any youngster will quickly become bored and restless unless an effort is made to include him in some conversation and to plan some activities just for him.

The plans may be as simple as taking along a favorite book or toy, or as complicated as having other children invited in to play. In either case, try to arrange for some time you and your friend will devote just to your child.

You might, for instance, all look at such special treasures as a doll that your friend has from her childhood or a piece of her china that she thinks is particularly beautiful.

If some of the visiting time is spent in this way with your child, then he can more reasonably be expected to keep himself occupied quietly for a while to permit some exclusively adult visiting.

In planning any visit, remember that a small child's tolerance for new and different situations can be overstrained quite quickly.

Two- to four-year-olds very easily become bored, tired, frightened, and bewildered, so try to keep the visit short. On a repeat visit, if the first one has been successful, the stay can be a bit longer.

Be prepared for the fact that despite your careful planning your child is likely to make some mistakes; he can't suddenly alter all his ways just because he isn't at home.

If he does something out of line, don't humiliate or punish him in public.

Quietly, or preferably in private, just tell him, "We can't do this now because we're not at home." Later, when you are at home, you can explain why.

And don't forget your own attitude—not only during a visit but beforehand, too. If you are tense and determined that your child show off how well he behaves, you may be sure that he will "catch" your tension and be at his worst.

But if, on the other hand, you relax and assume that your child is normal and will behave well, he is likely to do just that.

". . . because I'm being trained to carry out the day-to-day practical bedside nursing of our elderly patients in State Hospitals, and to look after their mental and physical well-being; helping them to do things for themselves too. It's rewarding work which I enjoy." The ASSISTANT-IN-NURSING TRAINING SCHOOL AT LIDCOMBE STATE HOSPITAL, SYDNEY, has an 18-MONTH DIPLOMA COURSE, offering an excellent opportunity for training in Geriatric Nursing, which is growing very important with the increasing numbers of our elderly citizens requiring hospital treatment.

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Personnel Officer, Department of Public Health, 52 Bridge St., Sydney. Please send free brochure of Assistant-in-Nursing Training Course.

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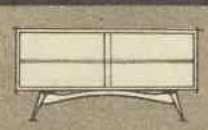
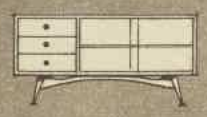
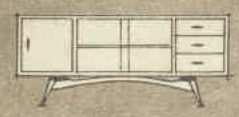


5 FT. CONTEMPORARY BUFFET/CHINA CABINET (China section has gay-colored interior, mirror back.)



5 FT. SCANDINAVIAN STYLE BUFFET for the large family home. (China section has mirror back and colored interior.)



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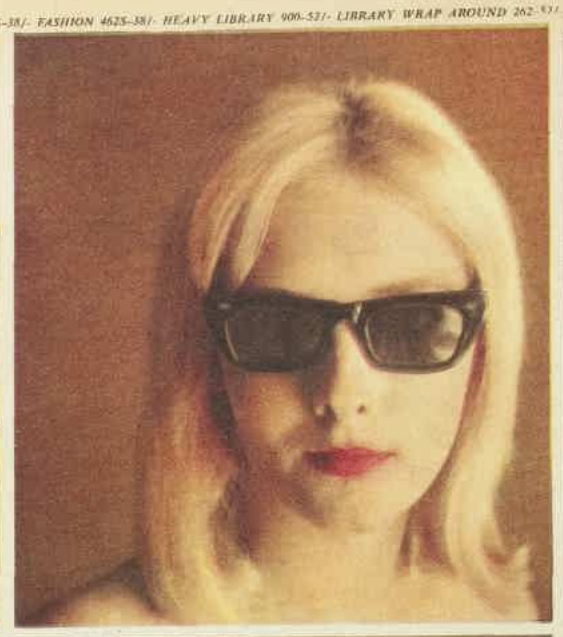
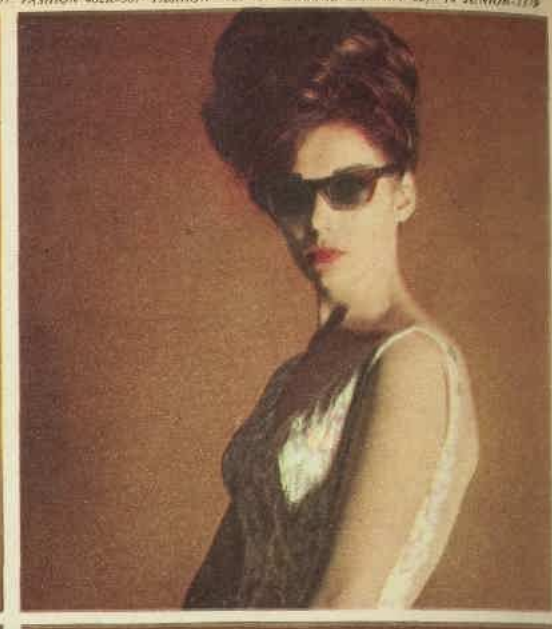

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photography Arthur Holland

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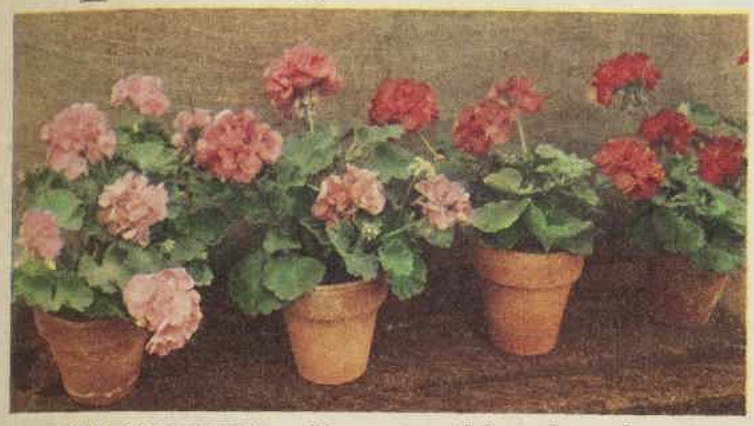
MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Geraniums and pelargoniums



FOUR GERANIUMS — Blossomtime, Salmon Irene, Irene, and Dark Red Irene.

GERANIUMS and pelargoniums grow happily in most garden soils that are well drained and in a sunny or semi-shaded position. Remember they go to leaf if the soil is too rich.

The geraniums have no dormant period and can be encouraged to flower the year round in frost-free districts. They may be grown from seed, but it is much surer and easier to get the plants from a nursery or strike cuttings from a friend's garden.

Cuttings can be taken at any time of the year, although autumn and early spring are the best times.

PELARGONIUMS flower in spring and summer. Their leaves are somewhat similar to those of the geranium, and their large blooms are frilled and ruffled, rather like an azalea.

Cut them back after flowering. It's better to strike new cuttings each year, as the older plants don't bloom so well. Strike cuttings in the same way as geraniums.

Gardening Book — page 25

HOLIDAY, one of the world's finest pelargoniums, is excellent for either pot or garden. The bloom is large and very much ruffled.

Pictures taken by staff photographer Ron Berg at Green Fingers Nursery, Mona Vale, N.S.W.

YUCATAN, another large pelargonium of unusual coloring. It is very popular here and abroad for pot or garden planting.

Gardening Book — page 26

Overleaf: PROPAGATION STEP BY STEP

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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Jiffy Pie Shells

SPICED: Add 2 teaspoons cinnamon.

GINGER: Use Arnott's famous Gingernuts for the crumbs.

WALNUT: Add 1/3 cup very finely chopped walnuts.

Plain: 2 cups fine biscuit crumbs (use Arnott's Nice, Milk Coffee or Milk Arrowroot), 4 ozs. melted or very soft butter. Crush the biscuits very finely with a rolling pin or—better still—put them through the mincer. Combine the crumbs thoroughly with the butter, then press firmly and evenly on to the bottom and sides of an 8" or 9" pie plate. Chill till firm—at least 30 minutes—before filling with any of the following: Instant Pudding, cooked and cooled pie filling, chiffon pie filling, ice cream, fruit and whipped cream. **P.S. Perfect for Cheesecake, too, but use an 8" springform tin.**

No time to make pastry for a cream or chiffon pie? Then just reach for a packet of Arnott's famous Milk Coffee biscuits! Your delectable butter crumb shell will "bake" in the refrigerator while you're preparing the filling (and it may help you win £1,000). Nothing could be simpler but—a word of warning—you **must** use butter and you **must** use Arnott's biscuits if you want your shell to really do you credit. There's no substitute for quality—which means no substitute for Arnott's and pure dairy butter.

BUTTER makes it better!

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Propagation of geraniums and pelargoniums

STEP BY STEP

1 Take a three- or four-inch cutting from a healthy plant, making a sharp cut just below a leaf junction. Now remove lower leaves.

2 Make a sharp, straight cut across the stem. Cutting is now 2 or 3in. long. Put peatmoss in the bottom of a pot, fill with very coarse river sand.

3 Insert cutting in a hole; if you are making a number of cuttings, place them in rows or around the edge. Spray lightly, being careful not to over-water the cuttings.

4 After root system has developed (in four to eight weeks, depending on season and other conditions) move cutting to a potting mixture of peatmoss and sand.

Gardening Book — page 27

DO'S AND DON'TS

HEALTHY geranium, dark red Irene, growing in a 4in. pot. (Don't use too large a pot; keep the roots confined.)

OVERFED plant has excess foliage and a complete absence of bloom. Perhaps it has also suffered a lack of sunshine.

UNDERFED, underwatered, this plant has been allowed to straggle. It is difficult to take successful cuttings.

OVERWATERING has caused yellowing of the lower leaves, stunting of blooms. It would eventually result in stem-rot.

Gardening Book — page 28

4 ways to tempt baby to energy-giving foods

Babies adore Heinz cereals. Know why? Because Heinz has so perfected them they're almost as easy to swallow as milk—and every bit as delicious. These are the smoothest, easiest to mix of all baby cereals. No wonder they're the chosen first solids for more and more Australian babies every day.

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RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

PRETTY PARFAITS . . .

Parfaits, served well chilled and in attractive tall glasses, add a gala touch to even a simple meal. Quick and easy to make and decorate, they are the ideal dessert for spring and summer menus.

TRADITIONALLY, a parfait is a rich dessert of iced cream flavored with syrup, but now the name represents any type of luscious concoction that is served in individual glasses.

Creamy iced mixtures or flavored ice-creams with layers of fresh or canned fruits, macaroons or marshmallows or nuts are some of the combinations that make a pretty and delicious parfait.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the parfait recipes on these two pages.

JAMAICAN RUBY

One can frozen loganberries, raspberries, or strawberries, 3 bananas, 2 trays vanilla ice-cream, 2 tablespoons chopped candied peel, sugar.

Thaw frozen berries and drain, reserving juice. Sweeten if desired with sugar. To assemble sweet, spoon a layer of loganberries into 6 tall glasses, arrange banana slices (cut diagonally) round sides of glasses. Spoon a scoop of ice-cream into each. Sprinkle with peel, spoon over more loganberries and a little juice. Lastly top with more ice-cream. Serve chilled.

DREAM DIVINITY

Two trays basic ice-cream, few drops green food coloring and lime flavoring, 2oz. grated chocolate, ½ cup chopped crystallised ginger, fresh mint sprigs.

Before last freezing, add green coloring and lime essence to 1 tray of ice-cream and grated chocolate to another; freeze. Before serving, place alternate scoops of lime and chocolate ice-cream into 6 tall glasses, sprinkling crystallised ginger throughout. Decorate with fresh mint sprigs.

SUMMER CLOUD

One can berries, ½ cup sugar, few strips lemon peel, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot, 1 packet coconut macaroons, 2 or 3 tablespoons sweet sherry, ½ pint whipped sweetened cream.

Drain syrup from berries into saucepan, add sugar and lemon strips. Allow to warm over low heat. Blend arrowroot with a little water and stir into mixture. Bring to the boil, simmer 1 minute. Remove peel, add berries and allow mixture to cool. Crush macaroons roughly and mix with sweet sherry. Cover and chill. To assemble sweets, spoon berry mixture into base of 6 glasses, top with macaroon mixture and then with whipped sweetened cream. Serve well chilled.

CHOCOLATE OPERETTA

One egg-white, sugar, 1 large can pear halves (drained), 4oz. grated chocolate, mint leaves, ½ pint cream (whipped and sweetened).

Beat egg-white slightly and coat rim of 6 tall glasses. Sprinkle with sugar and allow to dry. Arrange pears in prepared glasses, sprinkle with chocolate and mint leaves, and top with whipped sweetened cream. Decorate with mint sprigs.

DAY AND NIGHT

One tray chocolate ice-cream, ½ pint cream (whipped and flavored with 1 teaspoon sugar and a few drops vanilla essence), 3 sliced bananas, 1 cup chopped walnuts, few whole walnuts for decoration.

Place layers of chocolate ice-cream, whipped cream, sliced bananas, and walnuts into 6 sweets-glasses, finishing each with whipped cream. Top each with walnut half and serve.

ITALIAN SPECIAL

Two trays basic ice-cream, 2oz. melted chocolate, 1 teaspoon strawberry essence, pink coloring, 1 tablespoon each chopped red and green glace cherries, 1 teaspoon lime essence, green coloring, ¼ cup finely slivered almonds, 1 cup cake crumbs, 1 to 2 tablespoons sweet sherry or fruit juice, ¼ teaspoon mixed spice, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, whipped sweetened cream.

Divide basic ice-cream into 4 sections. Add melted chocolate to one; strawberry essence, pink coloring and red and green cherries to another; lime essence, green coloring, and slivered almonds to the third; and leave the fourth section plain. Fill into ice-cream trays and freeze until firm. Combine cake crumbs with sherry and spices; chill. To assemble sweet, spoon alternate layers of chocolate, lime, strawberry, and vanilla ice-cream into 6 tall glasses with crumb mixture. Top with cream and serve.

RUMANIAN MOCHA DREAM

Half cup strong black coffee, 1-3rd cup sugar, 2 egg-whites, 1 teaspoon rum or any other flavoring desired, ½ pint cream (whipped), 4oz. grated chocolate, 1 tray basic ice-cream, 12 vanilla wafer biscuits.

Combine sugar and coffee in saucepan and stir over gentle heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil and continue cooking without stirring until syrup spins thread (238 deg. F.). Beat egg-whites in bowl until stiff, gradually add hot syrup in fine thread, beating constantly until mixture is cool. Flavor with rum. Fold in whipped cream, pour into ice-cream trays and freeze until firm. To assemble sweets, place alternate layers of coffee and vanilla ice-cream mixtures into 6 tall sweets glasses, sprinkling each layer with grated chocolate and half the vanilla wafers (crushed). Top with remaining wafers and serve.

FROSTY SUNSHINE

One tablespoon cornflour, 1 large can peach slices, 2 cups peach syrup (make up with water if necessary), ½ cup orange marmalade, 2 trays basic ice-cream, ½lb. sponge or butter cake, lemon butter or jam, extra marmalade.

Measure cornflour into saucepan, gradually add peach syrup, stirring until mixture is smooth. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thick and transparent. Simmer 2 minutes. Stir in marmalade and chopped peaches; chill. To assemble sweets, place layer of chilled peach mixture into 6 tall sweets-glasses, then layer of cake (which has been cut into small cubes and spread with a little lemon butter). Add scoop of ice-cream. Continue layers until sweets-glasses are filled, finishing with scoop of ice-cream. Spoon over a little marmalade and serve.

DREAM CHEESE WHIP

Three egg-whites, ¼ cup sugar, pinch salt, ½ cup red currant or berry jam, 1 cup cottage cheese, 1 small can peach slices (drained free of syrup), ½ pint rich custard (see below).

Beat egg-whites until foamy, add sugar gradually with salt, continue beating until mixture is stiff. Sieve the cottage cheese and mix with jam, fold in meringue. Fill into 6 tall sweets-dishes in alternate layers with peaches and custard, finishing with peaches. Serve well chilled.

Custard: Three egg-yolks, ½ cup sugar, ½ pint milk, 1 small piece lemon peel, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Beat egg-yolks with sugar, add milk and lemon peel. Place in top half of double saucepan. Cook over simmering water until thickened. Remove at once from heat, take out lemon peel, and add vanilla. Allow to cool in basin until required.

Note: A little sweet sherry would give interesting flavor variation.

CHERRY-RIPE DELIGHT

Half cup sugar, 1 cup canned chopped peaches, ½ cup chopped crystallised cherries, ½ cup peach syrup, juice of ½ lemon, ½ pint cream, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 to 2 trays of basic ice-cream, 1 packet jelly crystals (any flavor desired), mint sprigs.

First dissolve jelly crystals in ¾ pint boiling water (a little of the syrup from the peaches could be used in place of some of the water if desired). Add sugar to chopped peaches and cherries, also peach syrup and lemon juice. Place in refrigerator 30 minutes. Whip cream with vanilla, fold into fruit. Fill into ice-cream tray and freeze until firm. Spoon mixture into 6 tall glasses in alternate layers with ice-cream and chopped jelly, finishing with jelly. Top each glass with sugared mint sprig.

Sugared Mint: Beat 1 egg-white slightly and coat washed and well-dried mint sprigs lightly. Sprinkle with a little castor sugar and allow to dry before using.

TROPIC HOLIDAY

One quantity basic ice-cream, ½ cup crushed strawberries, pink coloring, 1 small can crushed pineapple (drained), 3 bananas, lemon juice, shredded coconut.

Make up ice-cream, and before last freezing divide mixture in halves. Leave one half plain and to remaining half add crushed strawberries and a few drops pink food coloring; freeze both mixtures. To make up sweets, place spoonful of crushed pineapple in base of 6 tall sweets-glasses. Cover with scoop of vanilla ice-cream, more pineapple, and sliced bananas (which have been dipped in a little lemon juice to prevent discoloration). Top each with scoop of strawberry ice-cream, coconut, and serve.

TOTEM POLE FAVORITES

Two egg-yolks (well beaten), ½ cup golden syrup, ¼ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, 1 cup cream, 2 egg-whites, few drops peppermint essence, chocolate sticks (bought or homemade; see recipe below), 1 large can pear halves, pink food coloring, extra whipped sweetened cream, grated chocolate or chocolate sauce.

To beaten egg-yolks add golden syrup, salt, and half the sugar. Beat well, stir in milk and stiffly beaten egg-whites, add remainder of sugar and continue beating until thick. Fold in the whipped cream. Flavor with peppermint, freeze in trays of refrigerator. To assemble sweets, spoon layer of frozen mixture into 6 tall sweets-dishes. Arrange chocolate sticks up sides of glasses, placing on an angle or straight up and down. Next spoon in layer of chopped canned pears (which have been tinted pink with a little food coloring). Continue layers of ice-cream and pears until glasses are filled. Top each with a swirl of whipped sweetened cream and a little grated chocolate or chocolate sauce.

Chocolate Sticks: Half cup castor sugar, ¼ cup butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, 4oz. sweet chocolate, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 cup flour, vanilla essence, melted chocolate for coating (add a little solid white shortening to chocolate for a shiny appearance and firmer consistency when set).

Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolk, flavor with vanilla. Stir in sifted dry ingredients and take small pieces between palms of the hand and mould into sticks about ½in. thick and 3in. long. Place on ungreased slide, chill until very firm in refrigerator. Remove, bake in moderately hot oven 8 to 10 minutes. Melt chocolate and, when the biscuit sticks are cold, coat with chocolate.

How to make your own ice-cream

● Here are a selection of basic ice-cream recipes which can be used in any of the parfait recipes on these two pages. Add flavor and color as desired.

JUNKET ICE-CREAM

Two cups milk, ¼ cup sugar, 1 cup cream, 1 junket tablet, 1 teaspoon water, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Soften junket tablet in cold water, then crush. Heat milk and sugar, stir until sugar has dissolved, then cool to lukewarm. Mix with dissolved junket tablet and set aside in warm place until firmly set. Whip cream, combine with junket and pour into trays, freeze until a stiff mush. Remove from trays, place in chilled basin and beat well. Flavor with vanilla, replace in trays and freeze until firm.

JIFFY ICE-CREAM

One can sweetened condensed milk, ½ pint cream, 1 pint milk.

Chill milk in which condensed milk has been dissolved. Stir in very lightly whipped cream. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze.

NEW-STYLE ICE-CREAM

One large can evaporated milk, juice 1 lemon, ½ to ¾ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, pinch salt.

Boil unopened can of milk the day before you need ice-cream. Cover can well and boil quickly 20 minutes, then cool quickly in cold water. Place in refrigerator overnight to chill. Put contents into large bowl and beat well until thick and fluffy. Add sugar, lemon juice, vanilla essence, salt, and beat well. Fill into ice-cream trays, freeze quickly 10 minutes. Turn out into bowl and whisk again thoroughly. Return to trays, freeze 20 minutes and whisk again. Put back into trays and freeze.

CUSTARD ICE-CREAM

One cup milk, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 egg-whites, 2 egg-yolks, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup cream.

Mix sugar and cornflour and blend with warmed milk. Cook in top of double saucepan 10 minutes. Cool slightly and add well-beaten egg-yolks. Cook slowly 5 minutes, stirring well. Cool, add slightly beaten cream, then vanilla and stiffly beaten egg-whites, salt. Pour into tray and freeze in refrigerator.

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they look cool and taste luscious

APRICOT RIPPLE

One can apricots, 1½oz. sugar, 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ pint whipped cream, ½lb. marshmallows (bought or homemade), 1 tray basic ice-cream.

Drain syrup from apricots, place syrup in saucepan. Add sugar, cook 10 minutes. While hot, pour slowly over beaten egg-whites, beating continuously; allow to cool. Press apricots through coarse sieve; chill. Fold lemon juice and whipped cream into beaten mixture, then stir in apricot pulp. Chill. To assemble sweets, place alternate layers of apricot mixture, chopped marshmallows into 6 tall sweets-glasses. Place scoop of ice-cream on each and serve.

FRUIT TANTALISER

One and a half cups sugar, 1½ cups water, juice of large lemon, juice of large orange, shredded rind of ½ orange and ½ lemon, 3 mashed bananas, 1 small can pineapple pieces, ½ pint cream (whipped), extra whipped sweetened cream.

Place sugar and water in saucepan, stir until sugar dissolves. Add fruit rinds and boil 2 minutes. Fold in fruit juices, mashed bananas, pineapple, and syrup from can. Cool. Fold in cream, pour into refrigerator trays. Freeze until icy. Serve in 6 sweets-dishes topped with whipped cream.

RASPBERRY SUNDAE

One quantity of basic ice-cream, 1 can frozen raspberries (or any other berries desired), ½ pint cream (whipped and sweetened).

Allow raspberries to thaw and drain. Sweeten if desired. Whip and sweeten cream, cover and place in refrigerator until serving time. To make up sweets, place a spoonful of ice-cream into each of 6 tall glasses, spoon over half the raspberries, add another layer of ice-cream and raspberries, and top sweets with whipped cream.

ALPINE WONDER

Two large oranges, 1 cup walnuts, 1 cup marshmallows, ½ cup sugar, ½ pint cream, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, shredded coconut.

Peel and slice oranges into small pieces. Drain well. Add chopped walnuts, marshmallows (which have been chopped and mixed with sugar to prevent from sticking). Whip cream until thick, flavor with vanilla, and fold into mixture. Spoon into 6 sweets-glasses, top with coconut.

CITRON PLEASER

One packet orange or mandarin flavored jelly crystals, water, 1 small can mandarin sections, 2 trays ice-cream, ½lb. bought or homemade marshmallows, ½ pint whipped sweetened cream, 6 glace cherries.

Open can of mandarins and drain off liquid, make up to ½ pint with water. Heat liquid and stir into jelly crystals; stir until dissolved. Allow to cool, place in refrigerator and chill until beginning to thicken. Place ice-cream into a chilled bowl and beat lightly, add jelly and half mandarin sections, beat until smooth. Assemble sweets by spooning layers of cream mixture, mandarin sections, and chopped marshmallows into 6 tall glasses. Top each with dob of whipped sweetened cream and a glace cherry. Chill.

ALMOND CRUSH

One quantity basic ice-cream, 4oz. bar almond brittle, 1 small can peach slices, 1 packet jelly crystals (any flavor desired), 1 punnet strawberries, ½ cup slivered almonds.

Fold crushed almond brittle into basic ice-cream before final freezing; freeze. Make up jelly, using only ¾ pint hot water (use some of the peach syrup if desired). Chill. Wash and hull strawberries, cut in halves. Reserve a few for top of glasses. To assemble sweets, spoon alternate layers of ice-cream, peach slices, chopped jelly, and strawberries into 6 tall glasses, finishing with ice-cream. Top with reserved strawberries and slivered almonds.

CHOC-MALLOW DELIGHT

One ounce gelatine, ½ cup milk, extra 2 cups milk, ½ cup sugar, 2oz. chocolate, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½lb. chopped marshmallows (bought or homemade), ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 egg-white, ½ pint cream, extra whipped cream, and grated chocolate.

Soak gelatine in milk 5 minutes. Combine extra milk, sugar, and chopped chocolate in saucepan, stir over heat until chocolate has melted and sugar dissolved. Remove from heat, cool slightly and add gelatine, beat until smooth. Chill until slightly thickened, then fold in vanilla, marshmallows, walnuts, stiffly beaten egg-white, and whipped cream. Pour into 6 tall sweets-glasses, top each with dob of whipped cream and grated chocolate.

pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron.

● *PARFAITS shown above are Jamaican Ruby, Dream Divinity, Summer Cloud, and Chocolate Operetta. Conventional parfait glasses are not necessary when serving these delicious desserts. Tall tumblers, sweets-dishes, or wineglasses can be used.*

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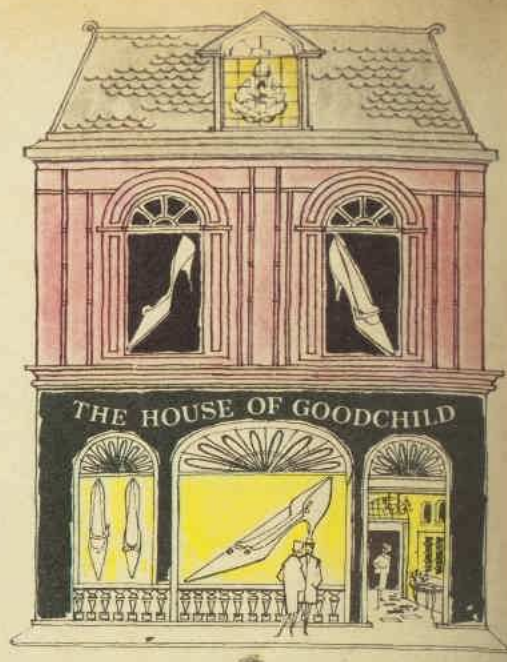

top Italian styling at 39/11

and two of these adorable styles also in girls' sizes

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39/11

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CT067—Buckle-front flat in leather and suede. White/natural, String/natural, Fleece/natural. Sizes 2-7.
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CT069—Wedge-heeled flat in leather and suede, saddle-stitched. White/natural, String/natural, Fleece/natural, Smoke/natural. Sizes 2-7.
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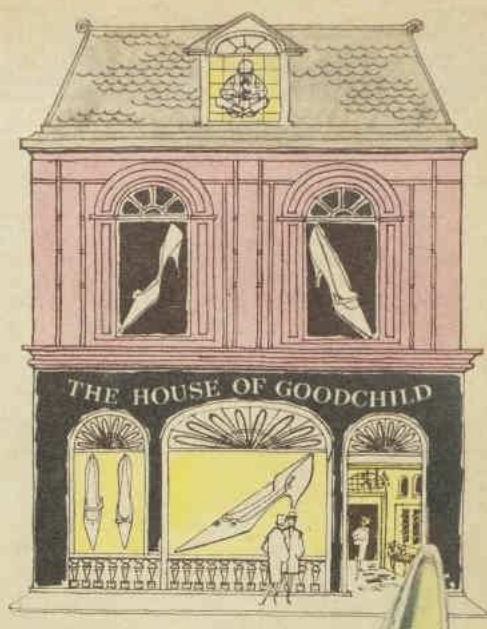
by Knight

spring fashion flats
as light in weight as they are in price



29/11
CB008—Punched leather flat in White, Smoke, String, Martini and other colours.

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EC001—Buckle-strap flat in Tangerine, White, Fleece, Yellow, Red, Green and other shock colours.

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CQ030—Airy flat with punched front in shades of White or Bone.

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CB009—Punched leather flat in White, Smoke, String, Martini and other colours for spring.

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Hit parade of butter and cheese recipes contest

THE recipe at right is the fourth in a new £3000 cookery contest in which butter and cheese are featured.

The contest is being conducted by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

First prize is £1000; second prize, £500; third prize, £300; fourth prize, £200.

A series of six recipes will be published in this contest. Competitors are asked to make them up, test them for themselves, and then state their order of selection.

An entry form for the contest appeared in a color advertisement in our September 26 issue. Another entry form will be published in a color advertisement in next week's issue.

Closing date for entries is October 25.

RECIPE No. 4

JIFFY PIE-SHELLS

Plain: Two cups fine, sweet biscuit crumbs, 4oz. melted or very soft butter.

Crush the biscuits very finely with a rolling-pin or — better still — put them through the mincer. Combine the crumbs thoroughly with the butter, then press firmly and evenly on to the bottom and sides of an 8in. or 9in. pie-plate. Chill until firm—at least 30 minutes—before filling with any of the following: Instant pudding, cooked and cooled pie filling, chiffon pie filling, ice-cream, fruit, and whipped cream.

Note: Perfect for cheesecake, too, but use an 8in. spring-form tin.

Spiced: Add 2 teaspoons cinnamon.

Ginger: Use gingernuts for the crumbs.

Walnut: Add 1-3rd cup very finely chopped walnuts.

HAY FEVER?

see the Spring through with a packet of KLEENEX* tissues

Spring is such a lovely time—for some. But if the golden blooming of wattle turns you into a miserable, snivelling creature with sneezes, moist of eye and nose—stand by with a packet of Kleenex Tissues. You'll eliminate that endless hankie washing, and Kleenex Tissues are so soft, so strong, and so comforting to noses, you'll want to carry a packet with you everywhere. Easy to dispose of, too. You'll find them in four sizes—6d., 1/6, 2/-, 3/9.

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KK736A

£5 for pickle

A RECIPE for sliced cucumbers pickled in a spicy vinegar mixture wins the £5 main prize in our weekly cookery contest for readers.

Two consolation prizes of £1 each have been awarded for a banana spread suitable for cake fillings and toppings, and a simple apple custard dessert which uses up leftover bread.

All spoon measurements are level.

BREAD AND BUTTER PICKLES

Four quarts cucumbers sliced fairly thin (do not skin), 6 medium-sized white onions (sliced), 1 green and 1 red pepper (both cut in thin strips), 4 cloves garlic, 1/3rd cup salt, 3 cups white vinegar, 5 cups sugar, 1¼ tablespoons turmeric, 1¼ teaspoons celery seed, 2 tablespoons mustard.

Place layers of cucumber, onions, peppers and whole garlic cloves into large bowl. Sprinkle each layer with salt. Then mix tray of ice cubes through pickles. Put another trayful on top. Set aside 3 hours to make pickles crisp. Drain, divide into 2 batches for cooking (it is best to cook in small quantities to keep crispness and greenness). Combine vinegar, sugar, spices. Pour over pickles and heat to boiling. Ladle into sterilised pint jars. Keep at least one month before using.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. Joan Vivian, 10 Fairway Ave., St. Ives, N.S.W.

CITRUS BANANA SPREAD

Three firm bananas, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 4 egg-yolks, 9oz. sugar, 4oz. butter, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons glucose.

Peel and crush bananas with stainless fork. Put pulp into small basin, sprinkle with lemon juice to prevent discoloring. Add butter, lemon rind. Beat eggs and sugar well together, blend into banana mixture. Place in heatproof basin, stand over saucepan half filled with boiling water. Stir continually until mixture is clear. Add glucose, stir until mixture is consistency of thick honey. Cool slightly. Turn into small jars, cover and seal.

Note: Use as spread on bread or biscuits, filling for cakes or topping for ice-cream.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Hunt, Heath Rd., Kalamunda, W.A.

APPLE DELIGHT

Five large granny smith apples, 3oz. sultanas, 1 loaf brown wholemeal bread, 2oz. butter or substitute, ½ pint milk, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, cinnamon, vanilla.

Topping: One ounce butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons coconut, 3 tablespoons white sugar, ¼ cup self-raising flour.

Peel, core, and slice apples, cook in very little water until soft. Add sultanas. Slice bread, remove crusts, spread with butter. Arrange slices of bread in greased 9in. cake-tin to make one layer. Spread with half of the apples and sultanas, sprinkle with little cinnamon. Arrange another layer of bread, spread with remaining apple. Beat eggs with brown sugar, add few drops vanilla; stir in milk. Pour over bread and apple and allow to stand few minutes. Prepare topping.

Topping: Rub butter into other ingredients until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Sprinkle evenly over apple. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes until browned. Serve hot with cream or custard.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. L. J. Emrich, 359 Queen St., Concord West, N.S.W.

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USEFUL HINTS

● Here are readers' good ideas for cutting time and effort in housework and sewing. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

AN excellent place to store winter woollies is in plastic bags inside gay cushion covers. The woollies are safe from insect pests and the cushions are useful. — I. Wallace, Coen via Cairns, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Next time you make pikelets, omit the sugar and add a teaspoon of grated onion and a tablespoon of grated cheese. — Mrs. R. M. Hope, 99 Alexandria Pde., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Last year's phone book makes an excellent scrapbook for recipes and other cuttings. Run a crease down every alternate page about 1in. from left-hand edge, tear out and discard. Paste cuttings on one side only of remaining pages. — Mrs. A. Sturges, 46 Katoomba Cres., Rosetta, Tas.

★ ★ ★

Hang a slate and chalk or pencil outside the back door so callers can leave a message if no one is home. — Leith Kavanagh, Strangway St., Mt. Gambier, S.A.

★ ★ ★

Work a row of double crochet over all seams of handknitted garments (especially for children) using the same wool. When the garment has been washed several times and needs repairing, wool of the same shade is to hand merely by undoing the crochet.—Mrs. A. E. Crook, 61 Dumaresque St., Campbelltown, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

When stewing fruit I always add about two cups of water, plus one scant cup extra sugar. I strain the cooked fruit and put the liquid in the refrigerator. The children love to drink this juice, whereas they would not take it served in the bowl with stewed fruit and custard. — Mrs. Noel Purves, 139 Gwenyfred Rd., South Perth.

★ ★ ★

After making jam, use a gravy-boat to fill the jars. The long spout fits into top of jar and prevents spilling.—Mrs. M. Forrest, "Capeldene," Kirup, W.A.

★ ★ ★

After using household rubber gloves, powder lightly inside, then stretch tops of gloves over a bottle. The fingers become inflated, thus preventing them sticking together, and they dry immediately. The gloves will last much longer.—Miss H. Sharpe, 8 Onslow Ave., Elizabeth Bay, Sydney.

★ ★ ★

If you are giving a present of a handknitted garment (especially for a child), always send with it the remaining length of wool. It will be very useful for future mending of the garment. — Mrs. Grace Smiles, Box 10, P.O., Dalby, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Put a few sprigs of parsley through the mincer when mincing meat for patties, etc. It gives a lovely flavor and is much quicker than the usual chopping method.—Mrs. B. Horler, 4 Cooper St., Burnie, Tas.

★ ★ ★

After cutting buttons from discarded garments, string them on a safety-pin and place in a wide jar. When wanted you have a set already sorted.—Mrs. F. Richards, 20 Watson St., Bondi, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Dissolve a cake of camphor in the rinsing water after washing blankets. It will help to keep moths away when the blankets are stored in summer.—Mrs. L. Hogan, 49 Ashworth St., Albert Park, Melbourne.

For a really bright shoe-shine, apply polish and leave it on overnight or as long as possible before shining shoes. They will shine quicker and the penetrated polish will keep kid and leather more pliable.—Mrs. M. Lawson, 18 Watt St., Gympie, Qld.

★ ★ ★

To shorten the sleeves of blazers or the legs of little boys' shorts, take a tuck in the lining. This will draw up the material without marking it and the tuck can be let out when the child grows.—Mrs. K. Watts, 7 Elsey Rd., Reservoir, Vic.

★ ★ ★

The best way to remove starch that sticks to the iron is to rub the iron with a little table salt.—H. Vournazos, 375 Dandenong Rd., North Clayton, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Crushed peanut toffee added to whipped cream makes a quick and delicious topping for cakes. It gives a rich caramel flavor.—Mrs. E. W. Alsop, 15 Rogers St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

EMBROIDERY TRANSFER

GARDEN FRUITS and vegetables for kitchen linens from Transfer No. 219. Order from Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. The price is 2/-. Please send postal note.

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Not since you opened a can of Edgell mushrooms. Only Edgell grows, cans and picks its own country garden mushrooms. And only Edgell gives you the real meaty, chunky flavour of garden-fresh mushrooms broiled in butter. Open a can. Serve steaming hot. Notice the subtle difference Edgell mushrooms make to a sizzling good steak!

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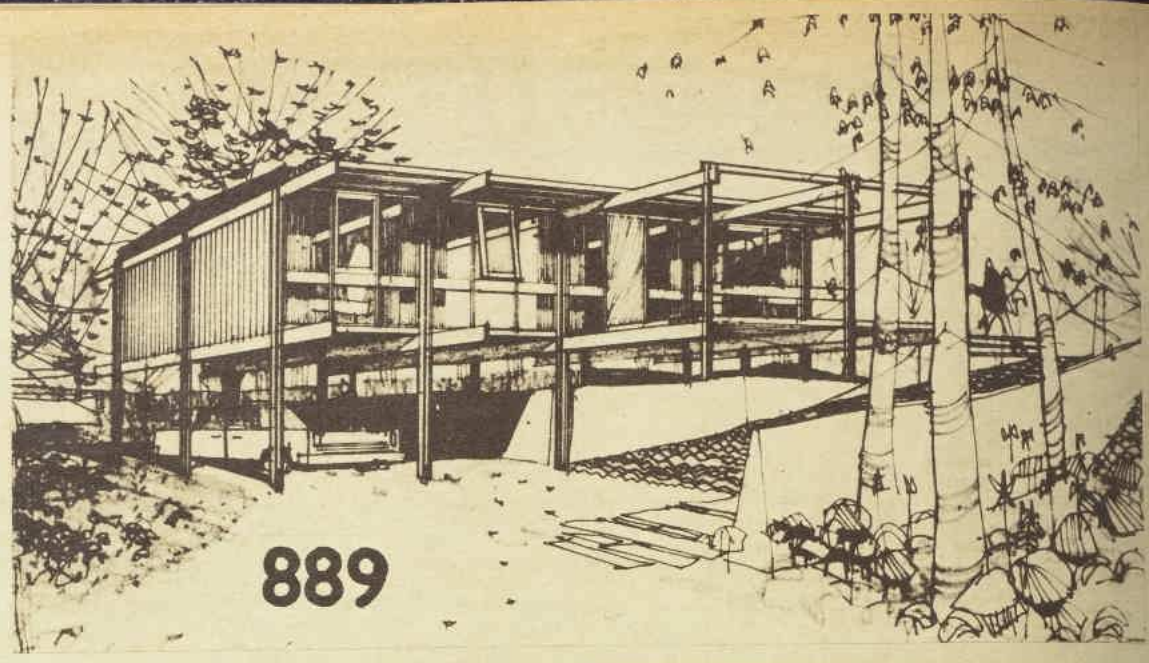
The world's first instant sweet

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

WEEKENDER with style is Home Plan No. 889. It is suitable for owner-construction in timber only. The attractive pergola adds character to the exterior appearance of the house.



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● ***This charming holiday house set on a sloping site is a functional, easy-to-build design. It is Plan No. 889 in our series and is 8 squares.***

THE house is suitable for building only in timber. It features a flat roof with beams extending outside to form a pergola.

This area can be screened with walls and roof formed of canvas, corrugated plastic, or a trellis, to increase the accommodation for holiday guests or for use as an exterior, informal entertainment area.

The design can also be built with a low-pitched gable roof.

There is a spacious carport underneath the house.

In addition to a good-sized master bedroom, there is a spacious dormitory which can accommodate three double bunks.

A separate shower and bathroom adjoin this unit.

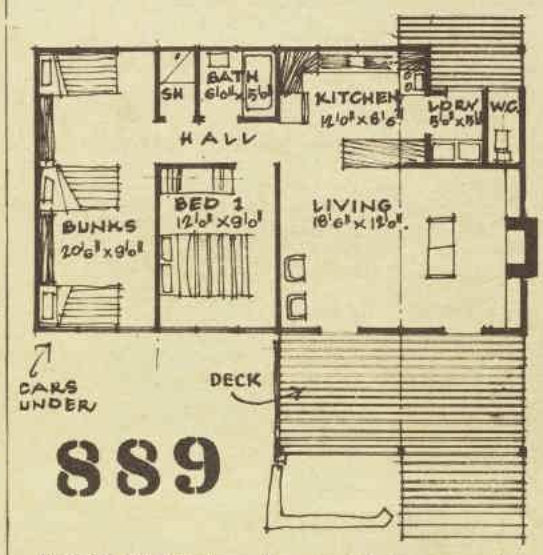
A hall runs through from dormitory to kitchen and the adjoining laundry.

The large living-room, measuring 18ft. 6in. by 12ft., leads out on to the deck through glass doors, creating an enormous area for relaxing, weekend and holiday entertaining.

A feature fireplace on the other wall extends through to the patio, where it forms a barbecue.

This plan and many others are available at our Home Planning Centres.

See panel below for the addresses of our Centres, and the services they offer.



FLOOR PLAN shows layout of bedroom unit containing master bedroom, dormitory, shower and bathroom. Carport is underneath.

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A tasty baste for barbeques

TOMATO FRENCH DRESSING

1 tblsp. Keen's Mustard • 1 cup salad oil • 2 tblsps. sugar • 1 tblsp. grated onion • ¼ cup Holbrook's vinegar • 1 tblsp. chopped green pepper (optional) • ½ can condensed Tomato Soup • ½ tsp. pepper • 1 tsp. salt.

Mix dry ingredients in large wide-topped bottle. Stir in salad oil, add onion, green pepper and let stand 5 to 10 minutes. Add vinegar and soup. Cover tightly and shake well until thick and blended. A mouth-watering addition to any meal—indoors or out.

A zesty lift for salads

MAGIC MAYONNAISE

1 tblsp. Keen's Mustard • 1½ cups milk • 3 tblsps. sugar • ½ cup Holbrook's vinegar • 4 tblsps. flour • 2 eggs • ½ tsp. salt • 2 tblsps. butter • few grains of cayenne.

Mix dry ingredients in top of double boiler, slowly add vinegar and eggs (beaten). Then add milk. Stir constantly until thickened. Cook 15 minutes longer. Remove from heat and add the butter.

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Continuing . . . HANDSOME IS . . .

from page 33

ease on his own verandah, seemed a bit different from the Henry I hadn't really bothered to put on a pretty dress for. More exciting, if you see what I mean.

"He was coming down to the coast to meet me off the boat. He sent me a book of Swahili phrases so that I could study it on the way out. He sent me a list of what to bring. He sent me a letter of introduction to some people travelling out at the same time. He was really rather sweet about it all.

"I was sorry to leave here. I love teaching, you know. I knew everyone round about, and with the things Mother had left me, I had a comfortable home. Perhaps I was just a little set in my ways. But I wanted to go out there, too. The call of adventure, I suppose you might say.

"So I said my goodbyes, and they gave me this handsome timepiece. I was very proud of it, and packed it carefully at the bottom of my trunk. I thought it would look well if we ever had a mantelpiece to put it on. But it never saw the light of day till I came back. Ah, well!

"More tea? I think I can just squeeze a little more out of the pot.

"Where was I? Oh, yes. Africa lived up to all my dreams of it—the sun, the space, the great brown plains, the sudden green after rain, the distant mountains. I was enchanted with it all. When I saw Henry waiting for me on the quayside, I knew I had been right to come. There he was looking just the same — rather a dear, but with a more masterful air. Where everything was so strange and bewildering to me, he knew just what to do. That night on the train going up-country I couldn't sleep for excitement.

"In the morning, anxious not to miss anything, I looked out. There, sweeping past the windows of the train, was a great, rolling, tawny-colored plain, dotted with stunted little thorn-bushes, and appearing out of the morning mist were giraffe and zebra and enchanting little gazelle.

"I do believe that that first glimpse of Africa in the cool half-light of morning was worth it all—the doubt, the indecision and, yes, the heartache that came after. Nothing else that I saw made quite the same impression on me. It has stayed with me all those years. That's why I'd like once more . . . But we'll come to that later.

"It had been arranged that I was to stay with friends of Henry's for a week or two before we married, so that I could learn the ways of housekeeping. They were charming people, and I felt at home with them at once.

"There was a daughter, Mary, a bit younger than I was, and she took me in hand and taught me all the Swahili phrases I ought to know and how to get on with the Africans who were to cook and clean for me.

"She had come out with her parents when she was still quite young, and she had grown up on the farm and knew as much about it as her father did. She and Henry used to have long talks about his new farm, about the little house he had built—Mary had had a lot to do with that, she had even chosen the curtains—and about the best way to lay out the garden.

"She could ride and shoot, too—things I had to learn. Before I had been there a week, I could see something else, too—Mary was in love with Henry as I had never been.

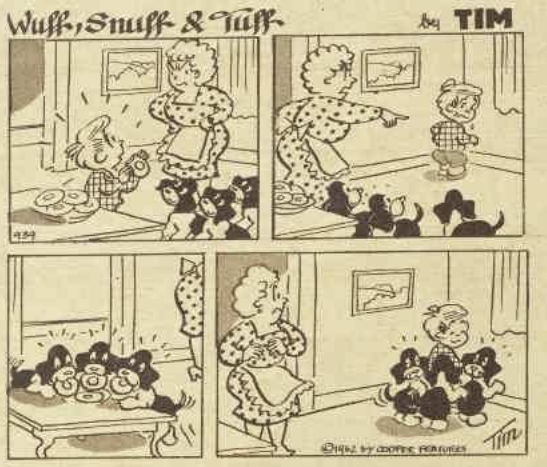
"I could have grown to like the life there. The cool, fresh morning, with a whiteness on the grass that made one think of frost; the hot, still afternoons; the pleasant evenings sitting round a great log fire after dinner.

"There were books and music—I was going to send home for my piano—and a thousand things to fill the day. Henry was in his element — he might have been born to farm in Africa. Oh, it would have worked out all right. I had no doubt of it then.

"You ask what happened? Well, my dear, it was one of those silly things that can change the whole course of one's life. If I had fallen off a horse—which would have surprised no one — or been bitten by a snake, or done something dramatic and . . . and . . . dignified, I would have felt quite important and in need of Henry's sympathy. But no! I got mumps.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM



Mumps, I ask you! With my face all swollen and painful, I felt ridiculous, depressed, and in the way.

"They put me in the guest-house — a little round thatched hut in the garden—and there Mary looked after me. Henry wasn't allowed near me, of course. She was an angel, that girl. If I had been in her place, wanting Henry as I knew she did, I'd have felt like slipping poison into the lime drinks she kept bringing me.

"Maybe she felt like it, but she didn't show it, and it wasn't by the things she said that I became convinced of her love for Henry; it was by the things she didn't say, which are always much more important in the end.

"I used to think back to the time I lay ill in that little hut, and wonder at the state of mind I fell into. But perhaps it wasn't so very surprising. I was ill and depressed. I had been uprooted from a life I knew and faced with a life I didn't know. One needs to be strong and well for that. I was among strangers, no matter how kind. I was very fond of Henry, but . . .

"The days were all right, with Mary coming and going, and the cheerful noises of the Africans in the garden and the house. But the nights were bad. I would lie awake and listen to the scufflings in the thatch, and the moaning sigh of the tall blue gum trees. Outside the window, the whole vast continent of Africa lay, alien and forbidding.

"Noises at night at home are familiar friends. When you hear footsteps going past at midnight, you'll know it's old Jim late home as usual. But as I lay in that little hut, every noise was an enemy, a prowling animal, or a native crouching and waiting. It was silly, of course. If there had been anything to fear, they would not have left me there alone.

"Gradually, this black mood took possession of me. I thought with longing of the school, and the children, and the safe familiar life I had left. The truth is, I suppose, I just took fright. So, before I was up and about again, I knew exactly what I was going to do.

"Regrets? Well, I suppose there must have been. But it's such a long time ago now, one forgets the bad bits.

"It was difficult coming back here, but luckily they hadn't filled the post, and they very kindly gave it back to me. I just took it up again where I had left off.

"Yes, Henry and Mary were married, and between them they built up a very fine farm, I believe. There was no ill feeling. We have kept in touch all through the years; always a card at Christmas, and sometimes photographs as well. There was no family. Henry is getting on now, must be thinking of retiring. We are still good friends, you know. It would be very pleasant, after all this time, to see him again.

"I hope I haven't bored you with this long story. But you see for the past year I have been planning a little trip. Before I grow too old I would like to see Africa once again. I have never forgotten that early-morning glimpse of the plains. It was like a new-born world.

"Perhaps I have always known I would go back one day. I have been saving hard. I might go out by air. Take the train up-country and visit Henry. He would be glad to see me again, I know. He was always a very amiable man. All he wants is a little prod in the right direction. I think it is time he came home to his own country. His wife died some years ago, and he must be rather lonely now.

"It will be an expensive trip, of course, but I thought if perhaps you could just drop a hint . . . a handsome cheque would be very useful.

"Do have the last cake. No? Well, perhaps I will. What's that you say? A handsome husband! Well, who knows . . ."

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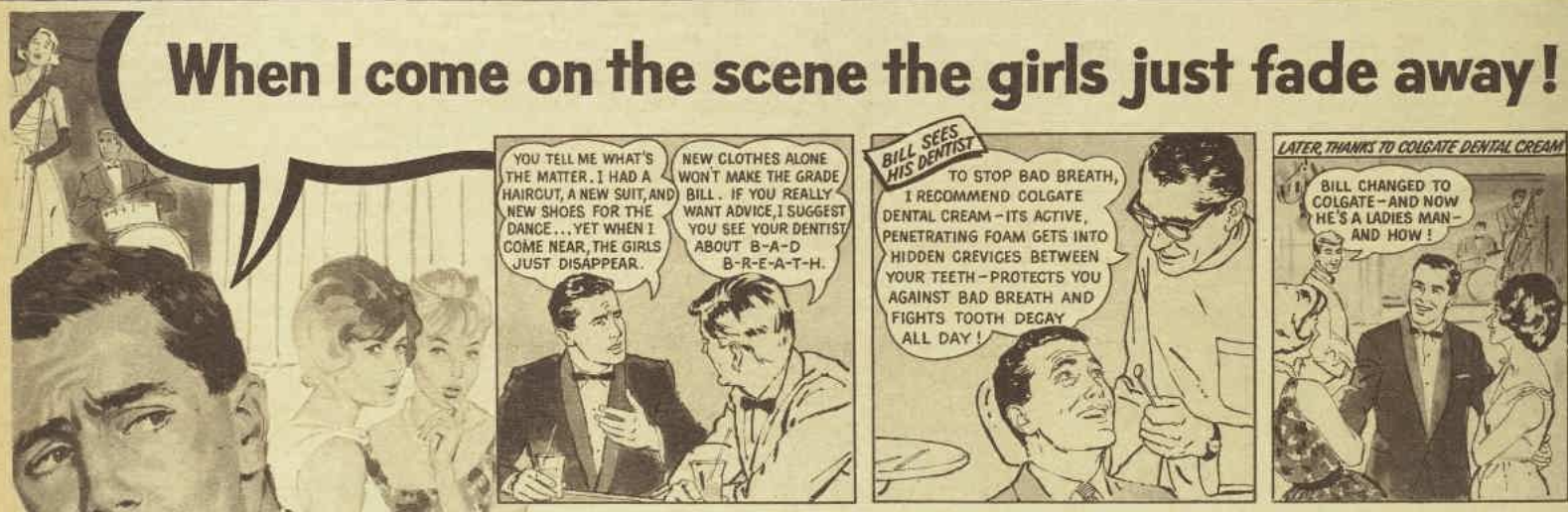
When I come on the scene the girls just fade away!



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Continuing . . . AN ELEPHANT IN MY LIFE

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He got muddled." He paused. "We're awfully sorry."

"I'm sorry, too." I wanted to cry. I had been so proud of my car.

"Fortunately, Alphonso is not a very large elephant. He'll be much bigger when he's fully grown, so it could have been worse. I promise you that there's nothing the panel-beaters can't put right, and when it's fixed you'll never know the difference. Just give me your address and leave it to me."

So I left it to him and caught the bus home. At six o'clock Gregory arrived to take me out to our piece of ground to see how they were getting on with the house. I found I was not looking forward to telling him what had happened. In Gregory's well-ordered world, elephants didn't sit on cars.

"Gregory," I said, as we drove out of town. "I'm afraid I had an accident with the car."

His reaction was flattering. "Darling!" he said, swinging over to the kerb and stopping. "Are you all right?" He studied me anxiously and I thought how wonderful to have someone to get into such a state over one, and how cosy it would be to have so much concern and loving care expended on one for the rest of one's life, but at the same time I felt a twinge of irritation, and it made telling him what happened seem even more absurd than I had thought.

"I'm all right," I said, "because, fortunately, I didn't happen to be in it when the elephant sat on it."

"Please, Henrietta, don't let's joke." Gregory's sense of humor and mine sometimes had a way of getting snarled up. "After all," he said, "the car still belongs to the firm, so it is hardly a laughing matter."

HE had given me the car as an engagement present instead of a ring. "We can't afford both," he had said, "and as you insist on going on working after we are married, I'll be able to buy a car through the firm. A ring can come later." We both had thought it a good idea. "I'm not laughing," I said. "If you'll listen, I'll explain."

When I had finished, Gregory managed to smile.

"I imagine these circus johnnies are covered by insurance for this sort of thing. What did the police say when you made your statement?"

"I didn't go to the police."

"But, my dear girl, that's the first thing one does if one has an accident!"

"I didn't think it was necessary," I said. "The young man with the elephant said he would take it away and have it fixed. He was very nice about it."

Gregory gave me a look. He had a way of making me feel scatter-brained and stupid; but it was fortunate. I was always telling myself that I had someone so sensible and meticulous about such details to look after my somewhat higgledy piggledy way of doing things. Now his mouth became a firm line and he stuck out his chin.

"Henrietta," he said patiently, "you can't just give your car away to a strange man, particularly one from a circus."

"What's the difference between someone from a circus and anyone else?" I asked.

"Circus people are feckless. Like gipsies. They live in caravans."

"But that doesn't mean they are any less moral than other people," I protested. I realised that I had liked Clive Darwill. He had not been half as handsome as Gregory, but he had an attractive face, with little amused lines round his eyes, which, as far as I could remember, were dark grey. It had been a special sort of face, thin, with bones in it, and full of laughter. I had a feeling his sort of humor and mine wouldn't get snarled.

I was slightly annoyed that Gregory should be accusing him, even indirectly. "You're always telling me, Gregory, not to jump to conclusions, and now you're leaping with both feet . . ."

"But, my darling Henrietta," he said, "one has to notify the authorities of these things. He could disappear with the car and never be heard of again, or bring in a counter claim . . ."

"Saying I put my car under his elephant, I suppose," I said tartly, but I realised as usual that Gregory was right. "I'm sorry, Gregory," I said humbly.

But, perhaps because we'd ruffled one another, the visit to the house wasn't satisfactory. The builders were being unbearably slow.

"They are so far behind schedule, it's going to throw out all our plans."

"But—why?" I couldn't understand why he should set such store by bricks and mortar. "If the house isn't finished we can stay for a while in your flat after we're married, can't we?"

He shrugged and looked doubtful. "But, Gregory, it doesn't matter, surely, does it, where we live? It's us that counts, isn't it? Not the house?"

He hesitated, then he said: "Of course it's us that matters, but you know what we planned, and I don't like having my plans changed, that's all. My lease runs out, for one thing, and I don't want to have to renew it."

I found I was looking at him as though we were strangers. It was incredible that two people who were contemplating spending the rest of their lives together could think so differently about things.

"Darling," I said, swallowing as though I had something sticking in my throat, "you're not thinking of postponing the wedding just because of an old house, are you?"

"You know what we arranged, Henrietta, don't you?"

"Of course," I said. "We'll get married as soon as stocktaking is over, and the financial year has been wound up, and we've got the bonus for our honeymoon, and the house is finished and ready to move into . . ." I found I was reciting my piece like a child would a lesson.

"Exactly." We stood looking at the unfinished house. Gregory had put his arm around me, and he bent down and gave me a long, loving kiss, but the kiss didn't stir me as it usually did, and those blank, unpainted brick walls in the twilight seemed bleak and unwelcoming.

"If it rested with me," I said, "I wouldn't mind living in a caravan."

And then Gregory laughed. "You've still got the circus on your mind, darling," he said.

As we walked to the car I thought of how contented and pleased I had been with everything earlier in the day. Until the moment when that wretched elephant had come into my life, and since then everything in some indefinable way seemed to have gone wrong. He had created the sort of disturbance one

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Continuing . . .

AN ELEPHANT IN MY LIFE

from page 69

gets when one throws a stone into water. I had a sudden picture in my mind of Alphonso hurtling through the air and landing with a splosh in the middle of the mill pond. That, I thought ruefully, could hardly cause a greater displacement.

"By the way," said Gregory as we drove down the street, "I'm going up to London to see about the plans for the new factory. I'll be back on Friday. I'm going by train, so you can have the car until your own is ready—assuming that it will be ready." Then, as an afterthought, he added: "But please don't let any elephants sit on it."

I giggled, glad of his little joke, but as my eyes met his I saw that as usual he was calm, collected, and serious.

A couple of evenings later, when I arrived home from work, I found my car parked at the kerb. It was as shining and new looking as it ever had been. And while I was admiring it Clive Darwill climbed out of it.

"Is it the way it used to be?"

"I was just thinking how good it looked," I said.

There was a pause while we both stood and admired it, then, glancing sideways, I saw that his eyes were as dark a grey as I thought they had been; little lines ran out from the corners, and he had an expression on his face that, for some extraordinary reason, made me catch my breath.

"You look pretty good, too," he said. "I was just thinking how good you would look in pink sequins, with white feather plumes on your head, sitting on top of Alphonso and leading the troupe . . ."

IT was an improbable remark to be made by a stranger, but: "Thank you," I said in a faraway sort of voice.

And then he had changed and become businesslike and was telling me exactly what had had to be done to the car, and that the suspension had been checked, and the alignment and everything else that mattered.

"I think they've made a good job of it, but if anything goes wrong you must let me know . . ." And then we both just stood, saying nothing, again.

At last I said: "How are you getting back?"

"I'll take a bus."

The circus, I knew, was at the other end of the town, in Parfitt's field.

"It's the rush hour and you'll have to queue for hours. Let me take you."

"Thank you, that is very kind of you."

So we drove in silence, after that, to the circus. But it was one of those silences that are good ones, and I realised that instead of being embarrassed, as I sometimes am with Gregory, if we are not discussing Carina's new muscle cream, or the sort of light-fittings we are going to have in the house, or Gregory's future on the Board, I was enjoying saying nothing.

When I stopped the car at the end of the circus parking lot where the animal cages and tents were he said: "Come and see Alphonso, if you could bear to."

I got out of the car: "Can I see how he sits on his red stool?"

"Of course," said Clive Darwill.

As an afterthought I said: "Do you live in a caravan?"

"Of course," he said.

Well, I hadn't had an evening like that since I was ten years old, which had been the last time that I had gone to a circus. Only this was even better, because I saw it from the inside. I saw Alphonso on his stool instead of my car. I met the clowns, and the lady who was so clever on the trapeze. I met the people who did an act on bicycles, and the man who was funny with a violin, and the lion tamer, and the lady who was shot out of a cannon.

I sat in the front row of the stalls eating hot popcorn out of a paper packet and watching Clive Darwill dressed in a wonderful red coat, with high, shining black boots and white breeches, first of all with Alphonso, and then riding a beautiful grey horse that waltzed and did the cha-cha, and I don't think I have ever been so happy in my life.

There were hundreds of stars in the sky when finally Clive and I walked out of the big top.

"Did you like it?"

"How could I not? It's been wonderful."

"Some people don't like circuses. They grow out of them."

"I suppose they do." I realised that Gregory was undoubtedly one of those. I never had asked him, or suggested going to a circus, but I knew what he would have said if I had. I remembered him saying, "Circus people are feckless; they live in caravans." Dear, steady, reliable, unfeckless Gregory. Oh, what a lucky girl I was! "It was a lucky thing," I said, switching to a somewhat different line of thought, "that Alphonso sat on my car, or I never would have discovered that I hadn't grown out of circuses, even though I'm sure Gregory has. Perhaps after we're married I could occasionally go to a matinee on my own."

Clive Darwill stopped in mid-step.

"Gregory?" he said. "Who is Gregory?"

"He's the man I'm going to marry. As soon as the financial year has been wound up and stocktaking is over, and we've got the bonus for our honeymoon—and the house is finished."

"Oh," said Clive Darwill, "I see . . ."

"He got terribly fussed about my car being sat on because the car still belongs to the firm. He's paying it off, and it's my engagement ring."

"That's why I didn't know—because you weren't wearing a ring."

"Why should you?" I said quickly. "I . . . I don't suppose I should have come here tonight only Gregory was away and I wanted to see Alphonso."

But Clive Darwill wasn't listening. "How odd," he said consideringly, "to give your future wife a car for an engagement ring. Cars don't last, and engagement rings are supposed to, for ever, like marriages."

"It was both of us," I said quickly, defending Gregory. "I want to go on working after I'm married, so Gregory thought it would be a good

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Fashion afloat! Margo wears a gay "signal flag" top with white duck tapered slacks. Both by Jantzen.

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idea for me to have my own car—because I travel in face-creams and stuff," I trailed off lamely.

Clive Darwill was looking up at the sky. I could see the sharp line of his jaw, and when he looked down at me again the light outside the tent cast half circles of shadow under his eyes.

"You know something?" he said quietly. "If I were marrying you I'd give you an engagement ring as big and bright as one of those stars up there above us, and if you wanted to work I'd dress you in different-colored sequins for every night of the week, and you would ride Alphonso for me in the ring, with plumes in your hair, like a queen.

"And we wouldn't ever wait for any ridiculous house to be built. How can you ring your soul around with four brick walls? No, we'd

Continuing . . . AN ELEPHANT IN MY LIFE

from page 71

be married now, when we wanted to, and live in a caravan. And I would see to it that all the joy in the world would be in your heart, because I would love you—so very much."

His voice had dropped almost to a whisper, and I stood there with his hands grasping my arms, not able to move, hardly able to breathe, listening to this stranger out there under the stars, who still was not a stranger, and his flood of improbable words.

"But none of that can happen, because you are going to marry Gregory—after stocktaking—and sell face-creams, and put your soul in a box like a poor little bird in a cage. And I can't do anything about it. But there is one thing I can do before you go away from me, and that's this . . ."

And with that he pulled me to him and kissed me hard on the mouth. After a moment he stepped back and gently touched my cheek with his hand. "We hardly know each other, and yet I know I love you." He sighed. "And you would have looked so good in the ring on Alphonso." Then he started to laugh, and left me there standing by the car.

After a minute, as he disappeared round the corner of the tent, I got slowly into the car. As I drove home I realised everything had gone wrong with my world.

Next morning Gregory was back at the office. He was opening letters when I walked in and sat down opposite him at his desk.

"Well, Henrietta? Any elephants sit on my car while I was away?"

I saw he was being funny, and remembered how I'd hoped he had been when I said the same thing the evening he went away. And how he hadn't been—funny, I mean. And now, I wasn't. It was a terrible thing, I thought soberly, looking at him, that one could ever have imagined spending one's life with someone when one never laughed at the same thing at the same time as they did.

I took a deep breath, because what I was about to say wasn't funny in the least, and in spite of what I was going to do I had loved Gregory in a dim sort of way, and I knew, that in between board meetings and discussions on sales promotions and stocktaking and such, he did take time off to love me. But it wasn't the sort of love I wanted.

"Your car is all right," I said at last, "but I'm afraid it's my heart that isn't, and I'm afraid, Gregory, that I'm going to have to tell you about it, so please stop opening your mail and listen to me."

• • • • •

So that, I thought, was that, as I caught the bus that went to Parfitt's field. My car was in the firm's garage and my resignation in writing was on Gregory's desk. And you must be crazy, I said to myself, giving up everything you have worked for and the best-looking and steadiest of men, and a beautiful house with a fitted kitchen, and your dear, shining little red car that looks like a bubble . . .

And now you are riding in the bus, and what you are going to find may not even, this morning, exist, because things are surely different under the stars.

I almost expected to find the circus had left in the night and that Parfitt's field would be empty except for a few trampled-down thistles and the marks where the trucks and the caravans had been.

But it was all there, just as it had been the night before, only this time, instead of the stars, heavy thunder clouds hung in the sky.

THE bus put me down at the corner, and I walked in among the animal trucks toward the bit of field where Alphonso lived. I hoped I wouldn't have to ask anyone where Clive was because I wasn't sure how my voice would behave.

But I didn't have to. There he was, washing Alphonso down with a hose. He was wearing an old pair of denim jeans and had no shirt on and no shoes. He was whistling a tuneless dirge through his teeth, and he didn't look happy.

I was still afraid to say anything, so I stood and watched. Alphonso saw me first and lifted his trunk expectantly for sugar.

"Keep your head down, you great lump, or I can't wash behind your ears," said Clive; then he looked up and said: "Oh, it's you!"

He didn't sound pleased, and with a dreadful sense of panic I wanted to run away. If I'd had the car I'd have jumped into it and driven off, but it would have been silly to start running down the road, so I decided to stay where I was.

"How did you get here?" asked Clive, turning off the hose and looking round for the car.

"Bus. I haven't got the car any more."

"Don't say you've let another elephant sit on it?"

"No," I said. "I've given it back to Gregory, not having an engagement ring to return, and . . . and I've come to ask, if the offer is still open, if I can have that job you mentioned."

If I had expected anything to happen, it was a pity, because nothing did. He looked at me stonily, almost as though he hadn't heard.

I waited, then I cleared my throat. I walked right up to him. "Please," I said. "I mean it . . ."

Then suddenly all the little lines round his eyes started to show and he put his hands on my arms just as he had the night before.

"Alphonso sat on your car because he made a mistake," he said gently, "but you mustn't make that mistake. I couldn't bear it if you did."

"I'm not making a mistake."

"No," he said slowly, "I really don't think you are." And at that moment the storm broke. He didn't seem to notice, but took me in his arms. We stood out there in the pouring rain, with thunder sounding in the distance, and as I felt his lips on mine I thought of what Alice had said about the light after that other storm. "Something wildly exciting—the sort of thing one has been waiting for for years without even realising it . . ."

And I knew that Alice had been right.

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closed down or confiscated nearly all foreign businesses they haven't been able to earn a penny abroad. The coffers of the revolution are as empty as a drum. Man's completely desperate for money."

He turned away and stood staring out over the harbor. He seemed in no hurry to go—and aimless loitering was no part of Captain Bullen's life. I recognised the signs; after three years of sailing with him it would have been impossible not to. There was some steam he wanted to blow off and no better outlet than that tried and trusty relief valve, Chief Officer Carter. Only, whenever he wanted to blow off steam, it was a matter of personal pride with him never to bring up the matter himself. It was no great trick to guess what was troubling him, so I obliged.

I said, conversationally: "The cables we sent to London, sir." They had been sent by the captain himself, but the "we" would spread the load if things had gone wrong, as they almost certainly had. "Any reply to them yet?"

"Just ten minutes ago." He turned round casually, as if the matter had really slipped his memory, but there was nothing casual about his voice when he went on: "Slapped me down, Mister, that's what they did. My own company. And the Ministry of Transport. Both of them. Told me to forget about it, said my protests were completely out of order. Me! My own company! Thirty-five years I've sailed with the Blue Mail Line and now—and now . . ." His voice choked into fuming silence.

"So there was someone bringing very heavy pressure to bear after all," I murmured.

"There was, Mister, there was." Bullen was a captain, but he was more than that: he was the commodore of the Blue Mail Fleet and even the board of directors walk softly when the fleet commodore is around; at least, they don't treat him like an office boy. He went on softly: "If ever I get my hands on Dr. Slingsby Caroline I'll break his neck."

Tens of thousands of police, Government agents, and American servicemen engaged in the hunt for him would also have loved to get their hands on him. So would millions of ordinary citizens, if for no other reason than the excellent one that there was a reward of 50,000 dollars for information leading to his capture. But the interest of Captain Bullen and the crew of the Campari was even more personal: the missing man was very much the root of all our troubles.

Dr. Slingsby Caroline had vanished, appropriately enough, in South Carolina. He had worked at a U.S. Government's very hush-hush Weapons Research Establishment south of the town of Columbia, an establishment concerned with the evolving, as had only become known in the past week or so, of some sort of small fission weapon for use by either fighter-planes or mobile rocket-launchers in local tactical nuclear wars.

As nuclear weapons went, it was the veriest bagatelle compared to the five-megaton monsters already developed by both the United States and Russia, developing barely one-thousandth of the explosive power of those and hardly capable of devastating more than a square mile of territory. Still, with the explosive potential of 5000 tons of T.N.T., it was no toy.

One night, Dr. Slingsby Caroline had vanished. As he was the director of the Research Establishment, this was serious enough, but what was even more dismaying was that he had taken the working prototype of the weapon with him. He had apparently been surprised by two of the night guards at the plant and had killed them both, presumably with a silenced weapon, since no one heard or suspected anything amiss.

He had driven through the plant gates about ten o'clock at night at the wheel of his own station-wagon: the guards at the gate, recognising both the car and their own chief and knowing that he habitually worked until a late hour, had waved him on without a second glance.

And that was the last anyone had ever seen of Dr. Caroline or the Twister, as the weapon, for some obscure reason, had been named. But it wasn't the last that was seen of the station-wagon. That had been discovered abandoned outside the port of Savannah, some nine hours after the crime had been committed but less than an hour after it had been discovered, which showed pretty smart police work on someone's part.

And it had just been our evil luck that the Campari had called in at Savannah on the afternoon of the day of the crime.

Within an hour of the discovery of the two dead guards in the research establistment all interstate and foreign air and sea traffic in the South-Eastern United States had been halted. As from seven o'clock in the morning, all planes were grounded until they had been rigorously searched: as from seven o'clock police stopped and examined every truck crossing a State border: and, of course, everything larger than a rowing-boat was forbidden to put out to sea. Unfortunately for the authorities in general and us in particular, the Campari had sailed from Savannah at six o'clock that morning. Automatically, the Campari became the number one suspect for the getaway.

The first radio call came through at 8.30 a.m. Would Captain Bullen return immediately to Savannah? Not, replied the captain, unless they gave him a very compelling reason indeed. They refused to give him a reason and Captain Bullen refused to return. Then, because they hadn't much option, the Federal Authorities, who had already taken over from the State, gave him the facts.

Captain Bullen asked for a description of the missing scientist and weapon, and he'd soon find out for himself whether or not they were on board. Followed a fifteen-minute delay, then the descriptions were reluctantly given.

THERE was a curious similarity between the two descriptions. Both the Twister and Dr. Caroline were exactly 75 inches in length. Both were very thin, the weapon being only eleven inches in diameter. The doctor weighed 180 pounds, the Twister 275. The Twister was covered in a one-piece sheath of polished anodised aluminium, the doctor in a two-piece grey gabardine. The Twister's head was covered by a grey Pyroceram nose-cap, the doctor's by black hair with a telltale lock of grey in the centre.

The orders for the doctor were to identify and apprehend: for the Twister to identify but do not, repeat **do not**, touch. The weapon should be completely stable and safe and normally it would take one of the only two experts who were as yet sufficiently acquainted with it at least ten minutes to arm it but no one could guess what effect might have been had upon the Twister's delicate mechanism by the jolting it might have suffered in transit.

Three hours later Captain Bullen was able to report with complete certainty that neither the missing scientist nor weapon was aboard. He had radioed the Federal Authorities and then would have forgotten about it were it not that twice in the following two nights our radar-scope had shown a mysterious vessel, without navigation lights, closing up from astern, then vanishing before dawn. And then we arrived at our most southerly port of call, Kingston, in Jamaica.

And in Kingston the blow had fallen.

We had no sooner arrived than the harbor authorities had come on board requesting that a search party from the American destroyer lying almost alongside be allowed to examine the Campari. Our friend in the radarscope, without a doubt. The search party, about forty of them, were already lined up on the deck of the destroyer.

They were still there four hours later. Captain Bullen, in a few simple well-chosen words, had told the authorities that if the United States Navy proposed, in broad daylight, to board a British Mercantile Marine vessel in a British harbor, then they were welcome to try. They were also welcome, he had added, to suffer the very heavy penalties which would be imposed by an international court of maritime law arising from charges ranging from assault, through piracy to an act of war.

This stopped them cold. The authorities withdrew to consult with the Americans. Coded cables, as we learnt later, were exchanged with Washington and London. Captain Bullen remained adamant. Our passengers, 90 per cent. of them Americans, gave him their enthusiastic support. Messages were received from both the company head office and the Ministry of Transport requiring Captain Bullen to co-operate with the United States Navy.

Bullen tore the messages up, seized the offer of the local Marconi agent to give the radio equipment an overdue check-up as a heaven-sent excuse to take the wireless officers off watch and told the quartermaster at the gangway to accept no more messages.

And so it had continued for all of thirty hours. And, because troubles never come singly, the next morning the Harrisons and Curtises, related families who occupied the for'ard two suites on "A" Deck, received cables with the news that members of both families had been fatally involved in a car crash. They left that afternoon.

Toward evening, the deadlock was broken by the skipper of the American destroyer, a diplomatic, courteous, and thoroughly embarrassed commander by the name of Varsi. He had been allowed aboard the Campari, been gruffly asked into Bullen's day-cabin, accepted a drink, been very apologetic and respectful, and suggested a way out of the dilemma.

He had, Commander Varsi had pointed out almost despairingly, to carry out his orders but how would it be if he and Captain Bullen put their own interpretation on those orders? How would it be if the search were carried out not by his men but by British Customs officials in the regular course of their duty, with his men present solely in the capacity of

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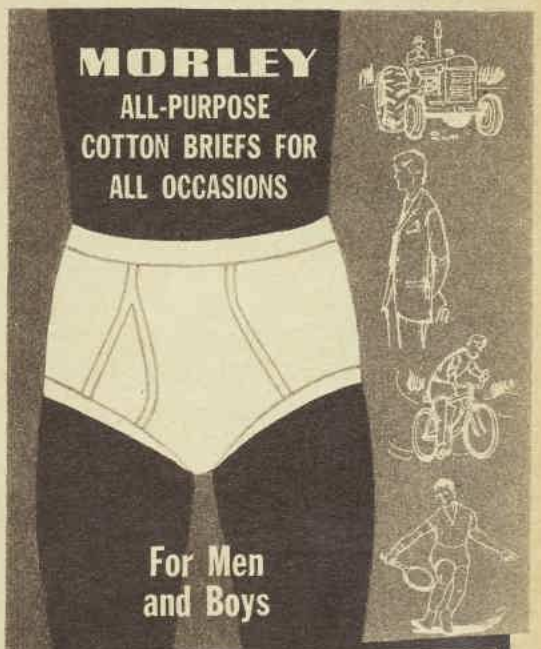

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observers and under the strictest instructions not to touch anything?

Captain Bullen, after much outraged humming and hawing, had finally agreed. Until the search was completed, the Kingston authorities refused medical clearance, and until he had this clearance it would be impossible to unload the six hundred tons of food and machinery he had for delivery there. And the port officials could also make things very difficult indeed by refusing clearance papers to sail.

And so what seemed like every Customs official in Jamaica was routed out and the search began at 9 p.m. It lasted until 2 a.m. the following morning. Captain Bullen fumed—the passengers fumed. And, above all, the crew fumed, because, on this occasion, even the normally tolerant Customs were forced to take note of

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the hundreds of bottles of liquor and thousands of cigarettes uncovered by their search.

Nothing else, of course, was found. Apologies were offered and ignored. Medical clearance was given and unloading began; we left Kingston late that night.

For all of the following twenty-four hours Captain Bullen had brooded over the recent happenings, then had sent off a couple of cablegrams, one to the head office in London, the other to the Ministry of Transport, telling them what he thought of them. And now, it seemed, they had told Captain Bullen what they thought of him. I could understand his feelings about Dr. Slingsby Caroline, who was probably in China by this time.

A high-pitched shout of warning brought us both sharply back to the present. One of the two chain slings round the big crate now poised exactly over the hatchway to number four hold had suddenly come adrift, one end of the crate dropping down through an angle of 60 degrees and bringing up with a jerking jolt that made even the big jumbo derrick shake and quiver with the strain.

The crate swung back toward the side of the ship, the two men on the guide-rope hung on desperately. I caught a glimpse of the stevedores on the quayside below, their faces twisted into expressions of frozen panic: in the new people's democracy, where all men were free and equal, the penalty for this sort of carelessness was probably the firing squad: nothing else could have accounted for their otherwise inexplicably genuine terror. The crate began to swing back over the hold. I yelled to the men beneath to run clear and simultaneously gave the signal for emergency lowering.

The winchman, fortunately, was as quick-witted as he was experienced, and as the crate swung jerkily back to dead centre he lowered away at two or three times the normal speed, braking just seconds before the lowermost corner of the crate crunched and splintered against the floor of the hold. Moments later the entire length of the crate was resting on the bottom.

"This," Captain Bullen said, "is the end. Captain Bullen in the doghouse. The crew sore. The passengers mad. Two days behind schedule. Searched by the Americans from truck to keelson like a contraband-runner. No sign of our latest bunch of passengers. Got to clear the harbor bar by six. And now this band of madmen trying to send us to the bottom. A man can stand so much, First, just so much.

"Get the second officer to relieve you. Third's checking stores. Get the fourth—no, not that blithering nincompoop—get the bosun, he talks Spanish like a native, anyway, to take over on the shore side. Any objections and that's the last piece of cargo we load. Then you and I are having lunch, First."

"I told Miss Beresford that I wouldn't—"

"If you think," Captain Bullen interrupted heavily, "that I'm going to listen to that bunch jangling their money-bags and bemoaning their hard lot from hors d'oeuvre right through to coffee, you must be out of your mind. We'll have it in my cabin."

IT was the usual Campari meal, something for even the most blase epicure to dream about, and Captain Bullen, for once and understandably, made an exception to his rule that neither he nor his officers should drink with lunch. By the time the meal was over he was feeling almost human again and once went so far as to call me "Johnny-me-boy." It wouldn't last. But it was all pleasant enough, and it was with reluctance that I finally quit the air-conditioned coolness of the captain's day-cabin for the blazing sunshine outside to relieve the second officer.

He smiled widely as I approached number four hold.

Tommy Wilson was always smiling. He was a dark, wiry Welshman, of middle height, with an infectious grin and an immense zest for life. Nothing was too much trouble for Tommy and nothing ever got him down, except mathematics; his weakness in that department had already cost him his master's ticket.

"How's it going?" I asked.

"You can see for yourself." He waved a complacent hand toward a pile of stacked crates on the quayside, now diminished by a good third since I had seen it last. "Speed allied with efficiency. When Wilson is on the job let no man ever—"

"The bosun's name is MacDonald, not Wilson," I said.

"So it is." He laughed, glanced down to where the bosun, a big, tough, infinitely competent Hebridean islander, was haranguing the bearded stevedores, and shook his head admiringly. "I wish I could understand what he's saying."

"Translation would be superfluous," I said dryly. "I'll take over. Old man wants you to go ashore to find out what's happened to our latest passengers. Captain's beginning to worry about them; if they're not here by five o'clock he's sailing without them. If the agent doesn't know, tell him to find out. Fast."

Wilson left. The sun started westering, but the heat stayed as it was. Thanks to MacDonald's competence and uninhibited command of the Spanish language the cargo on the quayside steadily and rapidly diminished. Wilson returned to report no sign of our passengers. Their baggage had arrived two days previously, and, although only for five people, was enough, Wilson said, to fill a couple of railroad trucks.

About the passengers, the agent had been very nervous indeed. They were very important people, senor, very, very important. One of them was the most important man in the whole provence of Camafeugos. A jeep had already been despatched westwards along the coast road to look for them. It sometimes happened, the senor understood, that a car spring would go or a shock-absorber snap.

When Wilson had innocently inquired if this was because the revolutionary government had no

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money left to pay for the filling in of the enormous potholes in the roads, the agent had become even more nervous and said indignantly that it was entirely the fault of the inferior metal those perfidious Americans used in the construction of their vehicles.

Wilson went away. The cargo continued to move steadily into number four hold. About four o'clock in the afternoon I heard the sound of the clashing of gears and the asthmatic wheezing of what sounded like a very elderly engine indeed. On its cracked and splintered platform it carried three medium-sized crates, freshly boxed and metal-banded.

Wrapped in a blue haze from the staccato back-firing of its exhaust, the truck trundled heavily across the cobbles and pulled up not five paces from where MacDonald was standing. A little man in white ducks and peaked cap jumped out through the space where the door ought to have been, and then scuttled off in the direction of our gangway. I recognised him as our Carracio agent, and wondered what fresh trouble he was bringing with him.

I found out in three minutes flat when Captain Bullen appeared on deck, an anxious-looking agent

scurrying along behind him. The captain's blue eyes were snapping, the red complexion was overlaid with puce, but he had the safety valve screwed right down.

"Coffins, Mister," he said tightly. "Coffins, no less."

I suppose there is a quick and clever answer to a conversational gambit like that, but I couldn't find it, so I said politely: "Coffins, sir?"

"Coffins, Mister. Not empty, either. For shipment to New York." He flourished some papers. "Authorisations, shipping notes, everything in order. Including a sealed request signed by no less than the Ambassador. Three of them. Two British, one American subject. Killed in the hunger riots."

"The crew won't like it, sir," I said.

"No need for the crew to know, Mister. Or the passengers." You could see they were just a careless afterthought. "Coffins are boxed—that's them on the truck there."

"Yes, sir. Killed in the riots. Last week." I paused and went on delicately: "In this heat—"

"Lead-lined, he says. So they can go in the hold. Some separate corner, Mister. One of the—um—deceased is a relative of one of the passengers boarding here. Wouldn't do to stack the coffins among the dynamos, I suppose."

"You are accepting this—ah—cargo, sir?"

"But of course, but of course," the little man interrupted again. "One of them is a cousin of Senor Carreras, who sails with you. Senor Miguel Carreras. Senor Carreras, he is what you say, heartbroken. Senor Carreras is the most important man—"

"Be quiet," Captain Bullen said wearily. "Yes, I'm accepting. Note from the Ambassador. More pres-

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sure. I've had enough of cables flying across the Atlantic." He stood there for a moment, then straightened abruptly as a procession of vehicles turned in through the dock gates and made for the Campari. "A pound to a penny, Mister, here comes still more trouble."

"Praise be," the little agent murmured. The tone, no less than the words, was a prayer of thanksgiving. "Senor Carreras himself! Your passengers at last, Captain."

The little man then turned and hurried off toward the gangway. The procession, two big chauffeur-driven pre-war cars, one towed by a jeep, had just pulled up by the gangway and the passengers were climbing out. Those who could, that was—for very obviously there was one who could not. One of the chauffeurs, dressed in green tropical drills and a bush hat, had opened the boot of his car, pulled out a collapsible hand-propelled wheelchair, and had it assembled in ten seconds flat, while the other chauffeur, with the aid of a tall thin nurse clad in overall white from her smart starched cap to the skirt that reached close down to her ankles, tenderly lifted a bent old man from the back seat of the second car and set him gently in the wheelchair.

The old boy—even at that distance I could see the face creased and trenched with the lines of age, the snowy whiteness of the still plentiful hair—did his best to help them, but his best wasn't very much.

"Well," Captain Bullen said heavily. "I suppose I'd better go and welcome our latest guests aboard. Finish it off as quickly as possible, Mister."

"I'll do that, sir."

Bullen nodded and left. I watched the two chauffeurs slide a couple of long poles under the seat of the invalid chair, straighten, and carry the chair easily up the sparred foot-planks of the gangway.

They were followed by the tall angular nurse and she in turn by another nurse, dressed exactly like the first, but shorter and stockier. The old boy was bringing his own medical corps along with him, which meant that he had more money than was good for him, or was a hypochondriac or very far through indeed or a combination of any or all of those: on the credit side was the fact that both had that indefinable competent no-nonsense look of the professional nurse which would make the lot of our ship's surgeon, old Dr. Marston, who sometimes had to work a whole hour in a day, all that much easier.

But I was more interested in the last two people to climb out of the cars.

The first was a man of about my own age and size, but the resemblance stopped short there. He looked like a cross between Ramon Novarro and Rudolph Valentino,

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Two pounds mixed fruits (bought ready mixed or make your own mixture of raisins, sultanas, currants, dates, peel and cherries), ½ cup Rosella Fig Jam, ¼ cup sweet sherry, brandy or rum, 8 oz. butter, 8 oz. dark brown sugar, ½ cup mashed banana, 4 eggs, 2 cups plain flour, ¾ cup self-raising flour, 2 teaspoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, ¼ teaspoon salt.

Chop fruits finely and mix with sherry and Rosella Fig Jam in a basin. Cover and stand overnight to allow flavours to mingle. Next day cream butter and brown sugar together and add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Mix in mashed banana. Sift flours, cocoa, spice and salt together and add to creamed mixture alternately with prepared chopped fruits; mix well. Fill into an 8-inch round or square tin lined with one thickness of white paper and two of brown paper. Level off top. If cake is not to be iced and decorated arrange an attractive pattern of whole blanched almonds and cherries on top of uncooked mixture. Bake in a slow oven 3½ to 4 hours or until cooked through when tested. Leave in tin until cold. Remove from tin and peel off papers. Brush all over with a mixture of ¼ cup sherry and 1 teaspoon glycerine. Allow to soak in, wrap or store in airtight container until required. (All Spoon Measurements are Level.)

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only handsomer. Tall, broad-shouldered, with deeply tanned, perfectly sculptured Latin features, he had the classical long thin moustache, strong even teeth with that in-built neon phosphorescence that seems to shine in any light from high noon till dark, and a darkly gleaming froth of tight black curls on his head.

He had the strong chin, the balanced carriage, the light springy boxer's step of a man well aware that he can get through this world without any help from a nursemaid. If nothing else, I thought, he would at least take Miss Beresford out of my hair.

The other man was a slightly smaller edition of the first, same features, same teeth, same moustache and hair, only those were greying. He would be about fifty-five. He had about him that indefinable look of authority and assurance which can come from power, money or a carefully cultivated phoniness. This, I guessed, would be the Senor Miguel Carreras who inspired such fear in our local Carracio agent. I wondered why.

Ten minutes later the last of our cargo was aboard and all that remained were the three boxed coffins on the back of the old truck. I was watching the bosun readying a sling round the first of those when a well-detested voice said behind me:

"This is Mr. Carreras, sir. Captain Bullen sent me."

I turned round and gave Fourth Officer Dexter the look I specially reserved for Fourth Officer Dexter. Dexter was the exception to the rule that the fleet commodore always got the best available in the company as far as officers and men were concerned, but that was hardly the old man's fault: there are some men that even a fleet commodore has to accept and Dexter was one of them.

A personable enough youngster of twenty-one, with fair hair, slightly prominent blue eyes, an excruciatingly genuine public-school accent and limited intelligence, Dexter was the son—and, unfortunately, heir—of Lord Dexter, Chairman and Managing Director of the Blue Mail. Lord Dexter, who had inherited about ten millions at the age of fifteen and, understandably enough, had never looked back, had the quaint idea that his own son should start from the bottom up and had sent him to sea as a cadet some five years previously.

Dexter took a poor view of this arrangement: every man in the ship, from Bullen downwards, took a poor view both of the arrangement and Dexter: but there was nothing we could do about it.

"How do you do, sir?" I accepted Carreras' outstretched hand and took a good look at him.

The steady dark eyes, the courteous smile couldn't obscure the fact that there were many more lines about his eyes and mouth at two feet than at fifty: but it also couldn't obscure the compensatory fact that the air of authority and command was now redoubled in force, and I put out of my mind any idea that this air originated in phonyness: it was the genuine article and that was that.

"Mr. Carter? My pleasure." The hand was firm, the bow more than a perfunctory nod, the cultured English the product of some Stateside Ivy League college. "I have some interest in the cargo being loaded and if you would permit—"

"But certainly, Senor Carreras. If you would be so kind as to keep to the starboard—the right hand—of the hatch—"

"'Starboard' will do, Mr. Carter," he smiled. "I have commanded vessels of my own. It was not a life that ever appealed to me." He stood there for a moment, watching MacDonald tightening the sling, while I turned to dismiss Dexter, who had made no move to go.

I WATCHED him go, then turned to see Carreras looking at me with a slow, still speculation in the steady eyes. He was putting Chief Officer Carter in the balance and weighing him, but whatever figures he came up with he kept to himself, for he turned away without any haste and made his way across to the starboard side of number four hold.

As he turned, I noticed for the first time the very thin ribbon of black silk stitched across the left lapel of his grey tropical suit. It didn't seem to go any too well with the white rose he wore in his button-hole, but maybe the two of them together were recognised as a sign of mourning in those parts.

And it seemed very likely, for he stood there perfectly straight, almost at attention, his hands loosely by his sides as the three crated coffins were hoisted inboard. When the third crate came swinging in over the rail he removed his hat casually, as if to get the benefit of the light breeze that had just sprung up from the north, the direction of the open sea: and then, looking around him almost furtively, lifted his right hand under the cover of the hat held in his left and made a quick abbreviated sign of the cross.

Senor Carreras replaced his hat as the last of the crates touched lightly on the floor of the hold, stared down at it for a few seconds, then turned and made his way for'ard, lifting his hat again and giving me a clear untroubled smile as he came by. For want of anything better to do, I smiled back at him.

Five minutes later, the ancient truck, the two cars, the jeep, and the last of the stevedores were gone, and MacDonald was busy supervising the placing of the battens on number four hold.

By five o'clock, a whole hour before deadline and exactly on the top of the tide, the Campari was steaming slowly over the bar to the north of the harbor, then west-north-west into the setting sun, carrying with it its cargo of crates and machinery

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

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and dead men, its fuming captain, disgruntled crew, and thoroughly outraged passengers. At five o'clock on that brilliant June evening it was not what one might call a happy ship.

By eight o'clock that night cargo, crates, and coffins were, presumably, just as they had been at five o'clock; but among the living cargo, the change for the better, from deep discontent to something closely approaching lighthearted satisfaction, was marked and profound.

In Captain Bullen's case — he twice called me "Johnny-me-boy" as he sent me down for dinner—it was because he was clear of what he was pleased to regard as the pestiferous port of Carracio, because he was at sea again, because he was on his bridge again, and because he had thought up an excellent reason for sending me below while he remained on the bridge, thus avoiding the social torture of having to dine with the passengers.

In the crew's case it was because the captain had seen fit, partly out of a sense of justice and partly to repay the head office for the indignities they had heaped on him, to award them all many more hours' overtime pay than they were actually entitled to for their off-duty labors in the past three days.

And in the case of the officers and passengers, it was simply because there are certain well-defined fundamental laws of human nature and one of them was that it was

FROM THE BIBLE

● *"But our sufficiency is of God."*

— 2 Corinthians 3.5.

Paul tells the people of Corinth that they are entirely dependent on God.

impossible to be miserable for long aboard the Campari.

As a vessel with no regular ports of call, with only very limited passenger accommodation and capacious cargo holds that were seldom far from full, the Campari could properly be classed as a tramp ship, and indeed was so classed in the Blue Mail's travel brochures. But—as the brochures pointed out with a proper restraint in keeping with the presumably refined sensibilities of the extraordinarily well-heeled clientele it was addressing—the Campari was no ordinary tramp ship. Indeed, it was no ordinary ship in any sense at all. It was, as the brochure said simply, quietly, without any pretentiousness and in exactly those words, "a medium-sized cargo vessel offering the most luxurious accommodation and finest cuisine of any ship in the world today."

It was the chairman of the Blue Mail, Lord Dexter, who had obviously kept all his brains to himself and refrained from passing any on to his son, our current fourth officer, who had thought it up.

Among the attractions offered had been a complete absence of bands, dances, concerts, fancy-dress balls, swimming-pools, tombola, deck games, sight-seeing, and parties—only a genius could have made such desirable and splendidly resounding virtues out of things he didn't have, anyway. All he offered on the positive side was the mystery and romance of a tramp ship which sailed to unknown destinations—this didn't make any alterations to regular schedules; all it meant was that the captain kept the names of the various ports of call to himself until shortly before he arrived there—and the resources and comfort of a telegraph lounge which remained in continuous touch with New York, London, and Paris stock exchanges.

There were imitators, of course, but Lord Dexter left them all at the starting gate. He had found his formula and he stuck to it unswervingly: comfort, convenience, quiet, good food, and good company.

Never a single trip passed but

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"Now there's something you don't often see."

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hoof—or on the dove-grey velvet of the arm-chair seats in that opulent and air-conditioned dining-room: perhaps nearer a 1000 million dollars, and old man Beresford himself would account for a good third of it.

Julius Beresford, president and chief stockholder of the Hart-McCormick Mining Federation, sat where he nearly always sat, not only now but on half a dozen previous cruises, at the top right-hand side of the captain's table, next to Captain Bullen himself: he sat there in the most coveted position in the ship, not because he insisted on it through sheer weight of wealth, but because Captain Bullen himself insisted on it. There are exceptions to every rule, and Julius Beresford was the exception to Bullen's rule that he couldn't abide any passenger, period.

Beresford, a tall, thin, relaxed man with tufted black eyebrows, a horseshoe ring of greying hair fringing the sunburnt baldness of his head and lively hazel eyes twinkling in the lined brown leather of his face, came along only for the peace, comfort, and food: the company of the great left him cold, a fact vastly appreciated by Captain Bullen, who shared his sentiments exactly. Beresford, sitting diagonally across from my table, caught my eye.

"Evening, Mr. Carter." Unlike his daughter, he didn't make me feel that he was conferring an earldom upon me every time he spoke to me. "Splendid to be at sea again, isn't it? And where's our captain tonight?"

"Working, I'm afraid, Mr. Beresford. I have to present his apologies to his table. He couldn't leave the bridge."

"On the bridge?" Mrs. Beresford, seated opposite her husband, twisted round to look at me. "I thought you were usually on watch at this hour, Mr. Carter?"

"I am." I smiled at her. I kept a special sort of smile for Mrs. Beresford in the same way that I kept a special sort of look for young Dexter. Plump, bejewelled, over-dressed, with dyed blond hair but still beautiful at fifty, Mrs. Beresford bubbled over with good humor and laughter and kindness. This was only her first trip, but Mrs. Beresford was already my favorite passenger.

I went on: "But there are so many chains of islets, reefs, and coral keys hereabouts that Captain Bullen prefers to see to the navigation himself."

I didn't add, as I might have done, that had it been in the middle of the night and all the passengers safely in their beds, Captain Bullen would have been in his also, untroubled by any thoughts about his chief officer's competence.

"But I thought a chief officer was fully qualified to run a ship?" Miss Beresford, needling me again, sweet-smiling, the momentarily innocent clear green eyes almost too big for the delicately tanned face. "In case anything went wrong with the captain, I mean. You must hold a master's certificate, mustn't you?"

"I do. I also hold a driver's licence, but you wouldn't catch me driving a bus in the rush hour in downtown Manhattan."

"Oh, come now, Chief Officer. I don't think the comparison is very apt at all," the man next to Miss Beresford said.

The "Chief Officer" was to put me in my place. The Duke of Hartwell spent a great deal of his time aboard the Campari in putting people in their places, which was pretty ungrateful of him considering that he was getting it all for free. He had nothing against me personally, it was just that he was publicly lending Miss Beresford his support: even the very considerable sums of money earned by inveigling the properly respectful lower classes into viewing his stately home at two and six a time were making only a slight dent on the crushing burden of death duties, whereas an alliance with Miss Beresford would solve his difficulties for ever and ever.

THINGS were being complicated for the unfortunate duke by the fact that though his intellect was bent on Miss Beresford, his attentions and eyes were for the most part on the extravagantly opulent charms—and undeniable beauty—of the platinum blonde and oft-divorced cinema actress who flanked him on the other side.

"I don't suppose it is, sir," I acknowledged. Captain Bullen refused to address him as "Your Grace," and I'd be damned if I'd do it, either. "But the best I could think up on the spur of the moment."

He nodded as though satisfied and returned to attack his hors d'oeuvre. Old Beresford eyed *him* speculatively, Mrs. Beresford half-smilingly, Miss Harcourt — the cinema actress—admiringly, while Miss Beresford herself just kept on treating us to an uninterrpted view of her auburn bouffant.

There's little enough to do during off-duty hours at sea, and watching developments at the captain's table would make a very entertaining pastime, indeed. What promised to make it even more entertaining was the very considerable interest being

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taken in the captain's table by the young man seated at the foot of my own table. One of the passengers who had joined at Carracio.

Tony Carreras was by any odds the most extraordinarily handsome man who'd ever passed through the dining-room door of the Campari. The only flaw, if one could call it a flaw, lay in the eyes. There seemed to be something ever so slightly wrong with them, as if the pupils were slightly flattened, giving a hard bright glitter. Maybe it was just the lighting at the table. But there was nothing wrong with them as eyes, he had twenty-twenty vision all right and was using it all to study the captain's table, Miss Beresford or Miss Harcourt, I couldn't be sure which: he didn't look the kind of man who would waste time studying any of the others at that table.

The courses came and went. Antoine was on duty in the kitchen that night and you could almost reach out and feel the blissful hush that descended on the company.

Then coffee appeared. This was the moment when I had to earn my money. I never yet met a rich man — or woman, for that matter — who didn't list talking, chiefly and preferably about themselves, as among their favorite occupations.

I looked round and wondered who would start the ball rolling. Miss Harrbride —her original central European name was unpronounceable — thin, scrawny, sixty-ish, and tough as whalebone, who had made a fortune out of highly expensive and utterly worthless cosmetic preparations which she wisely refrained from using on herself? Mr. Greenstreet, her husband, a grey anonymity of a man with a grey sunken face, who had married her for heaven only knew what reason, for he was a wealthy man in his own right? Tony Carreras? His father, Miguel Carreras?

There should have been a sixth at my table, to replace the Curtis family of three, who, along with the Harrisons, had been so hurriedly called home from Kingston, but the old man who had come aboard in his bath-chair was apparently to have his meals served in his cabin during the voyage, with his nurses in attendance. Four men and one woman: it made an ill-balanced table.

Senor Miguel Carreras spoke first.

"The Campari's prices, Mr. Carter, are quite atrocious," he said calmly. He puffed appreciatively at his cigar. "Robbery on the high seas would be a very fitting description. On the other hand, the cuisine is as claimed. You have a chef of divine gifts. It is perhaps not too much to pay for a foretaste of a better world."

"From all accounts, sir, 'divine' is just about right. Experienced travellers who have stayed in the best hotels on both sides of the Atlantic maintain that Antoine has no equal in either Europe or America. Except, perhaps, Henriques."

"Henriques?"

"Our alternate chef. He's on tomorrow."

He smiled again and reached for the bottle of brandy—the waiters vanished at coffee-time. "And the prices?"

"They're terrible," I agreed. I told that to all the passengers and it seemed to please them. "We offer what no other ship in the world offers, but the prices are still scandalous. At least a dozen people in this room at this very moment have told me that — and most of them are here for at least their third trip."

"You make your point, Mr. Carter." It was Tony Carreras speaking and his voice was as one might have expected — slow, controlled, with a deep resonant timbre. He looked at his father. "Remember the waiting list at the Blue Mail's offices?"

"Indeed. We were pretty far down the list—and what a list. Half the millionaires in Central and South America. I suppose we may consider ourselves fortunate, Mr. Carter, in that we were the only ones able to accept at such short notice. But don't forget that to catch the boat we had to make a hurried four-hundred-mile dash from the capital to Carracio by air and road. And what roads!"

Senor Carreras obviously didn't share the Carracio agent's respectful terror of the revolutionary government. I wondered how a man of Carreras', obviously aristocratic background had been able to retain his obvious wealth in the face of the forces of change that had overcome and completely wiped out the old order—and why, if money was so desperately short on the island, he was allowed to convert very large sums of it into dollars to pay for his cruise: or how and why he had been able to leave the island at all.

"But don't worry, Mr. Carter, I intend to enjoy myself. Can you give us any idea of our itinerary?"

"That's supposed to be one of the attractions, sir. No set itinerary. Our schedule largely depends on the availability and destination of cargoes. One thing certain, we're going to New York. Most of our passengers boarded there and passengers like to be returned to where they came from."

CARRERAS knew this— anyway, knew that we had coffins consigned to New York. "We may stop off at Nassau. Depends how the captain feels — the company gives him a lot of leeway in adjusting local schedules to suit the best needs of the passengers — and the weather reports. This is the hurricane season, Mr. Carreras, or pretty close to it: if the reports are bad Captain Bullen will want all the sea room he can get and give Nassau a bye."

"Considerate, very considerate," Carreras murmured. He looked at me speculatively. "But we'll be making one or two calls on the east coast, I take it?"

"No idea, sir. Normally, yes. Again it's up to the captain, and how the captain behaves depends on a Dr. Slingsby Caroline."

"They haven't caught him yet," Miss Harrbride declared in her rough gravelly voice. "I was reading all about him in the papers two days ago. A renegade! A traitor!"

"We heard about this character," Tony Carreras said. "Makes very little sense to me. What's he going to do with this weapon — the Twister, they call it, isn't it? — even if he does get it out of the country? Who's going to buy it? I mean as nuclear devices go it could be ranked almost as a toy: it certainly isn't going to change the balance of world power, no matter who gets his hands on it."

"Tony's right," Miguel Carreras agreed. "Who is going to buy it? Besides, there's nothing secret any more about the making of nuclear weapons. If a country has enough wealth and technical resources — so far there are only four in the world — it can build a nuclear weapon any time. If it hasn't, all the plans or working models in the world are useless to them."

"He's going to have one interesting time in hawking the Twister around," Tony Carreras finished. "Especially since from all descriptions you can't get the Twister into a suitcase. But what's this guy got to do with us, Mr. Carter?"

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HAZEL . . . **. . . by Ted Key**

"Sharp, Daddy-O."

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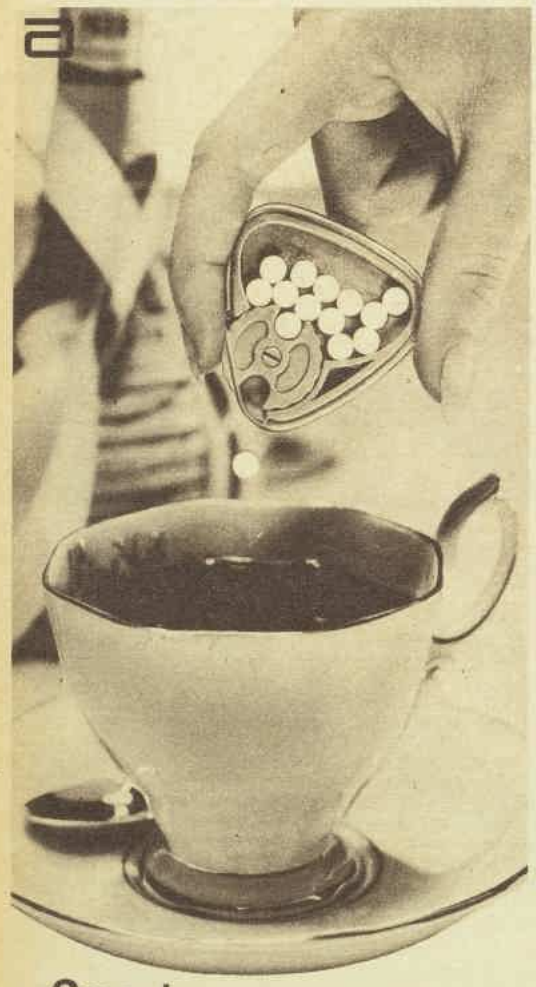

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

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"Could I have twenty minutes, perhaps half an hour, for a quiet look around, sir, first? With Mr. Cummings. It's a calm, windless night. There's been no word of any shouts, any cries for help, and as there's always a good few of the crew on the lower decks at night the chances are that anything like that would have been heard. And he's not likely to be ill. What I'm getting at is that it's a hundred to one against his being in any trouble where he requires immediate help. If he did require it, he's probably past all help now. I can't see there's any harm in waiting another twenty minutes before raising the alarm."

"No one's going to raise any alarm, Mister. This is the Campari."

"Yes, sir. But whether it's broadcast over the Tannoy system or whispered in a dark corner, it'll make no difference. If Benson is missing and is going to stay that way it will be all over he ship by midnight tonight. Or earlier."

"Job's comforter," Bullen growled. "All right, Johnny—you, too, Howie—see what you can find."

"Your authority to look anywhere, sir?" I asked.

"I suppose you're referring to the passengers' quarters?"

"We'll do it quietly, sir. They're still at dinner. And Howie here can fix anything that comes up."

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"As long as he is at large every cargo vessel leaving the eastern seaboard gets a pretty thorough going over to make sure that neither he nor the Twister is aboard. Slows up the turn-round of cargo and passenger ships by 100 per cent., which means that the longshoremen are losing stevedoring money pretty fast. They've gone on strike—and the chances are, so many unpleasant words have been said on both sides, that they'll stay on strike when they do nab Dr. Caroline. If."

"So we stay away from the east coast, eh?" Carreras, senior, asked. "Meantime, anyway?"

"As long as possible, sir. But New York is a must. When, I don't know. But if it's still strike-bound, we might go up the St. Lawrence first. Depends."

"Romance, mystery, and adventure." Carreras smiled. "Just like your brochure said." He glanced over my shoulder. "Looks like a visitor for you, Mr. Carter."

I twisted in my seat. Rusty Williams — Rusty from his shock of flaming hair—was advancing toward me, whites immaculately pressed, uniform cap clasped stiffly under his left arm. Rusty was sixteen, our youngest cadet, desperately shy and very impressionable. Cadets were not normally allowed in the dining-room, and Rusty's eyes were goggling as they took in the young ladies at the captain's table, but he managed to haul them back to me as he halted by my side with a perceptible click of his heels.

"The captain's compliments, sir. Could he see you on the bridge, please, Mr. Carter?"

HASTILY I rose to my feet, said, "Excuse me, Miss Harrbride, excuse me, gentlemen," and followed Rusty quickly out of the door into the starboard alleyway. He was waiting for me.

"The captain is in his cabin, sir. He'd like to see you there."

"What. You told me——"

"I know, sir. He told me to say that. Mr. Jamieson is on the bridge ——" George Jamieson was our third officer—"and Captain Bullen is in his cabin. With Mr. Cummings."

I nodded and left. I remembered now that Cummings, our purser, hadn't been at his accustomed table as I'd come out, although he'd certainly been there at the beginning of dinner. The captain's quarter were below the bridge, and I was there in ten seconds. Captain Bullen looked up at me as I came in.

"Something wrong, sir?" I asked.

"Sit down." He waved to a chair and sighed. "There's something wrong, all right. The head steward, Benson, is missing. White reported it ten minutes ago." White was the assistant chief steward.

I said nothing. Instead, I looked at the man seated across the table from the captain: Howard Cummings.

Cummings, the purser, a small, plump, amiable, and infinitely shrewd Irishman, was, next to Bullen, the most important man on the ship. No one questioned that, though Cummings himself gave no sign that this was so.

I looked at Cummings for three reasons. He knew everything that went on on the Campari, from the secret take-over bids being planned in the telegraph lounge to the heart troubles of the youngest stoker in the boiler-room. He was the man ultimately responsible for all the stewards aboard the ship. And, finally, he was a close personal friend of Benson; they had sailed together for ten years, as chief purser and chief steward, on one of the great transatlantic liners.

Cummings caught my look and shook his dark head.

"Sorry, Johnny, I'm as much in the dark as you. I saw him shortly before dinner, about ten to eight it would have been, when I was having a noggin with the paying guests." Cummings' noggin came from a special whisky bottle filled only with ginger ale. "We'd White up here just now. He says he saw Benson in cabin suite 6, fixing it for the night, about 8.20—half an hour ago—no, nearer forty minutes now. He expected to see him shortly afterwards, because for every night for the past couple of years, whenever the weather was good, Benson and White have had a cigarette together on deck when the passengers were at dinner."

"Regular time?" I interrupted.

"Very. Eight-thirty, near enough —never later than 8.35. But not tonight. At 8.40 White went to look for him in his cabin. No sign of him there. Organised half a dozen stewards for a search and still nothing doing. He sent for me and I came to the captain."

And the captain sent for me, I thought. Send for old trusty Carter when there's dirty work on hand. I looked at Bullen.

"A search, sir?"

"That's it, Mister. Damned nuisance—just one damned thing after another. Quietly, if you can."

"Of course, sir. Can I have Wilson, the bosun, some stewards and A.B.'s?"

"You can have Lord Dexter and his board of directors so long as you find Benson," Bullen grunted.

"Yes, sir." I turned to Cummings. "Didn't suffer from any ill-health, did he? Liable to dizziness, faintness, heart attacks, that sort of thing?"

"Flat feet was all." Cummings smiled. He wasn't feeling like smiling. "Had his annual medical check-up last month from Doc Marston. One hundred per cent. The flat feet are an occupational disease."

I turned back to Captain Bullen.

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

"Twenty minutes, then. You'll find me on the bridge. Don't tramp on any toes if you can help it."

We left, dropped down to "A" deck and made a right-left turn into the hundred-foot central passageway between the cabin suites on "A" deck: there were only six of those suites, three on each side. White was about halfway down the passageway, nervously pacing up and down. I beckoned to him and he came walking quickly toward us, a thin, balding character with a permanently pained expression who suffered from the twin disabilities of chronic dyspepsia and over-conscientiousness.

"Got all the pass-keys, White?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Fine." I nodded to the first main door on my right, number one suite on the port side. "Open it, will you?"

He opened up. I brushed past him, followed by the purser.

The suite was composed of a sleeping cabin, an adjacent lounge and bathroom, and beyond the lounge another cabin. All the plate-glass windows faced out over the port side. We went through the cabins in a minute, looking beneath beds, examining cupboards, wardrobes, behind drapes, everywhere. Nothing. We left.

Out in the passageway again I nodded at the suite opposite. Number two.

"This one now," I said to White.

"Sorry, sir. Can't do it. It's the old man and his nurses, sir. They had three special trays sent up to them. About 6.15 tonight, Mr. Carreras, the gentleman who came aboard today gave instructions that they were not to be disturbed till morning."

"Carreras?" I looked at the purser. "What's he got to do with this, Mr. Cummings?"

"You haven't heard? No, I don't suppose so. Seems like Mr. Carreras — the father — is the senior partner in one of the biggest law firms in the country, Cerdan and Carreras. Mr. Cerdan, founder of the firm, is the old gentleman in the cabin here. Seems he's been a semi-paralysed cripple — but a pretty tough old cripple — for the past eight years. His son and wife have had him on their hands all that time, and I believe the old boy has been a handful. I understand Carreras offered to take him along primarily to give Cerdan, junior, and his wife a break. Carreras, naturally, feels responsible for him so I suppose that's why he left his orders with Benson."

"Nobody's wanting to kill him off, just to ask him a few questions. Or the nurses." White opened his mouth to protest again, but I pushed roughly past him and knocked on the door.

It was the shorter of the

SUGAR AND SPICE

Sugar and spice, things rich and nice,
All little girls are made of.
Which does seem odd when everybod
Knows that's what they're afraid of.

—Ian Healy.

from page 79

two nurses, the plump one, who answered the door. She had an old-fashioned pull-string linen cap over her head and was clutching with one hand a light woollen wrap that left only the toes of her mules showing. The cabin behind her was only dimly lit, but I could see it held a couple of beds, one of which was rumpled. The free hand with which she rubbed her eyes told the rest of the story.

"My sincere apologies, miss," I said. "I had no idea you were in bed. I'm the chief officer of this ship and this is Mr. Cummings, the purser. Our chief steward is missing and we were wondering if you may have seen or heard anything that might help us."

"Missing?" She clutched the wrap more tightly. "You mean—you mean he's just disappeared?"

"Let's say we can't find him. Can you help us at all?"

"I don't know. I've been asleep. You see," she explained, "we take it in three-hour turns to be by old Mr. Cerdan's bed. It is essential that he is watched all the time. I was trying to get in some little sleep before my turn came to relieve Miss Werner."

"I'm sorry," I repeated. "You can't tell us anything, then?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Perhaps your friend Miss Werner can?"

"Miss Werner?" She blinked at me. "But Mr. Cerdan is not to be—"

"Please. This might be very serious. One of the crew is missing and delay doesn't increase his chances."

"Very well." Like all competent nurses she knew how far she could go and when to make up her mind. "But I must ask you to be very quiet and not to disturb Mr. Cerdan in any way at all."

She didn't say anything about the possibility of Mr. Cerdan disturbing us, but she might have warned us. As we passed through the open door of his cabin he was sitting up in bed, a book on the blankets before him, with a bright overhead bed-light illuminating a crimson tasselled night-cap and throwing his face into deep shadow, but a shadow not quite deep enough to hide the hostile gleam under bar-straight tufted eyebrows. The hostile gleam, it seemed to me, was as much a permanent feature of his face as the large beak of a nose that jutted out over a straggling white moustache. The nurse who led the way made to introduce us, but Cerdan waved her to silence with a peremptory hand.

"I hope you can explain this damnable outrage, sir."

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am, Mr. Cerdan," Cummings said smoothly. "But we would like to know if either yourself or Miss Werner here heard any strange or unusual sounds inside the past hour or saw anything that struck you as unusual. Our chief steward is missing. So far we have found nothing to explain his disappearance."

"Missing, hah?" Cerdan snorted. "Probably drunk or asleep." Then, as an afterthought: "Or both."

"He is not that sort of

To page 81

not a happy move

— and one that need never have been made had Dad had the A.M.P. behind him.
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man," Cummings said quietly. "Can you help us?"

"I'm sorry, sir." Miss Werner, the nurse, had a low husky voice. "We heard and saw nothing. Nothing at all that might be of any help. But if there's anything we can do —"

"There's nothing for you to do," Cerdan interrupted harshly, "except your job. We can't help you, gentlemen. Good evening."

Once more outside in the passageway I let go a long deep breath that I seemed to have been holding for the past two minutes and turned to Cummings.

"I don't care how much that old battle-axe is paying for his stateroom," I said bitterly. "He's still being undercharged."

Cummings glanced at his watch. "Not getting anywhere, are we? And in another fifteen, twenty minutes the passengers will start drifting back to their cabins. How about if you finish off here while I go below with White?"

"Right. Ten minutes." I took keys from White and started on the remaining four suites of cabins while Cummings left for the six on the deck below.

Ten minutes later, having drawn a complete blank in three of the four remaining suites, I found myself in the last of them, the big one on the port side, aft, belonging to Julius Beresford and his family. I searched the cabin belonging to Beresford and his wife — and by this time I was really searching, not just only for Benson, but for any signs that he might have been there — but again a blank. The same in the lounge and bathroom.

I moved into a second and smaller cabin — the one belonging to Beresford's daughter. Nothing behind the furniture, nothing behind the drapes, nothing under the four-poster. I moved to the aft bulkhead and slid back the roll doors that turned that entire side of the cabin into one huge wardrobe.

Miss Susan Beresford, I reflected, certainly did herself well in the way of clothes. There must have been about sixty or seventy hangers in that wall cupboard, and if any one hanger was draped with anything that cost less than two or three hundred dollars I sadly missed my guess. I ploughed my way through the Balenciagas, Diors, and Givenchys, looking behind and beneath. But nothing there.

CLOSING the roll doors, I moved across to a small wardrobe in a corner. It was full of furs, coats, capes, stoles; why anyone should haul that stuff along on a cruise to the Caribbean was completely beyond me. I laid my hand on a particularly fine full-length specimen and was moving it to one side to peer into the darkness behind when I heard a faint click, as of a handle being released, and a voice said:

"It is rather a nice mink, isn't it, Mr. Carter? That should be worth two years' salary to you, any day."

I let the mink drop back into place and pulled the wardrobe door to. "You shouldn't startle people like that," I said reproachfully. "You should have knocked."

"I should have—" Her mouth tightened, still she wasn't amused. "What were you going to do with that coat?"

"Nothing. I never wear mink, Miss Beresford. It doesn't suit me." I smiled, but she didn't. "I can explain."

"I'm sure you can." She was half-way round the edge of the door now, on her way out. "But I think I would rather you made the explanation to my father."

"Suit yourself," I said easily. "But please hurry. What I'm doing is urgent. Use the phone there. Or shall I do it?"

"Leave that phone alone," she said irritably. "I can picture many things, Mr. Carter, but one thing I can't visualise is our worthy chief officer taking off for some deserted island in a ship's lifeboat with my mink in the sternsheets. Besides, why should you? There must be over fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewellery lying loose in that drawer there."

"I missed that," I admitted. "I wasn't looking in drawers. I am looking for a man who is sick or unconscious or worse, and Benson wouldn't fit into any drawer I've ever seen."

"Benson? Our head steward? That nice man?" She came a couple of steps toward me, and I was obscurely pleased to see the quick concern in her eyes. "He's missing?"

I told her all I knew myself. That didn't take long. When I was finished she said: "Well, upon my word! He could have gone for a stroll around the decks, or a sit-down, or a smoke, yet the first thing you do is to start searching cabins—"

"You don't know Benson,

from page 80

Miss Beresford. He has never in his life left the passenger accommodation before 11 p.m. We couldn't be more concerned if we'd found that the officer of the watch had disappeared from the bridge, or the quartermaster left the wheel. Excuse me a moment." I opened the cabin door to locate the source of voices outside, and saw White and another steward some way down the passage.

"I was wondering where you were, sir," White said. "Mr. Cummings sent me up. No luck down below, I'm afraid, sir. Mr. Cummings is going through our quarters now."

I NODDED and said, "Right. You're in charge till we find the chief steward, and the passengers come first, you know that. Detail three stewards to be at the for'ard entrance to the 'A' accommodation in ten minutes' time. One to search the officers' quarters for'ard, another for the officers' quarters aft, the third for the galleys, pantries, storerooms. But wait till I give the word. Miss Beresford, I'd like to use your phone, please."

I didn't wait for permission. I lifted the phone, got the exchange, had them put me through to the bosun's cabin.

"MacDonald? First mate here. Sorry to call you out, Archie, but there's trouble. Benson's missing."

"The chief steward, sir?" There was something infinitely reassuring about that deep slow voice that had never lost a fraction of its lilting West Highland intonation in twenty years at sea, in the complete lack of surprise or excitement in the tone. He was more than my strong right arm, he was deck-side the most important person on the ship. And the most indispensable. "You'll have searched the passengers' and the stewards' quarters, then?"

"Yes. Nothing doing. Take some men, on or off watch, doesn't matter, move along the main decks. Lots of the crew usually up there at this time of night. See if any of them saw Benson, or saw or heard anything unusual. Maybe he's sick, maybe he fell and hurt himself, for all I know he's overboard."

"And if we've no luck? Another search, sir, I suppose?"

"I'm afraid so. Can you be finished and up here in ten minutes?"

"That will be no trouble, sir."

I hung up, got through to the duty engineer officer, asked him to detail some men to come to the passenger accommodation, made another call to Tommy Wilson, the second officer, then asked to be put through to the captain. While I was waiting, Miss Beresford gave me her smile again, the sweet one with too much malice in it for my liking.

"My, my," she said admiringly. "Aren't we efficient? Phoning here, phoning there, crisp and commanding, General Carter planning his campaign. This is a new chief officer to me."

"A lot of unnecessary fuss," I said apologetically. "Especially for a steward. But he's got a wife and three daughters who think the sun rises and sets on him."

SHE colored right up to the roots of her auburn hair and for a moment I thought she was going to haul off and hit me. Then she spun on her heel, walked across the deep-piled carpet, and stood staring out through a window to the darkness beyond. I'd never realised before that a back could be so expressive of emotion.

Then Captain Bullen was on the phone. "Any luck yet, Mister?"

"None at all, sir. I've a search party lined up. Could I start in five minutes?"

There was a pause, then he said: "It has to come to that, I suppose. How long will it take you?"

"Twenty minutes, half an hour."

"You're going to be very quick about it, aren't you?"

"I don't expect him to be hiding from us, sir. Whether he's sick or hurt himself, or had some urgent reason for leaving the passengers' quarters, I expect to find him in some place pretty obvious."

"Right then, Mister. If you want me, I'll be in the telegraph lounge. I'll try to keep the passengers out of your hair while you're getting on with it." That showed he was worried all right, and badly worried; he'd just as soon have gone into a cageful of Bengal tigers as mingle socially with the passengers.

"Very good, sir." I hung up. Susan Beresford had recrossed the cabin and was standing near, screwing a cigarette into a jade holder about a foot in length.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Sept. 26

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, tan. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Wednesday evening could be quarrelsome. Postpone important documents. Thursday to Saturday excellent to establish your love-life on a solid basis. Good for romance and speculation.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, mauve. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Use patience Wednesday, there could be trouble in marriage or with relatives. Write nothing important. Thursday on favors stability in marriage and partnership; your career could benefit.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, purple. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Wednesday not good for finance, romance, or the lottery. Your Geminian wit could wound. Things improve and the week is excellent for love and sound for speculation.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Beware of domestic disputes Wednesday. Watch that Cancerian sensitivity. Rest of week good for home life. An excellent time for real-estate deals or long-range business plans.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, grey, mauve. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Postpone writing important letters or signing agreements until Friday. Remainder of the week favors marriage and partnership. An excellent time for visiting relations.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, black, tan. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Your calmness and tact may be exercised Wednesday. There are elements of discord, possibly involving friends. Thursday on good for stability in finance, romance, speculation, health, and work.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, black, tan. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ This is your "destiny" cycle, so start those cherished schemes on Friday. The stars favor love, romance, speculation, and holidays. Avoid quarrels and the impulsive remark.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, blue, mauve. Lucky days, Saturday, Monday
★ Guard that tendency to refuse a compromise. Elements of strife could lead to enmity and self-undoing, especially Wednesday. Stabilising influences will help. Romance, home affairs favored.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, red, orange. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ A good week for travel, and what Sagittarian doesn't like to go walkabout? It also favors dealings with relations, young people, correspondence, and friends. A good time to consolidate finances.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky numbe: this week, 4. Gambling colors, blue, red. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Your ruling star receives a powerful vibration for good on Friday, favoring career and finance. Make the most of it. Be cautious Wednesday. If married, avoid disputes.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, purple, grey. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Wednesday is adverse, but the rest of the week is good for promoting personal prestige and public relations, especially Friday. A good time for contracts, marriage, and partnerships.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, green, pink. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ The week begins badly, being adverse for finance, romance, and marriage. Wednesday is emotionally upsetting, but matters mend. You may feel you are not so hedged in. A time to consolidate.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

"A search party, is it? Should be interesting. You can count on me."

"I'm sorry, Miss Beresford." I must say I didn't sound sorry. "Ship's company's business. The captain wouldn't like it."

"Nor his first officer; is that it? Don't bother to answer that one." She looked at me consideringly. "But I could be unco-operative, too. What would you say if I picked up this phone and told my parents I'd just caught you going through our personal belongings?"

"I should like that, lady. I know your parents. I should like to see you being spanked for behaving like a spoilt child when a man's life may be in danger."

She stubbed out the newly lit cigarette and said quietly: "How would it be if I reported you for insolence?"

from page 81

"Don't just stand there talking about it. The phone's by your side." When she made no move toward it I went on: "Quite frankly, lady, you and your kind make me sick. You use your father's great wealth and your privileged position as a passenger on the Campari to poke fun, more often than not malicious fun, at members of the crew, who are unable to retaliate. They've just got to sit and take it because they're not like you. They have no money in the bank at all, most of them, but they have families to feed, mothers to support, so they know they have to keep smiling at Miss Beresford when she cracks jokes at their expense or embarrasses or angers them, because if they don't, Miss Beresford and her kind will see to it that they're out of a job."

"Please go on," she said. She had suddenly become very still.

"That's all of it. Misuse of power, even in so small a thing, is contemptible. And then, when anyone dares retaliate, as I do, you threaten them with dismissal, which is what your threat amounts to. And that's worse than contemptible; it's cowardly."

I turned and made for the door. First I'd look for Benson, then I'd tell Bullen I was quitting. I was getting tired of the Campari, anyway.

"Mr. Carter," Susan Beresford said quietly.

"Yes?" I turned, but kept my hand on the doorknob.

"I am very, very sorry," she said in a low voice. "I had no idea. Amusement I like, but not malicious amusement. I thought—well, I thought it was harmless, that no one minded. And I would never dream of putting anyone's job in danger, believe me."

"Of course I believe you," I said unconvincingly. And then I looked into her eyes, which was a big mistake and a very dangerous thing to do, for those big green eyes, I noticed for the first time, had a curious trick of melting and dissolving that could interfere seriously with a man's breathing. It was certainly interfering with my breathing. "Of course I believe you," I repeated, and this time the ring of conviction staggered even myself. "You will please forgive my rudeness. But I must hurry, Miss Beresford."

"Can I come with you, please?"

"Oh, damn it all, yes," I said irritably. I'd managed to look away from her eyes and start breathing again.

At the for'ard end of the passageway, just beyond the entrance to Cerdan's suite, I ran into Carreras, senior. He was smoking a cigar and had that look of contentment and satisfaction that passengers invariably had when Antoine was finished with them.

"Ah, there you are, Mr. Carter," he said. "Wondered why you hadn't returned to our table. What is wrong, if I may ask? There must be at least a dozen of the crew gathered outside the accommodation entrance. I thought regulations forbade—"

"They're waiting for me, sir. Benson—you probably haven't had the chance to meet him since you came aboard; he's our chief steward—is missing. That's a search-party outside."

"Missing?" The grey eyebrows went up. "What on earth—well, of course you haven't any idea what has happened to him or you wouldn't be organising this search. Can I help?"

I hesitated, thought of Miss Beresford, who had already elbowed her way in, realised I'd now no way

● **Poverty is no disgrace to a man, but it is confoundedly inconvenient.**

—*Sydney Smith*

of stopping any or all of the passengers from getting into the act if they wanted to and said: "Thank you, Mr. Carreras. You don't look like a man who would miss very much."

"We come from the same mould, Mr. Carter."

I let this cryptic remark go and hurried outside. A black shape detached itself from a nearby shadowed bulkhead and Archie MacDonald, the bosun, came toward me. For all his solid fifteen stone bulk he was as light on his feet as a dancer.

"Any luck, Bosun?" I asked.

"No one saw anything; no one heard anything. And there were at least a dozen folk on deck tonight between eight and nine."

"Mr. Wilson there? Ah, there, Mr. Wilson, take the engine-room staff and three A.B.s. Main deck and below. You should know where to look by this time," I added bitterly. "MacDonald, you and I will do the upper decks. Port side you, starboard side me. Two seamen and a cadet. Half an hour. Then back here."

I sent one man to examine the boat positions—why Benson should have wished to get into a boat I couldn't even imagine except that lifeboats have always a queer attraction for those who wish to hide, although why he should wish to hide I couldn't guess, either—and another to scour the top superstructure abaft the bridge.

I started going through the various cabins on the boat-deck, charthouse, flag and radar cabins, and had Mr. Carreras to help me. Rusty, our youngest apprentice, went aft to work his way for'ard, accompanied by Miss Beresford.

Then, as I stepped out of the radar office, I literally bumped into Rusty. He was panting, as if he'd run a long way, and his face in the half-light on the deck looked grey.

"Radio office, sir." He gasped out the words and caught my arm, a thing he would never normally have dreamed of doing. "Come quickly, sir. Please."

I was already running. "You found him?"

"No, sir. It's Mr. Brownell." Brownell was our chief wireless operator. "Something seems to have happened to him."

To be continued

The novel "The Golden Rendezvous" was recently published by William Collins.

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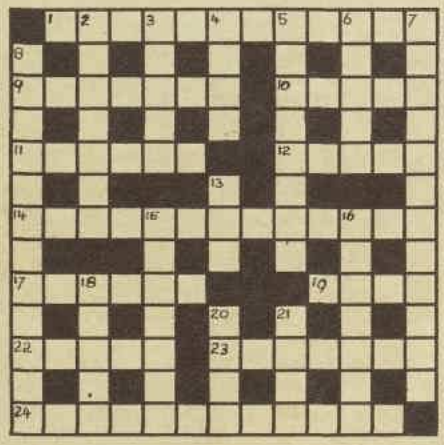
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE is attacked by two men with clubs. He hypnotises and disarms them — then discovers the clubs are made of cardboard. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Counterfeiter progressing (7, 5).
9. Luck writes and it occurs (7).
10. Agreeable smell in a city in Italy (5).
11. Non-metallic element with no noise in the centre (6).
12. Baptismal name of a famous architect who built the banqueting hall at Whitehall (5).
14. Peculiarities (13).
17. Fruit from an African State (6).
19. Cast out with abhorrence starting with a bookie (4).
22. Rub out a seer (5).
23. Settlement for a man to type (7).
24. It is not a movie actor on the rifle range (8, 4).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. A non-colleger in Eton can pip a don (7).
3. Color for beginners (5).
4. Where the birds live in a fine street (4).
5. Aid it, Mac. (anagr., 8).
6. I end a broken lobe in an Italian city (5).
7. Jason sowed some of these (7, 5).
8. Men or women who would puff away on links (5-7).
13. A traitor turned sailor (3).
15. Ointment mixed with a short gentleman (7).
16. Are imps good for a motto? Yes (7).
18. Famous French scientist, whose inside was a rag (5).
20. Bookie in a whirl (4).
21. Organs? Yes to the end (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

● *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4068, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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F7732

F7733

F4216

F4163

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

● *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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